Mar. 31, 1986

THE NEW YORKER

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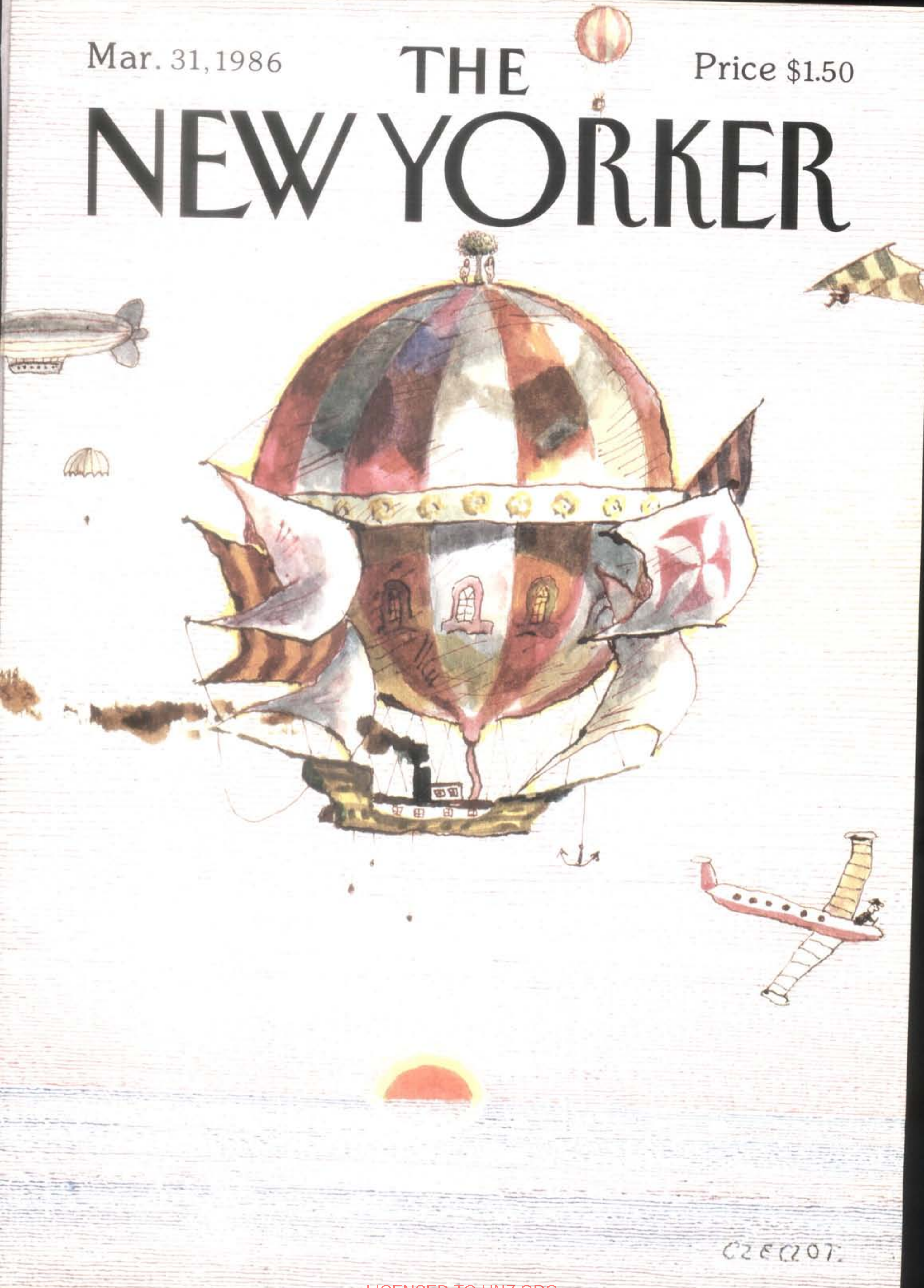

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Alchemedians—A two-man show, conceived and performed by Bob Berky and Michael Moschen. Preview Wednesday, March 26. Opens officially on Thursday, March 27, at 6:45. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Aunt Dan & Lemon—A debate on the nature of good and evil, by Wallace Shawn. The director is Max Stafford-Clark. With Pamela Reed and Kathy Whitton Baker. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/4/85.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Benefactors—The moral of this harsh and yet continuously entertaining play by Michael Frayn is that no good deed goes unpunished. The cast consists of Glenn Close, Sam Waterston, Mary Beth Hurt, and Simon Jones, and the direction is by Michael Blakemore. (1/6/86) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Big Time—Tony Lo Bianco starring in a play by Steven Braunstein. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

The Bitter Tears of Petra Von Kant—A play by the late Rainer Werner Fassbinder. Performances in English Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; in Spanish on Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

Brigadoon—An agreeable revival, by the New York City Opera, of the Lerner-Loewe classic, well sung by young and spirited performers. The director is Gerald Freedman. (3/10/86) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

Circle Repertory Company—Three plays in rotating repertory: **THE MOUND BUILDERS**, a revival of Lanford Wilson's 1975 drama. . . . ¶ A modern-dress version of Albert Camus's **CALIGULA**, adapted from an English translation by Stuart Gilbert. . . . **QUIET IN THE LAND**, by Anne Chislett. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For information about play scheduling, call 618-1980.)

Corpse!—A so-called comedy thriller that is more comic than thrilling, but Keith Baxter and Milo O'Shea have such a good time piling up corpses that they prove irresistible. (1/20/86) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Drinking in America—Eric Bogosian in a series of intense, funny, and occasionally painful dramatic monologues, written by Bogosian. (2/3/86) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1930 musical "Girl Crazy," with a book by Guy Bolton and Jack McGowan, music by George Gershwin, and lyrics by Ira Gershwin. The sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 6.

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For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes a fine singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A revival of the 1973 musical revue, with the original cast—Ron House, Diz White, and Alan Shearman—who are also the authors, along with John Neville-Andrews. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hamlet—Kevin Kline is one of our finest actors, and his Hamlet has much to commend it, but he is almost done in by the foolish, intrusive production and the poor work of the supporting company. (3/24/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hay Fever—Noël Coward's comedy, written at the beginning of his career, seems light enough for the mildest summer breeze to blow it away, but in the hands of a good cast it proves to be as strong as steel. The cast of the present production, headed by Rosemary Harris, isn't merely good—it is perfect. (12/23/85) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, March 29.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz, John Mahoney, and Stockard Channing, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jerry's Girls—A Broadway novelty (and novelty is all it is), consisting of women who sing innumerable Jerry Herman songs and other women who do dance numbers. The "girls"

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 19

"SASQUATCH WATCH" . . . . *Tim McGinnis* 24

"THE MOON IN THE ORANGE STREET SKATING RINK" . . . . *Alice Munro* 26

"COMMUNION" (POEM) . . . . *Mary Stewart Hammond* 32

PROFILES (JUDGE JOSEPH A. WAPNER) . . . . *E. J. Kahn, Jr.* 45

"EQUAL TIME" . . . . *Veronica Geng* 59

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 60

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 66

OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 66

AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 69

BOOKS . . . . *Richard Preston* 78

BRIEFLY NOTED 82

COVER: *Andrej Czeczot*

DRAWINGS: *Jack Ziegler, Lee Lorenz, Warren Miller, Robert Weber, William Steig, Mick Stevens, Charles Addams, James Stevenson, Mischa Richter, Frank Modell, J. B. Handelsman, Richard Cline, George Price, Boris Drucker, Burt Silverman, Arnie Levin, Gahan Wilson, Ed Fisher, Al Ross*

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include Dorothy Loudon, Leslie Uggams, and Chita Rivera. (1/6/86) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Largo Desolato—A play by Vaclav Havel, translated by Marie Winn. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Lie of the Mind—Sam Shepard has devised a masterly comedy in this frightening tale of two Western families bound together by a dreadful marriage. (12/16/85) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, April 6: Sigmund Romberg's **THE DESERT SONG.** (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—The novel that Dickens left unfinished at the time of his sudden death has been turned into a splendidly nonsensical musical by Rupert Holmes. The big cast is headed by George Rose, and the direction is by Wilford Leach. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The substance of Judi Ann Mason's **JONAH AND THE WONDER DOG** is a seemingly endless quarrel between a black politician who has risen from the slums and his timorous, somewhat disdainful son, a Harvard graduate. Douglas Turner Ward and Kevin Hooks are the actors; Mr. Ward directed. (3/17/86) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

Nunsense—A musical by Dan Goggin. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Personals—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

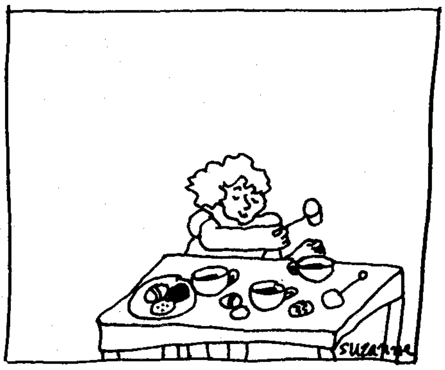
Precious Sons—A tale of miserable lower-middle-class life in Chicago in the late forties. Ed Harris and Judith Ivey are the stars. The author is George Furth. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, March 28.)

A Rosen by Any Other Name—A domestic comedy, by Israel Horovitz, set in the Jewish community of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, in 1943. Much of the play is funny, but it tends to get too sweet for every taste. The acting, under Stephen Zuckerman's direction, is exactly right. (3/24/86) (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 831-8603. Tuesdays *through Thursdays and Saturdays at 8, and* Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

Save the Loopholes!—A comedy written and performed by Dale Carman, Marianne Leone, Mary Portser, and John Slavin. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-7931. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—A one-person vaudeville show, starring the antic and frantic Lily Tomlin in a series of impersonations—some harsh, some tender—written for her by Jane Wagner. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Singin' in the Rain—An unwelcome curiosity, which attempts to translate an immortal movie musical into a Broadway show; everyone concerned has labored hard, always in vain. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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So Long on Lonely Street—A comedy by Sandra Deer, directed by Kent Stephens. Previews *Friday through Wednesday, March 28-April* 2. Opens officially on Thursday, April 3. (Jack Lawrence, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Song & Dance—Imported from England and tricked up for the American trade, this uneasy linking of song (first act) and dance (second act) is redeemed in part by the attractiveness of the chief performers, Bernadette Peters and Victor Barbee. Starting Monday, March 31, Christopher d'Amboise *will resume his original role, replacing Mr.* Barbee. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Williams and Walker—A musical triumph about the great Bert Williams, who, in 1910, became the first black comedian to star on Broadway, and about his partner, George Walker. Ben Harney and Vondie Curtis-Hall are the marvellous stars. The score is authentic ragtime, by Scott Joplin, Will Marion Cook, Williams himself, and others. Strong, lively direction by Shauneille Perry, choreography by Lenwood Sloan, and musical direction by Neal Tate, who accompanies the show on the piano, with a percussionist at his side. (3/17/86) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3730. Wednesdays at 3; Thursdays at noon and 3:30; Fridays at 10; Saturdays at 1 and 4:15; and Sundays at 5:30.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn an agreeably sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BILOXI BLUES:** A chapter in the life story of Eugene Morris Jerome, a literary stand-in for the author, Neil Simon. The time is 1943, Eugene is in the Army, and his adventures in Biloxi are truly not to be believed. The director, Gene Saks, has worked hard to squeeze the last drop of humor out of this peculiar fruit. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back further—and fondly—upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,784 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Special performances Tuesday, April 1, at 8, and Wednesday, April 2, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-sixteenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday, March 27, at 1:30; Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, at 10:30 and 2:30; Sunday, March 30, at 1 and 5:30; Monday through Thursday, March 31-April 3, at 10:30 and 2:30; Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Sunday, April 6, at 1. Through Sunday, June 1.)

The Flying Karamazov Brothers—A program called "Juggling and Cheap Theatrics." Previews Friday through Sunday, March 28-30. Opens officially on Tuesday, April 1, at 7, and will run through Sunday, April 27. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Monday through Wednesday, March 31-April 2, at 8; Thursday and Friday, April 3-4, at 7:30; and Saturday, April 5, at 2 and 8. For tickets, call 472-0801, Mondays through Fridays between 1 and 3 and 5 and 7.)

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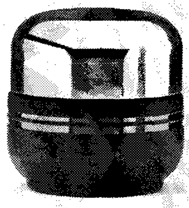

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sical. The book is by Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel, the music by Vincent Youmans, and the lyrics by Irving Caesar *and Mr. Harbach. (Carnegie Recital Hall.* 247-7800. Wednesday, April 2, and Friday, April 4, at 8; Saturday, April 5, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, April 6, at 3.)

Forbidden Broadway 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 20—Tuesday, April 1, at 7:30: "Birthday Variations" (New York première), "Passage," "Light Rain," and four pas de deux. With guest dancers Nadezhda Pavlova and Aleksei Fadeyechev of the Bolshoi Ballet and Ferdinand Bujones and Yoko Ichino, and cabaret performers Barbara Cook and Wally Harper. (A benefit performance; for information about tickets, call 265-7300.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 2, at 8: "Italian Suite," "Force Field" (New York première), and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 3, at 8: "Arden Court," "The Heart of the Matter" (New York première), and "Light Rain." . . . ¶ Friday, April 4, at 8: "Forgotten Land," "Confetti," "Passage," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 8: "The Taming of the Shrew." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 27—Tuesday, April 1, at 7: "Ab Ovo Usque ad Mala" ("From Soup to Nuts") (première), "Diggity," and "Last Look." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 2, at 8: "Roses," "Last Look," and "Esplanade." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 3, at 8: "Airs," "Lost, Found, and Lost," and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ Friday, April 4, at 8: "Roses," "Last Look," and "Esplanade." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 8: "Ab Ovo Usque ad Mala ("From Soup to Nuts"), "Arden Court," and ". . . Byzantium." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Tango Argentino—Final performances of the engagement. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Wednesday through Friday, March 26-28, at 8; Saturday, March 29, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, March 30, at 3 and 7:30.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—A two-week engagement—Wednesday and Thursday, March 26-27, and Saturday, March 29, at 8: "Dougla," "Toccata e Due Canzoni" (New York première), and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Friday, March 28, at 8, and Saturday, March 29, at 2: "Square Dance," "Saffron Knot," "La Mer," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 30, at 5: "Dougla," "Doina," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 1, and Saturday, April 5, at 8: Act II of "Swan Lake," "Fall River Legend," and "Caravanserai." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 2, at 8, and Saturday, April 5, at 2: "Pas de Dix," "Fall River Legend," and "Caravanserai." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, April 3-4, at 8: "Piano Movers," "A Streetcar Named Desire," and "Stars and Stripes." (Aaron Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 690-4100. Through Sunday, April 6.)

American Ballroom Theatre—Presenting "Sheer Romance," a program of ballroom dances. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Wednesday through Friday, March 26-28, at 8; Saturday, March 29, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, March 30, at 2.)

Bucket Dance Theatre—A one-week engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Saturday, March 26-29, at 8, and Sunday, March 30, at 2 and 7:30.)

Murray Louis Dance Company—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 20—Wednesday and Thursday, April 2-3, at 8: "A Stravinsky Montage," "Porcelain Dialogues," and two premières—"Re-Enter Pierrot" and "The Station." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, at 8: "Revels" (première), "Continuum," "Frail Demons," and "Four Brubeck Pieces." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Sally Silvers—With a company of dancers and musicians, presenting "Every All Which Is Not Us!" and other works. (Washington Square Church, 133 W. 4th St. Friday through Sunday, April 4-6, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 695-5164.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Michael Feinstein sings in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. Drummer **VERNEL FOURNIER'S** trio, with trombonist **BENNY POWELL,** will be present on Friday and Saturday, March 28-29; on Monday, March 31, vocalist Josephine Livoti will be backed by pianist **RAHN BURTON** and bassist **PAUL WEST.** Other groups can be heard during the rest of the week. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty. A little later on in the evening, beginning Tuesday, April 1, another fine singer, **KAREN AKERS,** can be heard. Her shows will run from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine and eleven on Fridays and Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Vibraharpist **MILT JACKSON** and his quartet will trade sets with guitarist **JOE PASS** through Sunday, March 30, and on Tuesday, April 1, pianist **MICHEL PETRUCCIANI'S** trio and guitarist **JIM HALL'S** threesome will arrive. Sets from about nine. **TED CURSON** heads a jam session every night but Monday after the last set until about four in the morning. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A partial schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, March 26-27, Pieces of a Dream; Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, **MICHAL URBANIAK'S CONSTELLATION.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great, up-close view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate musicians: pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS** and bassist **RED MITCHELL** through Saturday, March 29; pianist **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** and **RED MITCHELL** on Sundays; and pianist **KENNY BARRON** and **MR. MITCHELL** starting Monday, March 31. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

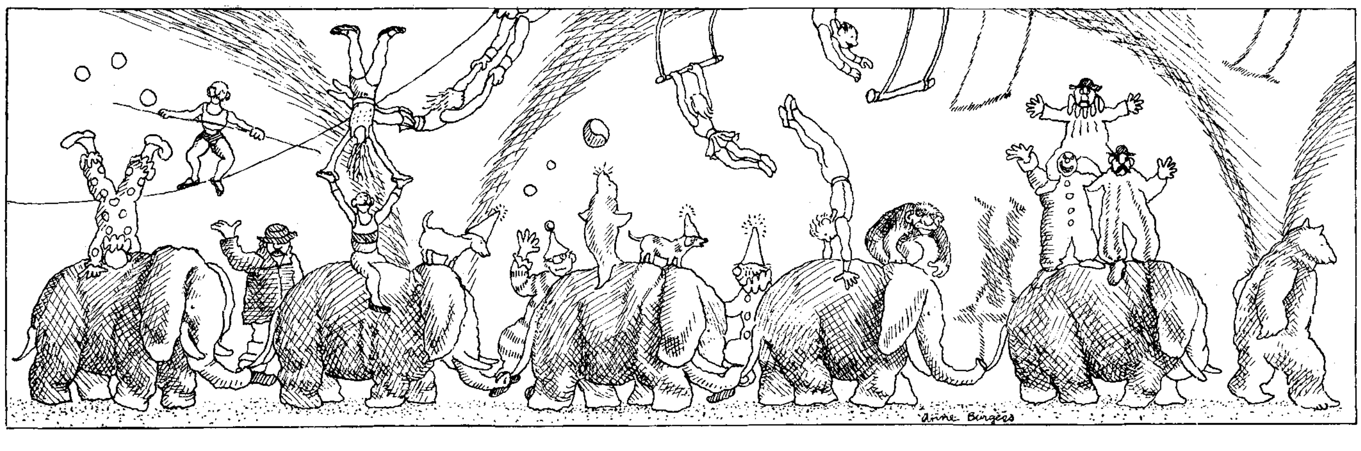
Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Until Saturday, March 29, singer and pianist **STEVE ROSS** performs in the Café Carlyle at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. On Tuesday, April 1, **BOBBY SHORT** will return with his trusty sidekicks, **BEVERLY PEER** and **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Their hours will be Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is in the Bemelmans Bar at the piano, soloing and singing, from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A music back room way out West—West 14th Street, that is—with authentically exurban pitchers of beer on the tables and plaid flannel shirts on the customers. Wednesday, March 26, John Roberts and Lisa Preston; Saturday, March 29, banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA & SKYLINE;** Wednesday, April 2, Frankie & Mairead Kennedy, with Ciaran Curran; and Saturday, April 5, Swamp Cats. There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A snazzy downstairs jazz club. Trumpeters **CLARK TERRY** and **JON FADDIS** team up through Sunday, March 30, and on Tuesday, April 1, **SCOTT HAMILTON,** a big-voiced, swing-era-styled tenor saxophonist, will arrive with singer **MAXINE SULLIVAN.** On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays through Sundays at eight. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkies, rockers, folk-rockers, and comics. Wednesday, March 26, at nine, Yo la Tengo, the Last Roundup, the Smithereens, the Ben Vaughn combo, and other bands. Following this engagement, the club closes at



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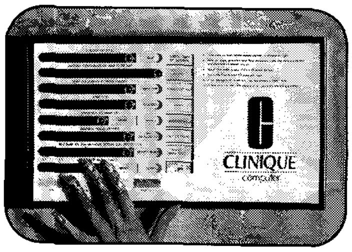
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this location, with plans to reopen elsewhere in late spring.

Freddy's, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—Debonair, straight-arrow baritone and pianist **RONNY WHYTE** works here Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy duo Wednesdays through Saturdays; on Sundays, bassist-vocalist **JAY LEONHART** is present; Mondays are the property of singer Stan Edwards; and Tuesdays are reserved for guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—**WALTER NORRIS** is at the dining-room grand through Saturday, March 29, and **NEVILLE DICKIE** will take over on Tuesday, April 1. Sundays, Keith MacDonald is at the keyboard, and Mondays **DICK HYMAN** has charge of the music. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** are on the stand through Saturday, March 29; pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** will team up starting Tuesday, April 1. Music from nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists, where they celebrate Texas Independence Day but not Bastille Day. Wednesday and Thursday, March 26-27, the **RADIATORS;** Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, the **FLESHTONES;** Monday, March 31, **CLARENCE (GATEMOUTH) BROWN** and the Marauders; Wednesday, April 2, the Fabulous Greaseband and J. T. Bowen; and Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, **ROBERT GORDON** and the Mindy J. Band. Music after nine nightly. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BARBARA COOK,** who sings in a satisfyingly clear, ringing soprano, is on the podium at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

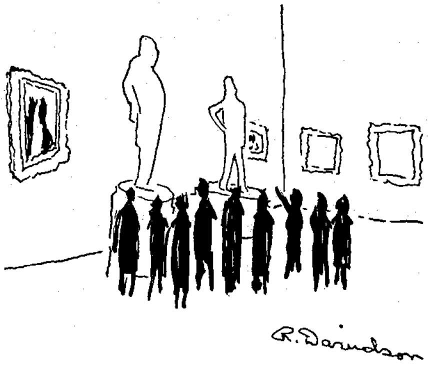
Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A worthy jazz and rhythm-and-blues haunt. The music: Wednesday, March 26, Lee Genesis; Thursday, March 27, Axiom; and Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, **MC COY TYNER.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Friday, March 28, **CAB CALLOWAY** and Roomful of Blues; Saturday, March 29, the **NEVILLE BROTHERS;** Thursday, April 3, Simply Red; and Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, Venom. Shows begin at nine Mondays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Brazilian music, African music, salsa music, and American music. Wednesday, March 26, Adja; Thursday, March 27, Skah Shah; Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, **MIKATA;** Tuesday, April 1, **ERROL PARKER'S** tentet; Wednesday and Thursday, April 2-3, **PAQUITO D'RIVERA;** Friday, April 4, **LOREMIL MACHADO;** and Saturday, April 5, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—South African pianist and composer **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM,** known to many as Dollar Brand, leads his band, **EKAYA,** in some of his rhythmic, haunting, mesmerizing pieces Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are given over to the uplifting and unjaded **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A refreshingly simple basic (in the age of extravagance) blues and rock club. Wednesday, March 26, Hong Kong, with Broken Hearts; Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, soul



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singer **OTIS CLAY;** Sunday, March 30, Lew Willie & the Snapdragons; and Monday, March 31, Black Rock and the Young Turks. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa in the downstairs room: on Monday, March 31, after nine, **EL GRAN COMBO, LOUIE RAMIREZ & RAY DE LA PAZ,** and **DANIEL PONCÉ,** the guest soloist, will all be present. . . . ¶ On the Terrace, pianist **BILL MAYS** and bassist **MARC JOHNSON** perform through Sunday, March 30, and vibraharpist **TEDDY CHARLES** will take over on Tuesday, April 1. Music at nine-thirty. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present, with a trio, on Tuesdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed basement establishment is the most famous jazz club in the world. Pianist **STEVE KUHN** plays with drummer **AL FOSTER** and bassist **RON CARTER** through Sunday, March 30; on Tuesday, April 1, pianist **MAL WALDRON** will begin working with **AL FOSTER,** bassist **CECIL MC BEE,** tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN,** and trombonist **CRAIG HARRIS.** Mondays remain prime time for the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music from nine-thirty.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The **PAZANT BROTHERS** are performing here through Sunday, March 30, and starting Tuesday, April 1, pianist **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV** and trumpeter **JON FADDIS** will occupy the stand. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleek piano-bass (and sometimes guitar-bass) and pasta hangout. Pianist **LARRY VUCKOVICH** collaborates with bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, March 29; on Monday, March 31, pianist **WALTER NORRIS** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** will commence a two-week visit. On Sundays, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE** continue their longtime collaboration, which produces their own brand of lively chamber jazz. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

The Four Tops and **the Temptations**—Minskoff Theatre, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Wednesday through Friday, March 26-28, at 8; Saturday, March 29, at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday, March 30, at 3 and 7.

Tom Rush—With the Jug Band and Buskin & Batteau. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday, March 28, at 8.)

Bangles—With Hoodoo Gurus. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Friday, March 28, at 8.)

Jay Leno—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 29, at 8.

The Cult—With Divinyls. (Beacon Theatre. Saturday, March 29, at 8.)

Klezmer Conservatory Band—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, March 29, at 8.

Gabriel Yacoub and John Cunningham—With Nikki Matheson. (Washington Square Church, 133 W. 4th St. Saturday, March 29, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Peter Allen and the Rockettes—With the Manhattan Rhythm Kings. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Saturday, March 29, at 7; Sunday, March 30, at 3 and 8; Tuesday through Friday, April 1-4, at 8; Saturday, April 5, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, April 6, at 3.)

Echo & the Bunnymen—With the Church. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, April 4, at 8.)

Stephanie Mills and **Atlantic Starr**—Beacon Theatre. Friday, April 4, at 8.

Hannibal Marvin Peterson—With David Murray, Alan Nelson, Rahn Burton, and others. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Eddie Palmieri, Charlie Palmieri, Hilton Ruiz, Michel Camilo, and **Papo Lucca**—Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, April 5, at 7:30.

Miles Davis and **B.B. King**—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, April 5, at 8 and midnight, and Sunday, April 6, at 8.

Indiana University Jazz Ensemble—With Slide Hampton. (Symphony Space. Saturday, April 5, at 8.)

Irving Plaza—Friday, March 28: Robyn Hitchcock & the Egyptians and the Dancing Hoods. . . . ¶ Friday, April 4: Black Flag. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5: Ministry. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows begin after 10.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Jean Arp (1887-1966) **and Joan Miró** (1893-1983)—Sculptures by both artists. Through April 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Giacomo Balla (1871-1958)—Nonobjective paintings by an Italian Futurist; the dates of the works run from 1912 to 1928. Through April 19. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Fanny Brennan—Jewel-like miniature oils. Through Saturday, March 29. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

Robert Courtright—Masks cast in paper and bronze. Through Saturday, March 29. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gregory Gillespie—Recent works by a hyperrealist artist whose paintings sometimes verge on trompe-l'oeil. Through Saturday, March 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

John Lees—Oil and ink compositions, each with a single understated landscape, still-life, or portrait. Through April 9. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Robert Lobe—A new set of hammered-aluminum sculptures. Through Saturday, April 5. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Reginald Marsh (1898-1954)—Paintings and works on paper. Through April 19. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Lindsay McCrum—Stylized paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Robert Ohnigian—New collages. Through April 19. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Jim Peters—Large narrative paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St.)

Serge Poliakoff (1906-69) / **Klaus Fussmann**—Abstract paintings. / Watercolors of Egypt. Through Saturday, March 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Susan Roth—Abstract collage paintings made of folded canvas. Through Saturday, March 29. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

Bernd Schwarzer—Two large and energetic abstract paintings in oil, and smaller works in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, March 29. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Charles Seliger—Recent paintings and monotypes by a veteran abstractionist which complement a small retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through April 19. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Charles J. Seplowin—New abstract steel sculptures. Through April 12. (Cecil, 16 E. 72nd St.)

Joseph Solman—Portraits spanning fifty years. Through Saturday, March 29. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Pat Steir—New paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Wayne Thiebaud—An exhibit of paintings and works on paper in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of this artist's association with the Stone Gallery. Through Wednesday, April 2. (48 E. 86th St.)

Bob Thompson (1937-66)—Paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Cristóbal Toral—New trompe-l'oeil paintings. Through April 19. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

John Walker—Abstract paintings. Through April 12. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Group Shows—At the **hamilton,** 19 E. 71st St: Portraits in a wide range of styles and mediums by fourteen contemporary artists, Janet Fish and David Hockney among them. Through May 3. . . . **sabarsky,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Drawings and watercolors by German Expressionists. Through Saturday, March 29. (Opens at noon.) . . . **shepherd,** 21 E. 84th St.: Approximately a hundred nineteenth-century English paintings, drawings, and prints by Pre-Raphaelites and academicians. Through April 26.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Karel Appel—Expressionist paintings. Through April 26. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jake Berthot—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 5. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Birmelin—Paintings of city street life. Through Saturday, March 29. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

John Bowman—Paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Anthony Caro / Sam Francis—Seven new painted-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, March 29. / Abstract paintings on paper. Through Saturday, April 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Louisa Chase / Michael Spano—New paintings. / Black-and-white photographs of nudes. Through Saturday, April 5. (Robert Miller, which has moved to 41 E. 57th St.)

Tony Cragg—Freestanding tableaux composed with found objects. Through Saturday, April 5. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Crash—Large-canvas spray-paint works. Through April 12. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Duff—Ceramic and bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, March 29. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Fried—Tiny sculptured female figures (made of low-fired clay and painted) seen in dramatic poses, mostly attitudes of anguish. Through Saturday, March 29. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Philip Geiger—Paintings of landscapes on the edge of a newly industrialized area in Virginia, showing the subdivisions that have cropped up there, and the people who live in them. Through Saturday, March 29. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Tsugio Hattori—Abstract paintings and collages by an artist who was educated in Tokyo. Through Saturday, March 29. (Reece, 24 W. 57th St.)

David Hayes—Abstract Corten-steel sculptures, plus gouaches. Through Saturday, April 5. (Shippee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Clinton Hill—Wood and plastic constructions, three-dimensional paintings, and works combining handmade paper and dyed pulp. Through Saturday, April 5. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—A two-gallery showing of new thickly brushed works by this influential artist who has a reputation as a painter's painter. Through Saturday, March 29. (Paintings alone at Washburn, 42 E. 57th St., and paintings and drawings at 113 Greene St.)

Wolf Kahn—A diverting collection of drawings and pastels from the past forty years by an artist whose work seems as energetic and perceptive as ever. Through Saturday, March 29. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

R. B. Kitaj—Oils, pastels, and drawings, including many figure studies and portrait sketches. Through Saturday, March 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Daniel O'Sullivan—Paintings that bring to life the Brooklyn of his childhood in the forties; also, religious and mythological paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ephraim Rubenstein—Figure studies, landscapes, cityscapes, and still-lifes by a realist painter. Through Saturday, March 29. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Hubert Scheibl—Abstract Expressionist paintings by an Austrian artist. Through Saturday, March 29. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Emil Schumacher—Expressionist paintings by a German artist. Through April 19. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Richard Shaw—Figures and lighthouses rendered in ceramic sculptures that have a trompe-l'oeil reality. Through April 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Louis Sullivan (1856-1924)—Ornaments designed for the Chicago Stock Exchange Trading Room (1893) and the Schiller Building (1891), including metal grillework from an elevator and stencil-pattern paintings from coffered ceilings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

William Turnbull—Bronze sculptures of unusually graceful simplicity. Through Thursday, April 3. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ted Weller—Bright-colored encaustics of everyday birds painted much larger than life—robins, cardinals, towhees, ravens. Through Saturday, April 5. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: Expressionist paintings by early-twentieth-century European artists. Through May 10. . . . **zabriskie,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Surrealist objects, photographs, and collages by André Breton, Eileen Agar, Man Ray, and others. Through Friday, April 4. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Luis Cruz Azaceta—A large show of paintings and wood cutouts from the past ten years. Through April 13. (Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art, 584 Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Richard Bosman / Richard Tobias—Recent paintings. / Abstract geometric paintings. Through Wednesday, April 2. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Peter Bradley—Abstract painted-steel sculptures. Through May 7. (Hirondelle, 476 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Fran Bull—Bright-colored paintings of exotic animals. Through Saturday, March 29. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Alberto Burri—Eighteen paintings, the earliest from 1953, the latest completed recently. Through April 26. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

Ronnie Cutrone—Large canvases mixing Op Art with cartoon and advertising images—Woody Woodpecker, corporate logos, etc. Through April 19. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Sari Dienes—Sculptures. Through Saturday, March 29. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Eric Fischl—Four large canvases completed in the past eighteen months complement a larger show of this painter's work at the Whitney Museum. Through Saturday, March 29. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Joan Gardner—Canvases centered on figures, usually with insets of one or more other drawings. Through Saturday, March 29. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Joe Giordano—Realist paintings. Through April 9. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Jack Goldstein—Large new paintings based on photographs picked up here and there by the artist—a curl of cigarette smoke, for instance. Through Saturday, March 29. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Michael Hafftka—Loosely handled figure paintings, pastels, and ink drawings. Through April 17. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Jan Hashey—Large compositions in which deftly painted images (a cat, a plump baby) appear against a colorful background of abstractions. Through Saturday, March 29. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Nancy Holt / Sol LeWitt—A dozen photographs of a TV screen taken at different speeds. / Several pyramid-shaped colored-ink wall drawings. Through Saturday, April 5. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

David Kapp—Paintings of urban traffic jams reduced to the outlines of cars and their headlights and tail-lights. Also, drawings. Through April 12. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Grace Knowlton / Arthur Tress—Large, spherical sculptures made with a papier-mâché-like material that is painted with enamel, watercolor, and oil-stick. / Cibachrome prints depicting members of the Reagan Cabinet. Through April 26. (Twining, 568 Broadway.)

Barry Le Va—Works on paper completed between 1966 and the present. Through Saturday, March 29. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Marion Lerner Levine—Watercolor still-lifes of old postcards, botanical books, mirrors, and lace. Through April 9. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Cynthia Mailman—Realist paintings of rural and suburban landscapes. Through Saturday, April 5. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Elie Nadelman (1882-1946)—Sculptures in marble, wood, and bronze. Also, etchings. Through Saturday, April 5. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

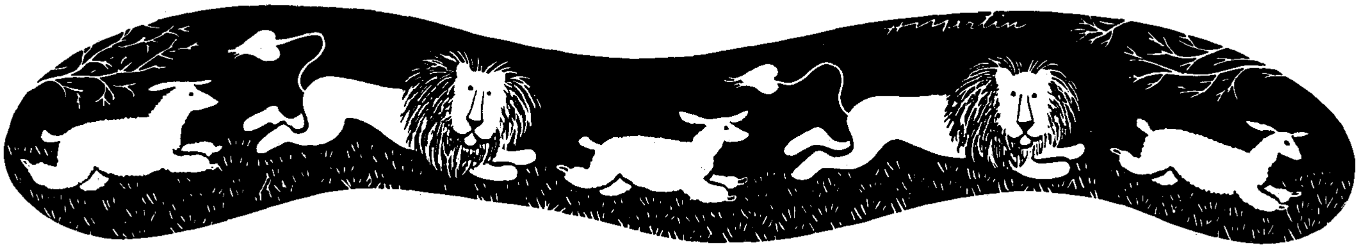
Frank Owen—Abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, April 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Claudio Palmieri—Fields of colorful flowers (poppies, sunflowers, irises) ruffled by the wind, plus still-lifes of bouquets, by an Italian artist who paints with a palette knife. Through Thursday, April 3. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Archie Rand—Recent figurative paintings, including a mural-size canvas. Through Saturday, March 29. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Don Rodan / Robert Combas—Colored-pencil drawings. / Large paintings filled with cartoonlike characters. Through Saturday, March 29. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Miriam Schapiro—Semi-abstract paintings of figures from the theatrical world—a ballerina,



a master of ceremonies—and several larger-than-life paper-cutout figures in the same vein. Through Saturday, April 5. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Carole Seborovski—Geometric abstract works on paper. Through April 19. (Brandt, 568 Broadway.)

Richard Serra—Three massive Corten-steel sculptures complement a larger show of this artist's work at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Saturday, April 5. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Pam Steele / Jill Terranova—Abstract wall pieces made of stainless steel or acid-treated copper. / Lively pastel drawings and constructions of wood and canvas. Through Sunday, March 30. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

Anne Tabachnick—Semi-abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Carol Unger—Large realist pencil drawings of people posed with barnyard animals. Through Sunday, March 30. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Esteban Vicente—Collages. Through Saturday, March 29. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Dario Villalba / Charles Arnoldi—New paintings. / Monotypes. Through Saturday, March 29. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Merrill Wagner—Old schoolroom blackboard slates treated to a variety of abstractions, all in blue paint. Through Saturday, March 29. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Andy Warhol—Six paintings from the artist's 1963 "Disaster" series. Through June 14. (Dia Art Foundation, 77 Wooster St. Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 4; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Icarus: The Vision of Angels—A two-gallery exhibit that asserts an inherent aesthetic appeal in designs for flying instruments. On view are models for airplanes, rockets, and kites by Alexander Graham Bell; models after sketches by da Vinci; a Sabre jet, half life-size, by contemporary Canadian Murray Favro; photographs of works by others; and nine drawings by Robert Smithson. Through Saturday, March 29. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway, and Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Group Shows—At the **cooper,** 155 Wooster St.: Large-scale works by gallery artists Elizabeth Murray, Donald Judd, Carl Andre, and Robert Gober, plus seven drawings by Michael Hurson. Through Saturday, March 29. . . . **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Landscapes and still-lifes are among the subjects covered in works on paper by thirteen artists. Through Saturday, March 29. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **gladstone,** 99 Greene St.: Sculptures, mostly, by eight contemporary Italian artists. Through Saturday, March 29.

OTHER GALLERIES

William Anthony / Debra Chase—Satirical figure paintings and drawings. / Mixed-medium constructions that resemble garments—kimonos, gowns, jackets. Through April 19. (Baum, 109 Hudson St.)

George Chemeche—Figurative paintings, many of a man and a woman standing in a stylized forest. Through Saturday, March 29. (Hudson Center, 105 Hudson St. Opens at noon.)

Grace Graupe-Pillard / Roger Cutforth—Pastel portrait-cutouts derived from a social-realist sensibility. / Portrait photocollages. Through April 27. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Richard Heinrich—Abstract welded-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, March 29. (Jay Gallery, 13 Jay St., between Hudson and Greenwich Sts.)

Richard Hennessy—Abstract paintings based on great art of the past. "Living Fragonardishly," for instance, somehow evokes petticoat ruffles and maidens on swings. Through Saturday, April 5. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

Cheryl Laemmle—Paintings using decoys and hunting motifs as still-lifes. Through Wednesday, April 2. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

Italo Scanga—Large, gaudily painted free-standing sculptures made of strips of wood and wildly disparate found objects. Through Saturday, March 29. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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30	31	1	2	3	4	5

Cy Twombly—A retrospective of works on paper. Through Saturday, April 5. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St.)

Roger Welch—Landscapes on shaped canvases. Through Saturday, March 29. (Greenwald, 181 Mott St.)

Alison Wilding—Abstract sculptures. Through April 8. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Group Shows—At **artists space,** 223 West Broadway: Eleven artists from Chicago are represented by paintings, drawings, and an installation. Through Saturday, April 5. . . . **bond,** 30 Bond St.: Relatively small works by eight artists, among them Alexis Gorodine, who depicts surfaces strewn with litter, and Pascal Lamorinière, who makes superrealist drawings with colored pencils. Through Sunday, March 30. (Opens at noon.) . . . **franklin furnace,** 112 Franklin St.: More than seventy artists' books, many of which stray from the conventional definition of the object. Through April 19. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **jus de pomme,** 338 E. 11th St.: Works by Jenny Holzer, Susan Rothenberg, April Gornik, and Eric Fischl, and by four artists they individually recommended—respectively, Ben Chase, Serena Bocchine, Craig Buckbee, and Medrie MacPhee. Through April 6. (Opens Wednesdays through Sundays at 1.) . . . **303 gallery,** 303 Park Ave. S., at 23rd St.: An installation by Vito Acconi, Nancy Dwyer, and Matt Mullican which is the artists' version of the new corporate-sponsored public spaces. Through April 19. (Opens at 1.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Henri Cartier-Bresson and Bruce Davidson—Photographs paired according to shared themes that are of interest to these two artists. Through April 19. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

Sarah Charlesworth—Cibachrome prints. Through Saturday, March 29. (International with Monument, 111 E. 7th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

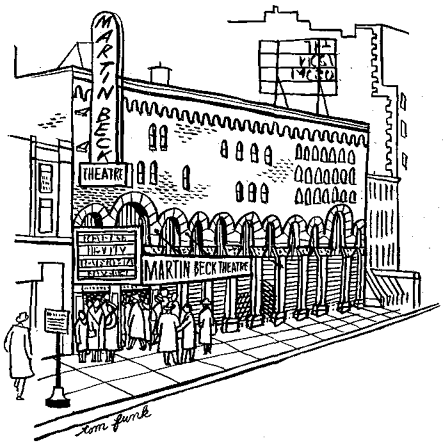
Willy Ronis—A retrospective of black-and-white photographs of Paris and Provence. Through April 19. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Josef Sudek (1896-1976)—Gardens, parks, and streets of Prague, plus still-life photographs. Through Saturday, March 29. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

John Yang / Mark Feldstein—Panoramic silver contact prints of the Innisfree Garden, in Millbrook, New York. / Ten triptychs. Through April 18. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of paintings, plus tapestries and porcelains, by François Boucher, including "Toilet of Venus" (1751), which was done for a château of Mme. de Pompadour and Louis XV. Through May 4. . . . ¶ A gilded French rococo carriage, decorated with paintings from the studio of Boucher, and Rubens' monumental painting "The Assumption of the Virgin" set the tone of an elaborate show of art works acquired or commissioned by the Princes of Liechtenstein between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth. Ornate firearms in the collection occupy one gallery. Through May 4. . . . ¶ An exhibit of architectural drawings and photographs of late-nineteenth-century buildings designed by Richard Morris Hunt, including the Fifth Avenue entrance of the museum itself. Through June 15. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)



Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Richard Serra contains several pieces made for the exhibition, one of them located out in the sculpture garden. Through May 13. A complementary show is at Leo Castelli, 142 Greene St. . . . ¶ A show commemorating Ludwig Mies van der Rohe's hundredth anniversary. Drawings, photographs, and models of his buildings are on display in the lower-level galleries. Furniture, including a Barcelona chair, is installed on the fourth floor. Through April 15. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Naum Gabo, a leader in the Constructivist style in the twenties. Through April 27. . . . ¶ A show devoted to the paintings, sculptures, and drawings of contemporary abstractionist Jack Youngerman. Through April 27. . . . ¶ A show of twenty-five abstract paintings and works on paper by Charles Seliger. Through May 18. A complementary show is at the Gallery Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.) (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of works by Alex Katz, including paintings, wood and aluminum cutouts, and collages. Through June 15. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty-eight paintings by Eric Fischl. Through May 11. A complementary show (ending Saturday, March 29) is at the Mary Boone Gallery, 417 West Broadway. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of some of the works that will go to the new Musée d'Orsay when it opens in Paris later this year as the repository of the Louvre's collections of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, photographs, and decorative objects. Through May 5. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of approximately seventy photographs of Gypsies by the late Belgian artist Jan Yoors, who frequently travelled with Gypsy bands in Europe, India, and the United States, from about 1934 to 1975. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of paintings and sculptures by twenty-six contemporary American artists who are candidates for Academy-Institute art awards. Through Saturday, March 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Butler Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 114th St.—More than a hundred items (first editions, manuscripts, photographs, letters) that document the various literary and artistic undertakings of the British eccentric

Frederick William Rolfe, who used the pen name Baron Corvo. Through June 11. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A record of the life and career of Bronislava Nijinska, a dancer, choreographer, and member of the creative-genius crowd early in this century. That record includes costumes designed for her by Natalia Gontcharova and Léon Bakst; set designs by Max Ernst and Joan Miró; a musical score for her ballet "Le Baiser de la Fée" in the handwriting of Igor Stravinsky. The dancer herself is seen in photographs of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, among others. Also on view is a twenty-five-minute video of her ballet "Les Noces," as staged by her daughter and performed by the Oakland Ballet. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of approximately eighty Italian drawings from the baroque and Mannerist periods, on loan from the collection of Duke Roberto Ferretti. Through April 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—A show of paintings, textiles, and three-dimensional folk art pointing out that the female figure carried the torch as a symbol of America long before the Statue of Liberty arrived in the harbor. Through May 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Paestum and the Doric Revival," a show illustrating the influence that the discovery of the ancient Greek city in southern Italy had on artists and architects from about 1750 to 1830. Architectural drawings and models, paintings, prints, and books. Through Sunday, March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Printed Book in India: The First 300 Years," an exhibit of more than fifty rare volumes from the library's collection, which includes a religious handbook in Portuguese (1561), one of the earliest surviving books printed in India. Starts Friday, March 28. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Contemporary artists Al Loving and Howardena Pindell are each represented by eighteen paintings and collages. Through June 12. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Yvonne Meier (dance), Thursday through Sunday, March 27-30, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Jody Oberfelder-Riehm (dance), Friday through Sunday, March 28-30, at 9. . . . ¶ Alyson Pou and others (performance), Friday through Sunday, April 4-6, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 26, at 8: "Carmen," with Maria Ewing, Catherine Malfitano, Luis Lima, and Arthur Thompson; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 27, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; Myung-Whun Chung. . . . ¶ Friday, March 28, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gwyneth Jones, Kathleen Battle, Tatiana Troyanos, and John

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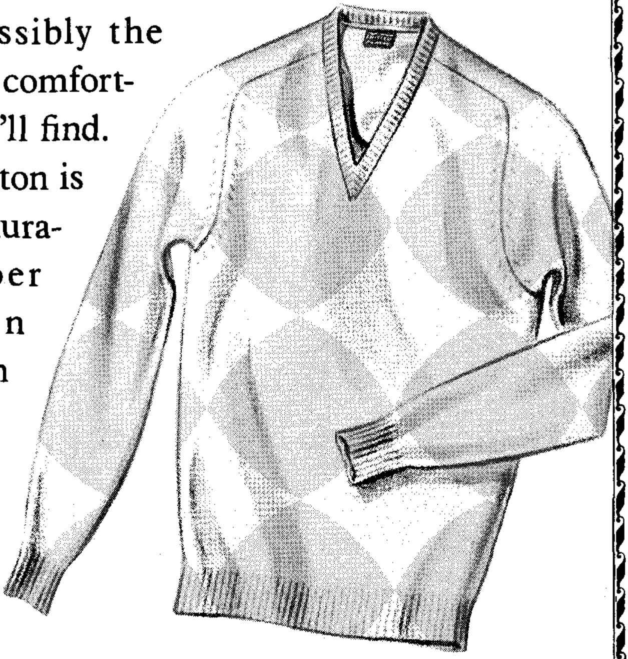

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Alexander; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 1:30: "Aida," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Fiorenza Cossotto, Luciano Pavarotti, and Matteo Manuguerra; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 8: "Carmen," with Maria Ewing, Catherine Malfitano, Luis Lima, and Arthur Thompson; Max Epstein. . . . ¶ Monday, March 31, at 7: "Don Carlo," with Mara Zampieri, Shirley Verrett, Giuliano Ciannella, and Leo Nucci; David Stivender. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 1, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gwyneth Jones, Kathleen Battle, Tatiana Troyanos, and Dano Raffanti; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 2, at 8: "Carmen," with Catherine Malfitano, Isola Jones, Plácido Domingo, and Michael Devlin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 3, at 8: "Aida," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Fiorenza Cossotto, Luciano Pavarotti, and Matteo Manuguerra; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 4, at 7: "Don Carlo," with Mara Zampieri, Shirley Verrett, Giuliano Ciannella, and Leo Nucci; David Stivender. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 1: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gwyneth Jones, Kathleen Battle, Tatiana Troyanos, and Dano Raffanti; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 8: "Carmen," with Maria Ewing, Rosario Andrade, Plácido Domingo, and Michael Devlin; Max Epstein.

"PARSIFAL"—A *stereophonic color videotape of a* 1981 Bayreuth Festival performance of Wagner's opera. (Lillie Blake Auditorium, 45 E. 81st St. Saturday, March 29, at 1. For information about tickets, call 749-4561.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Raymond Leppard conducting a Haydn-Copland-Mendelssohn program Thursday through Saturday, March 27-29, at 8; Tuesday, April 1, at 7:30; Thursday, April 3, at 8; and Friday, April 4, at 2 (all with Stanley Drucker, clarinet). . . . ¶ Martin Turnovsky directing the first of five performances of a Martinu-Novak-Dvořák program on Saturday, April 5, at 8 (with Marilyn Schmiege, mezzo-soprano; Rudolf Firkusny, piano; Werner Klemperer, narrator; and the New York Choral Artists).

NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Mstislav Rostropovich conducting a Rachmaninoff-Shostakovich program, with Bella Davidovich, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 1, at 8.)

ENGLISH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Yehudi Menuhin conducting, with Mitsuko Uchida, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 2, at 8.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Peter Tiboris conducting, with James Tocco, piano; Joseph Pate, bass; and combined choruses of more than four hundred voices. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 26, at 8.) . . . ¶ John Nelson conducting, with Frank Lopardo, tenor, and the University of Maryland Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 30, at 3.)

"FIDELIO"—Brad Keimach conducting the Westfield Symphony Orchestra in a concert version of Beethoven's opera, with vocal soloists and the Roberts Wesleyan College Chorale. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 29, at 2. For information about free tickets, call 1-201 232-9400.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC—Lukas Foss conducting a program that includes the première of Henry Cowell's Concerto for Harmonica and Orchestra. With Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano; James McCracken, tenor; and Robert Bonfiglio, *harmonica*. (*Brooklyn Academy of* Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, at 8, and Sunday, April 6, at 2.)

NEW YORK POPS—Skitch Henderson directing the last in a series of programs, this one called "An Evening of Hammerstein, with Rodgers, Hart, and Kern." With Sue Singleton, soprano; Bob Carroll, *baritone; and the Phoenix* Chorale. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 4, at 8.)

NEW CALLIOPE SINGERS—Peter Schubert directing. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, March 27, at 8.)

"THE ST. JOHN PASSION"—Paul Halley directing the Massed Choirs of the Cathedral in a performance of the Bach work. With soloists and an orchestra. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, March 28, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ST. CECILIA CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing a performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," with Mary Burgess, soprano; Antoinette Hardin, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; and Lawrence Cooper, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 5, at 8.)

RECITALS

JAMES KREGER—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Wednesday, March 26, at 8.)

THE SEVEN LAST WORDS OF CHRIST—Performances *of the Haydn work: The Guarneri Quartet*, with John Houseman, narrator. The program also includes Mozart's First Piano Quartet, with Richard Goode as guest artist. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 26-27, at 8.) . . . ¶ The Composers String Quartet, with David Carey, timpani, and the Very Reverend James Parks Morton, narrator. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, March 29, at 4:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Alexander Schneider and Isidore Cohen, violin; Steven Tenenbom, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; and Schuyler Chapin, narrator. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, March 30, at 2. For tickets, call 741-5689.)

MUSIC TODAY—Gerard Schwarz conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Irene Gubrud, soprano, and Constance Beavon, mezzo-soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Wednesday, March 26, at 8.)

NEW MUSIC CONSORT—A program that includes a new work by Glen Cortese. With Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 26, at 8.)

THOUVENAL STRING QUARTET—With Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 27, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Salvatore Accardo, violin; Steven Tenenbom, viola; Sharon Ishin, classical guitarist; and members of the Society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 28, at 8, and Sunday, March 30, at 5.)

GARY KARR AND HARMON LEWIS—Double bass and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, March 29, at 8.)

YALE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—The last in a series of concerts performed by various faculty members of the Yale University School of Music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, March 29, at 8.)

GUILLERMO RIOS—Flamenco guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 29, at 8:30.)

JAMES BARBAGALLO—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 31, at 8.)

THOMAS HAMPSON—Baritone. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, March 31, at 8.)

VLADIMIR LANDSMAN AND LEV NATOCHENNY—Violin and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, March 31, at 8.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE CONTEMPORARY MUSIC SERIES—With the American Brass Quintet. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Monday, March 31, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ALAN FEINBERG—Piano, in a program of contemporary music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Tuesday, April 1, at 8.)

ALEXANDRA HAWLEY—Flute. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, April 1, at 8.)

ELLY AMELING—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 2, at 8.)

ROBERT DAVIDOVICI—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Wednesday, April 2, at 8.)

JORGE BOLET—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 3, at 8.)

JANINA FIALKOWSKA—Piano, in an all-Liszt recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Thursday, April 3, at 8.)

HIROKO OHKI—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, April 3, at 8.)

PRIDONOFF PIANO DUO AND THE PERCUSSION GROUP / CINCINNATI—A joint concert by performers who are all faculty members of the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 3, at 8.)

MARGARET PRICE—Soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 4, at 8.)

ENGLISH BAROQUE SOLOISTS—John Eliot Gardiner *conducting an all-Mozart program*, performed on period instruments. With Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 4, at 8.)

CALIFORNIA E.A.R. UNIT—An eight-member contemporary-music ensemble. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Saturday, April 5, at 7:30.)

YOUNG-UCK KIM—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, April 5, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—The last in a series of programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, April 5, at 8.)

NOTE—The Consort of Musicke will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, April 13, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, March 31, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Dallas, Thursday, March 27, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, March 29, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Tuesday, April 1, at 8:30. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, March 26. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Chicago, Friday, March 28. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Thursday, April 3. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Saturday, April 5. (Games begin at 7:30.)

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 8:35): Rangers vs. Edmonton Oilers, Friday, March 28. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Devils, Monday, March 31. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, April 2. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Edmonton Oilers, Saturday, March 29, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Devils, Saturday, April 5, at 5:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, March 27, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, March 29, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Quebec Nordiques, Wednesday, April 2, at 7:35.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily, except Sunday, March 30, at 12:30. The Westchester Handicap, Friday, March 28; the Bed o'Roses Handicap, Saturday, *March 29; and the* Gotham, Saturday, April 5. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, June 14. The Cherry Hill Mile, Saturday, April 5.

RUNNING—The Perrier Ten-Kilometre Run will start at 11 on Saturday, March 29, at Central Park's East Drive at 69th Street, *and finish near the Tavern on the Green.*

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, June 16. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 2.

ET ALIA

PROSE READINGS—Gail Godwin and John Irving reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, March 31, at 8.) . . . ¶ William Hurt, Lois Smith, and Jonathan Hadary reading from the short stories of Richard Ford, Tess Gallagher, and Tobias Wolff. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, April 2, at 6:30.) . . . ¶ Ralph Ellison reading from his own works. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, April 4, at 8.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Dreamchild" (†).

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (directed by Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through March 27 (evenings only): "Crossroads" (Walter Hill), with Ralph Macchio.
From March 28: "Lucas" (David Seltzer).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Pretty in Pink" (Howard Deutch), with Molly Ringwald and Harry Dean Stanton.
Theatre 2: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton.
Theatre 3: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Just Between Friends" (Allan Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"9½ Weeks" (Adrian Lyne), with Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Color Purple" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through March 27: "Highlander" (Russell Mulchay), with Christopher Lambert.
From March 28: "Lucas" (David Seltzer).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Ran" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).
Theatre 2: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Crossroads" (Walter Hill), with Ralph Macchio.
Theatre 2: "Just Between Friends" (Allan Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through March 27: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
From March 28: To be announced.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through March 27: "Turtle Diary" (†). From March 28: "Trouble in Mind" (Alan Rudolph), with Kris Kristofferson and Geneviève Bujold.
Theatre 2: Through April 3: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†). From April 4: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "F/X" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 27: "Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage. From March 28: "Rad" (Hal Needham), with Bill Allen.

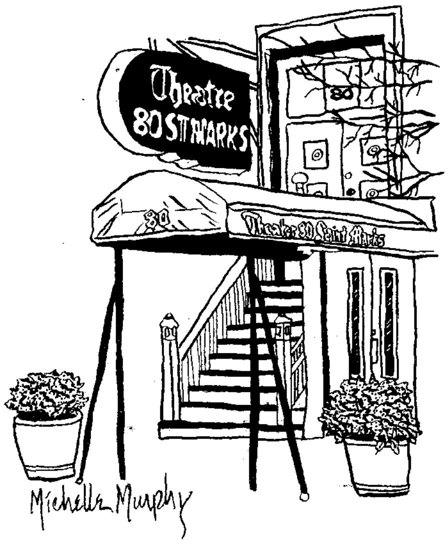
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.
Theatre 2: Through March 27: "Pretty in Pink" (Howard Deutch), with Molly Ringwald and Harry Dean Stanton. From March 28: To be announced.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Smooth Talk" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through March 27: "Out of Africa" (†).
From March 28: "Ginger and Fred" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Giulietta Masina.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 27: "F/X" (†).
From March 28: "Rad" (Hal Needham), with Bill Allen.



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30	31	1	2	3	4	5

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 15.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: March 26: Theatre closed. From March 27: "April Fool's Day" (Fred Walton).
Theatre 2: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 27: "Crossroads" (Walter Hill), with Ralph Macchio.
From March 28: "Lucas" (David Seltzer).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through April 1: "The Courtesans of Bombay" (1982; directed by Ismail Merchant), with Saeed Jaffrey; and "Jama Masjid Street Journal" (1979; Mira Nair). From April 2: "Las Madres: The Mothers of Plaza de Mayo" (1985; Susana Muñoz and Lourdes Portillo; in English and Spanish), a documentary; and "The Colors of Hope" (1985; David Grubin), a short documentary.
Theatre 2: Through March 29: "Dersu Uzala" (1978; Akira Kurosawa; a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian); and "Throne of Blood" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune. March 30-April 1: "Ikiru" (1952; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Takashi Shimura; and "The Quiet Duel" (1949; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune. April 2-3: "Stray Dog" (1949) and "Scandal" (1950), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. From April 4: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior;" 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (1945; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "The Mystery of Picasso" (†).
Theatre 2: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).
Theatre 2: "Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Brazil" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Out of Africa" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.
Theatre 2: "F/X" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).
Theatre 4: Through March 27: "Sugarbaby" (Percy Adlon; in German). From March 28: "Turtle Diary" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through March 27 (evenings only): "Crossroads" (Walter Hill), with Ralph Macchio. From March 28: "Rad" (Hal Needham), with Bill Allen.
Theatre 2: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).
Theatre 3: "Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Care Bears Movie II: A New Generation."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Just Between Friends" (Allan Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Brazil" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Always" (Henry Jaglom).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through March 27: "Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage.
From March 28: "The Quiet Earth" (Geoff Murphy), with Bruno Lawrence.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through March 27: "The Mystery of Picasso" (†).
From March 28: To be announced.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"9½ Weeks" (Adrian Lyne), with Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Angry Harvest" (Agnieszka Holland; in German).
Theatre 2: Through March 27: "Kaos" (Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian). From March 28: "Turtle Diary" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Shoah" (†). Part I is being shown Wednesdays through Sundays and Part II is being shown Sundays through Tuesdays.
Theatre 2: Through March 27: "Two English Girls" (1972; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud. From March 28: "Quilombo" (Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: "Parting Glances" (Bill Sherwood).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 3: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton.
Theatre 4: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.
Theatre 5: "Pretty in Pink" (Howard Deutch), with Molly Ringwald and Harry Dean Stanton.
Theatre 6: "Police Academy 3: Back in

Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Out of Africa" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.
Theatre 3: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).
Theatre 4: March 26: "Brazil" (†). From March 27: "April Fool's Day" (Fred Walton).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Jewel of the Nile" (directed by Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.
Theatre 4: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 5: "Highlander" (Russell Mulchay), with Christopher Lambert.
Theatre 6: "Out of Africa" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Care Bears Movie II: A New Generation."
Theatre 3: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).
Theatre 4: "Pretty in Pink" (Howard Deutch), with Molly Ringwald and Harry Dean Stanton.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: March 26: "House" (Steve Miner), with William Katt. From March 27: "April Fool's Day" (Fred Walton).
Theatre 2: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†). No performances Wednesday, March 26, and Tuesday, April 1.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through March 27: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys). From March 28: "Lucas" (David Seltzer).
Theatre 2: "The Hitcher" (Robert Harmon), with Rutger Hauer and C. Thomas Howell.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through March 27: "The Delta Force" (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin; and "Naked Cage" (Paul Nicholas). From March 28: "Rad" (Hal Needham), with Bill Allen.
Theatre 2: Through March 27: "Hamburger" (Mike Marvin). March 28-April 3: "The Delta Force" and "Naked Cage." From April 4: "The Toxic Avenger" (Michael Herz and Samuel Weil).

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through March 27: "Crossroads" (Walter Hill), with Ralph Macchio. From March 28: "3:15."
Theatre 2: "F/X" (†).

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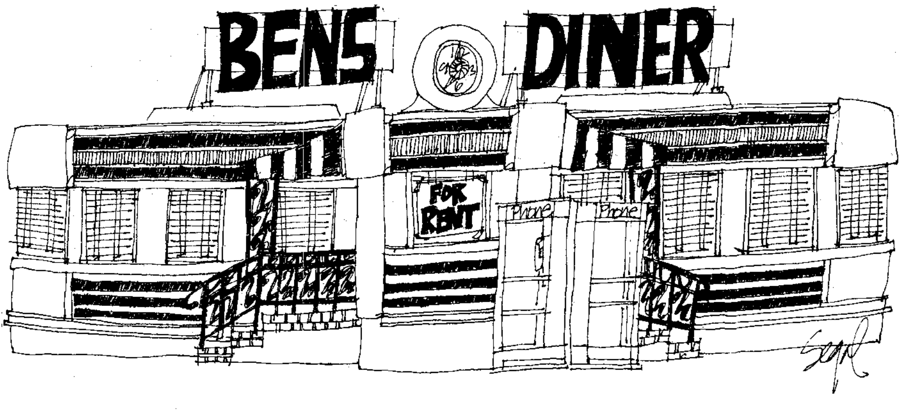
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 27: "Viridiana" (1961) and "Nazarin" (1958), both films in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal.
March 28-29: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.
March 30: "Tales of Hoffmann" (1951; Michael Powell), with Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine, and Robert Helpmann; and "The Red Shoes" (1948; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine.
March 31-April 1: "Lola" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Christiane F." (1982; Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst.
April 2-3: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina.
April 4-5: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
March 26: "Sans Soleil" (1982; Chris Marker); and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.
March 27: "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950; John Huston), with Sterling Hayden, Jean Hagen, Louis Calhern, and Sam Jaffe; and "Sweet Smell of Success" (1957; Alexander Mackendrick), with Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis.
March 28-29: "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.
March 30: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen, and Millard Mitchell; and "An American in Paris" (1951; Vincente Minnelli), with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, and Oscar Levant.
March 31: "El Norte" (1983; Gregory Nava; in Spanish); and "Sugar Cane Alley" (1983; Euzhan Palcy; in French).
April 1: "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "Weekend" (1968; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Mireille Darc.
April 2: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966; Mike Nichols), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis.
April 3: "Emitai" (†); and "Jom" (1982; Ababacar Samb; a Senegalese film, in Wolof).
April 4-5: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde.



Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through March 27: "The Catered Affair" (1956; Richard Brooks), with Bette Davis, Ernest Borgnine, Debbie Reynolds, and Barry Fitzgerald; and "The Bride Came C.O.D." (1941; William Keighley), with Bette Davis and James Cagney.
March 28-29: "Beyond the Forest" (1949; King Vidor), with Bette Davis, Joseph Cotten, and David Brian; and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford.
March 30-31: "The Petrified Forest" (1936; Archie Mayo), with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart; and "Kid Galahad" (1937; Michael Curtiz), with Bette Davis, Edward G. Robinson, and Wayne Morris.
April 1-2: "Hollywood Canteen" (†); and "Death on the Nile" (1978; John Guillermin), with Peter Ustinov as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot.
April 3-5: "Dangerous" (†); and "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
March 26: "Missing" (1982; Costa-Gavras), with Jack Lemmon, Sissy Spacek, Melanie Mayron, and John Shea; and "In the Name of the People" (1985; Frank Christopher).
March 27: "He Who Gets Slapped" (1924; Victor Seastrom; a silent film), with Lon Chaney, Norma Shearer, and John Gilbert; and "The Unholy Three" (1925; Tod Browning; a silent film), with Lon Chaney.
March 28: "Gabriela" (1984; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni; and "I Love You" (1982; Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga.
March 29: "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini; and "Lola" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).
March 30: "Easter Parade" (1948; Charles Walters), with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, and Peter Lawford; and "Summer Stock" (†).
March 31: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Louis Malle; in French), with Léa Massari; and "The Thief of Paris" (†).
April 1: "All I Desire" (1953; Douglas Sirk), with Barbara Stanwyck, Richard Carlson, and Maureen O'Sullivan; and "Blowing Wild" (1953; Hugh Fregonese), with Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck.
April 2: "Kerouac, The Movie" (1985; John Antonelli); and "Committed" (1984; Sheila McLaughlin and Lynne Tillman).
April 3: "The Big Parade" (†); and "The Crowd" (1928; King Vidor; a silent film), with Eleanor Boardman and James Murray.
April 4: "Shoot the Moon" (1982; Alan Parker), with Diane Keaton and Albert Finney; and "Smash Palace" (1982; Roger Donaldson), with Bruno Lawrence.
April 5: "Bound for Glory" (1976; Hal Ashby), with David Carradine; and "Alice's Restaurant" (1969; Arthur Penn), with Arlo Guthrie.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
March 26: "Buddenbrooks" (1959; Alfred Weidenmann).
March 27: "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; and "Shane" (1953; George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance.

March 28-29: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (1985; Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna; and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976; Paul Mazursky), with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas.

March 30: "The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, Susan Sarandon, and Cliff De Young; and "Vampyr" (1932; Carl Dreyer; in German), with Julian West, Henriette Gérard, Rena Mandel, and Sybille Schmitz.

March 31: "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis; and "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (†).

April 1: "Gimme Shelter" (1970; the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin), about the Rolling Stones; and "Let's Spend the Night Together" (1983; Hal Ashby), with the Rolling Stones.

April 2: "The Nun" ("La Religieuse;" 1965; Jacques Rivette; in French), with Anna Karina; and "Mädchen in Uniform" (†).

April 3: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison and Linda Darnell; and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken.

April 4-5: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 26: "The National Health" (1975; Jack Gold), with Lynn Redgrave and Colin Blakely; and "Georgy Girl" (1966; Silvio Narizzano), with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling.

March 27: "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" (1945; Elia Kazan), with Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, and Peggy Ann Garner; and "Panic in the Streets" (1950; Elia Kazan), with Richard Widmark, Paul Douglas, Jack Palance, Zero Mostel, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

March 28-29: "Stage Fright" (1950; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman and Marlene Dietrich; and "The Wrong Man" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Fonda, Vera Miles, and Anthony Quayle.

March 30: "Rain" (1932; Lewis Milestone), with Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, William Gargan, and Beulah Bondi; and "Of Human Bondage" (1934; John Cromwell), with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Frances Dee, and Kay Johnson.

March 31: "Alphaville" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "Le Gai Savoir" (1968; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

April 1: "The Sun Also Rises" (†); and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952; Henry King), with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Ava Gardner.

April 2: "Sunny" (1930; William A. Seiter), with Marilyn Miller; and "Folies-Bergère" (1935; Roy Del Ruth), with Maurice Chevalier, Merle Oberon, Ann Sothern, and Eric Blore.

April 3: "Queen Bee" (1955; Ranald MacDougall), with Joan Crawford, Barry Sullivan, and Betsy Palmer; and "Strait-Jacket" (1964; William Castle), with Joan Crawford, Diane Baker, and Leif Erickson.

April 4-5: "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: March 27 at 2:30 and 6: "Little People" (1984; directed by Thomas Ott and Jan Kravitz), a documentary. . . . ¶ March 28 at 2:30: "Harmony Heaven" (1930; Thomas Bentley); and "Raise the Roof" (1930; Walter Summers), with Betty Balfour and Maurice Evans. . . . ¶ March 28 at 6 and March 29 at 2: "Champagne Charlie" (1944; Alberto Cavalcanti), with Tommy Trinder and Stanley Holloway. . . . ¶ March 29 at 5: "Would You Believe It?" (1929; Walter Forde; a silent film). . . . ¶ March 30, at 2: "Vice Versa" (1948; Peter Ustinov), with Roger Livesey, Kay Walsh, Anthony Newley, Petula Clark, and James Robertson-Justice. . . . ¶ March 30 at 5: "The Belles of St. Trinians" (1954; Frank Launder), with Alastair Sim, Joyce Grenfell, and George Cole. . . . ¶ March 31 at 2:30: "Would You Believe It?". . . ¶ March 31 at 6: "Vice Versa." . . . ¶ April 1 at 2:30 and 6: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, Lee J. Cobb, Rod Steiger, and Eva Marie Saint. . . . ¶ April 3 at 6: "A Royal Scandal" (1945; Otto Preminger), with Anne Baxter, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, William Eythe, and Vincent Price. . . . ¶ From April 4: See listings under "Film Society of Lincoln Center."

THEATRE 2: March 26-April 2: Theatre closed. . . . ¶ April 3 at 6:30: "Legacy of the Spirits" (1985; Karen Kramer), a documentary. . . . ¶ From April 4: Theatre closed.

FILM SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER (AT MOMA)—The first programs in a sixteen-day festival of new films by new directors. April 4 at 6: "Mix-Up" (France; Françoise Romand); and "The Flapper Story" (United States; Lauren Lazin). . . . ¶ April 4 at 8:30 and April 5 at 1: "Doña Herlinda and Her Son" (Mexico; Jaime Humberto Hermosillo). . . . ¶ April 5 at 3:30: "Mix-Up" and "The Flapper Story." . . . ¶ April 5 at 6: "A Portuguese Farewell" (Portugal; João Botelho); and "Fan Film" (United States; Richard Protovin). . . . ¶ April 5 at 8:30: "Wives" (1975; Norway; Anja Breien); and "Wives Ten Years After" (Norway; Anja Breien). (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 489, Mondays through Fridays.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A program of films by Yvonne Rainer. Through March 29: At noon, "Lives of Performers" (1972); and, at 2:30, "Film About a Woman Who . . ." (1974). . . . ¶ March 30-April 4: "Kristina Talking Pictures" (1976), Sunday at 1, Tuesday at 2, and Wednesday through Friday at noon; and "Journey from Berlin/1971" (1980), Sunday at 3:30, Tuesday at 5:45, and Wednesday through Friday at 2:30. . . . ¶ Starting April 5: "The Man Who Envied Women" (1985), Saturday at noon. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ALICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE (1975)—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, Jodie Foster, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Thalia SoHo; March 31.)

THE BIG PARADE (1925)—John Gilbert, in too much makeup but at his poetic best, as the small-town boy who enlists and falls in love with a French girl (Renée Adorée), in King Vidor's silent classic. It is a vigorous, romantic work—a war story with sentimental scenes that are so simply and innocently felt that they remain touching. With Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, Tom O'Brien, and Hobart Bosworth. From Laurence Stallings' story, via a couple of other writers. (Thalia; April 3.)

BRAZIL—Terry Gilliam, of the Monty Python troupe, presents a retro-futurist fantasy—a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we're heading. The title refers to pop escapism of the past—what you can only dream about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state "somewhere in the twentieth century." Visually, it's an original, bravura piece of moviemaking. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. Yet Gilliam's vision is an organic thing on the screen—and that's a considerable achievement. With Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson. The script is by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/10/86.) (8th St. Playhouse, and Festival. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; March 26.)

THE COLOR PURPLE—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (Sutton, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

DANGEROUS (1936)—Bette Davis is such an eerie stimulant in this movie that you can see why some people loved her and others hated her, while still others were split. Terrible as "Dangerous" is, she hypes it with an intensity that frequently makes you sit up and stare. She plays Joyce Heath, a self-destructive, hard-drinking actress who is convinced that she jinxes the people she gets involved with. Davis is remarkable in her gone-to-the-dogs barroom scene, and she can be tough and surly, but nobody could do much with the sequences in which she's required to renounce her true love, an architect (Franchot Tone), and sacrifice herself to the mealy-mouthed husband (John Eldredge) who is crippled for life as a result of her enraged, suicidal driving. (He's such a crawly masochist that she seems to have done him a favor by mutilating him.) Alfred E. Green directed. With Margaret Lindsay and Alison Skipworth. (Regency; April 3-5.)

DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS—Jokes you can't explain may be the best kind, and the director Paul Mazursky is a master of them. When he gets rolling here, you're not responding to single jokes—it's the whole gestalt of the movie that's funny. Nick Nolte plays the shaggy, smelly drifter who attempts suicide and is rescued by a self-made millionaire (Richard Dreyfuss). Taken into the millionaire's guest cabaña, the bum is decked out in silk lounging robes; he's soon lord of the sunshine manor. As Dreyfuss's creamy-skinned, pampered wife, Bette Midler is more seductive than in her other screen roles, and she has a warped charm. Her eyes are pixillated; she's ready for anything. As a record-producer neighbor, Little Richard uses the maniacal energy that went into his singing; he has a bursting presence—you look at him and laugh. Peppy and pleasurable, this is one of the most sheerly beautiful comedies ever shot. With Elizabeth Peña, Tracy Nelson, Evan Richards, Donald F. Muhich, and Mazursky himself as a curly-haired accountant. (2/10/86) (Manhattan, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49th Street. No performances Wednesday, March 26, and Tuesday, April 1.)

DREAMCHILD—Coral Browne plays Lewis Car-

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roll's Alice in 1932, just before her eightieth birthday, when she sails to New York to speak at the Lewis Carroll centenary celebration. Disoriented by the voyage and exhilarated by New York City, she experiences a second childhood; her mind wanders back to 1862, when the young Reverend Charles Dodgson (Ian Holm) had attempted to entertain her and her sisters by spinning his nonsense tale. It's only now that the elderly Alice grasps how deeply tormented he was and that he loved her. And with New York jogging her out of her confining Victorian primness, she sees how narrow her life has been. Written by Dennis Potter and directed by Gavin Millar, the picture is a curio, but it's very enjoyable, and in some scenes it achieves levels of feeling that movies rarely get near. Nothing in Coral Browne's other screen performances suggests the frailty and beauty she brings to her Alice, and Ian Holm's performance is wonderful. With Amelia Shankley as Alice at ten, Jane Asher, Peter Gallagher, Nicola Cowper, and six Lewis Carroll–Tenniel creatures from Jim Henson's Creature Shop. (10/21/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre.)

Emitai (1971)—A film by the Senegalese writer-filmmaker Ousmane Sembène about black villagers who are pushed closer and closer to resistance by the inhuman demands of a colonial power (the French, during the Second World War). Yet they delay. Even after their women and children are rounded up and put in the sun, the men postpone taking action; they make sacrifices to their gods, hoping to learn what to do—but the gods are silent. (Emitai is the Master of Thunder.) The film deals with the interrelationships in the village between the men and the women, and between the men and their gods—and in both cases they turn out to be complex, ironic, puzzling. Ousmane Sembène's approach is thoughtful and almost reticent; the viewer contemplates a series of tragic dilemmas. Yet for all its intelligence, the movie isn't memorable—partly because the last section is unsatisfying. (In Wolof, an African language.) (Metro Cinema; April 3.)

F/X—Robert Mandel directed this ingenious suspense film about a movie special-effects wizard (Bryan Brown) who lets himself be bamboozled by a couple of men from the Justice Department's Witness Relocation Program; they hire him to stage the fake assassination of a Mafia boss (Jerry Orbach), so that this gangster can give evidence against his associates and be relocated without fear of reprisals. Bryan Brown underplays niftily, and he's joined by a second hero—swaggering Brian Dennehy, as a rogue cop. He grabs the movie in his choppers and shakes it up. Despite the film's high body count, it's not the kind of thriller that leaves a viewer feeling debauched. With Diane Venora, Joe Grifasi, and Jossie deGuzman. (2/24/86) (Gemini, Quad Cinema, and U. A. Twin. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through March 27.)

Hannah and Her Sisters—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen. It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies has been drained away here. With Max von Sydow, Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. (2/24/86) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

Hollywood Canteen (1944)—One of those shameless testimonials to its own patriotism that Hollywood turned out during the Second World War. This one is from Warners and features what used to be called the Warners stable: Bette Davis, John Garfield, Ida Lupino, Dennis Morgan, Sydney Greenstreet, Alexis Smith, Peter Lorre, and so on, as well as Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, Joe E. Brown, Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck, the ineffable Andrews Sisters, the superb dancers Rosario and Antonio, Jimmy Dorsey and his band, and on and on. This loosely held together musical revue takes one back to an era when "Yank" was meant to be a cheery word and patriotic songs were bouncy ("Gettin' Corns for My Country"). Written and directed by Delmar Daves. (Regency; April 1-2.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith; through March 27.)

Mädchen in Uniform (1932)—A willowy young girl (Herthe Thiele) in a fashionable school is unhappy under the harsh, Prussian discipline; she flowers when a sympathetic, understanding teacher (Dorothea Wieck) gives her special consideration. This consideration is ambiguous and certainly sensual. The teacher is not viewed as decadent, or even naughty; she appears to be on the side of the liberal, humanitarian angels, yet she seems unmistakably lesbian. This legendary film was directed by Leontine Sagan from Christa Winsloe's play "Yesterday and Today"—one of the few occasions in film history when a woman writer's material has also been directed by a woman. The picture is always described as sensitive, and it is; it's also a rather loaded piece of special pleading. In German. (Thalia SoHo; April 2.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a homosexual love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teenager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

The Mystery of Picasso (1956)—Picasso and Henri-Georges Clouzot ("The Wages of Fear," "Diabolique") collaborate. The result is one of the most joyful of all records of an artist at work. Picasso has a volatile, explosive presence. He is the artist as clown, as conjurer, as master funmaker. For most of the film the screen is his paper or canvas, and in seventy-five minutes he draws or paints fifteen pictures. When he complains to Clouzot that the canvas is too small, the screen expands to CinemaScope size. Some sequences use time-lapse photography to compress the working time on a canvas to a few minutes. Cinematography by Claude Renoir; score by Georges Auric. (Bleecker St. Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through March 27.)

Out of Africa—Adult, cryptic, self-conscious, and unsatisfying, it attempts to romanticize the lives of the high-strung Danish woman (played by Meryl Streep) who ran a coffee plantation in Kenya, saw herself as a patrician, and wrote under the name Isak Dinesen, and the handsome English big-game hunter Denys Finch Hatton (Robert Redford). Directed by Sydney Pollack, from a script by Kurt Luedtke, the picture squirms around trying to make these people morally acceptable to a modern audience. Streep is animated in the early scenes, but Redford doesn't give out with anything for her to play against, and the energy goes out of her performance. The film hums a little when Klaus Maria Brandauer or Michael Kitchen or Suzanna Hamilton is on the screen; they're recognizably human. (12/30/85) (R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through March 27.)

Ran—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Plaza.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands, though likable, is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. The actors who circulate around the heroine create a whirring atmosphere—a comic hum. They include Denholm Elliott (playing the novel's resident saint), Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach; the young Italian lovers are played by Isabella Celani and Lucca Rossi. Full of allusions to art and literature, the movie is more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. It was produced by Ismail Merchant and directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. Shot in England and Florence. (3/24/86) (Paris).

Shoah—Claude Lanzmann's nine-hour-and-twenty-three-minute documentary epic is made up of interviews with people who have knowledge of the Nazi extermination centers—whether as slave laborers, railroad workers, technicians, bureaucrats, or just onlookers. The film has fine, painful moments, and it's widely regarded as a masterpiece. But some may feel that it lacks the moral complexity of a great work, and may also find it logy and diffuse, and exhausting right from the start. Divided into Part I (four hours and thirty-three minutes) and Part II (four hours and fifty minutes). In Polish, French, German, English, Hebrew, and Yiddish, with English subtitles where necessary. (12/30/85) (Cinema Studio.)

Smooth Talk—It has lovely touches in its first half, when the director, Joyce Chopra, shows us the restless and narcissistic fifteen-year-old Connie (Laura Dern), who acts seductive and teases boys her own age or a year or two older, because she doesn't know what else to do about the way she feels. Connie and her friends (Sarah Inglis and Margaret Welch) parade happily around the shopping plaza for hours and hours—testing their skills at attracting boys and bantering with them. Tom Cole, who wrote the script, expanding the brief Joyce Carol Oates story "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?," has a fine ear for teen-age talk. But the movie's texture is thin from the start—especially in the scenes at Connie's home, where she and her mother (Mary Kay Place) bicker. And the second half isn't just stretched out—it's a little screwy. The Oates story is a young girl's sex-and-horror fantasy: a sordid creep (an older man) arrives at Connie's house when she's alone; he's like the materialization of her ugliest fears, and he terrorizes her and lures her into his car. End of story and, the reader assumes, probably the end of poor Connie. Unaccountably, Chopra and Cole try to turn this material into a coming-of-age movie with a happy resolution. Their ending suggests that Connie has grown up—matured—via what amounts to terrorization and (possibly) rape; the experience seems to have made her a better person. As the creep, Treat Williams gives a neo-Method performance that's all affectation. With Levon Helm as Connie's pleasant-goofball father, and Elizabeth Berridge as Connie's older sister, though, confusingly, she looks more like a kid sister. (3/24/86) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Summer Stock (1950)—The emotional rapport of Judy Garland and Gene Kelly transforms the corny, simpleminded story material—a reworking of the Judy Garland–Mickey Rooney pictures about adolescents staging a show in a barn. Though Garland is overweight and obviously uncomfortable in much of the picture, she and Kelly bring conviction to their love scenes and make them naïvely fresh. As a team, they balance each other's talents: she joins her odd and undervalued cakewalker's prance to his large-spirited hoofing, and he joins his odd, light, high voice to her sweet deep one. Their duet on "You Wonderful You" has a plaintive richness that stays with one. The most famous sequence is Garland's rakish "Get Happy," shot almost three months after the rest of the picture; exultantly thin, in a black hat and short jacket, she flaunts her spectacular long legs. For all the messiness, this is a likable picture, with lots of good songs and dances. Directed by Charles Walters. With Phil Silvers, Gloria De Haven, Eddie Bracken, Marjorie Main, and Hans Conried. (Thalia; March 30.)

The Sun Also Rises (1957)—Perhaps more fiestas and bullfights than are quite necessary, but Tyrone Power (Jake Barnes), Errol Flynn (Mike Campbell), Ava Gardner (Lady Brett Ashley), Eddie Albert (Bill Gorton), and many others contrive to turn the Hemingway book into a reasonably literate film. Directed by Henry King. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 1.)

The Thief of Paris (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in Louis Malle's slow-paced, romanticized view of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. This thief hates the bourgeoisie, yet is so successful he becomes part of it. Malle shows none of the seaminess of thievery; this is a study of compulsion, and it lacks substance and is tedious. Screenplay by Malle and Jean-Claude Carrière. With Geneviève Bujold, Marie Dubois, and Charles Denner. In French. (Thalia; March 31.)

The Trip to Bountiful—Geraldine Page gives a controlled, all-out performance as Carrie Watts, an old-age pensioner who wears seat-sprung housedresses and lives in a tiny apartment in Houston with her sad, defeated son and his shrill wife, who keeps picking on her. The movie—a weeper—is about Carrie's longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Directed by Peter Masterson, from Horton Foote's adaptation of his 1953 teleplay, it's a "spiritual" picture—a tribute to the decency of the common people who endure by doing the best they can, and it has the glow that movies get when they're about the need to have compassion. With John Heard, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford. (1/13/86) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through April 3.)

Turtle Diary—Glenda Jackson and Ben Kingsley play the two Londoners who separately develop the fantasy of liberating the three giant turtles from the Aquarium at the London Zoo and taking them back to the sea. John Irvin directed this low-key, fastidious version of the 1975 Russell Hoban novel (a counterculture fable), from a script by Harold Pinter. It's like a "Brief Encounter" between turtles; the two strangers come out of their shells a bit, but not with each other. Jackson and Kingsley give their lines an especially tight-lipped, staccato reading; these two are so private and tense and minimalist that it's amusing to see how they vary their performances enough to keep going. They manage to give the middle of the movie—the weekend drive to the coast with the turtles—a balmy comic spirit of adventure. But the picture verges on the deliberately quaint, and the story has been given the same maudlin orchestration as in the novel; it's full of sad and lonely people reaching out. The awful artfulness of this stuff! With Michael Gambon, Jeroen Krabbé, Harriet Walter, Richard Johnson, Rosemary Leach, Eleanor Bron, and Pinter, in a bit in a bookstore. (3/24/86) (Cinema I; through March 27. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza; starting March 28.)

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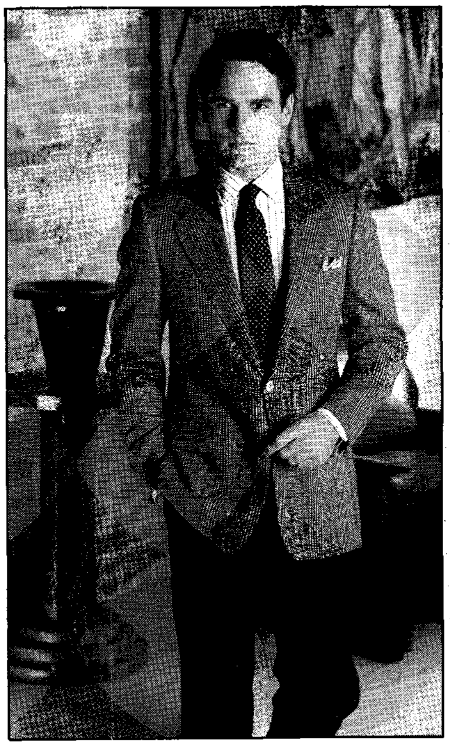

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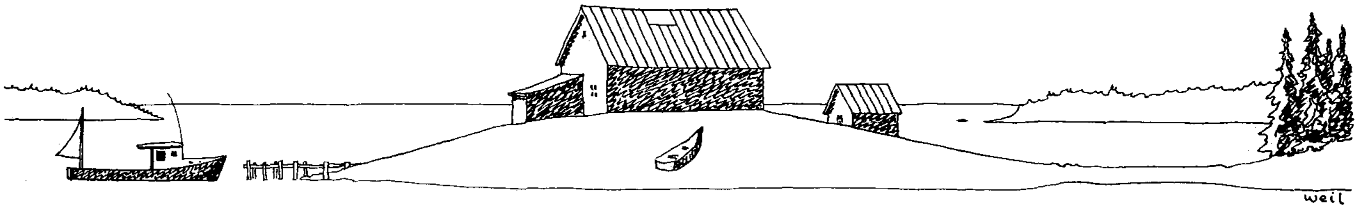
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ASSERTIONS are traditionally judged along a scale sliding from factual to phantasmagorical, the judgment being based on the extent to which they accord with conditions obtaining in the actual world. Untethered assertions, statements with no or hardly any real-world referents, take on a kind of spooky half-life; they hover like ghosts. In this sense, it might be said that during the recent debate over funding the Contra rebels in Nicaragua, American public discourse became positively haunted. Over and over, proponents of that aid seemed to disdain entirely the rudimentary requirement that their assertions tally in at least some manner with real-world evidence, and yet those assertions came to frame the contours of public discussion of the issue.

To take just a few examples: In one of his Saturday radio addresses, President Reagan refuted the overwhelming body of evidence documenting Contra human-rights abuses in the field by claiming that the Sandinistas were "engaging in a brutal campaign to bring the freedom fighters into discredit"—that "Communist operatives dress in freedom-fighter uniforms, go into the countryside, and murder and mutilate ordinary Nicaraguans." (This was the President's second fling at such a theory. Back on December 2, 1983, in talking to a group of high-school students about the death squads operating in El Salvador, he said, "I'm going to voice a suspicion now that I've never said aloud before," and he went on to "wonder if all of this is right wing" or if some of it might not, instead, consist of leftist guerrillas' committing violent acts that "the right wing" would be "blamed for." Now, as he transferred the theory to Nicaragua, he cited something he referred to as "new intelligence"—presumably a reference to claims by a Sandinista defector whose testimony on this and many other counts has been called into question by independent human-rights investigators—to substantiate his allegations about similar Sandinista behavior. But such behavior by the Sandinistas would have made little sense, since, especially during the last year, it has been Sandinista community leaders—doctors, nurses, teachers, farmers, and so forth—and their families who have been specifically targeted as victims of terrorist assault.) During a presentation at the State Department, the President ridiculed the claim that the Contras were being led by former commanders of Nicaragua's ex-dictator Anastasio Somoza's National Guard by pointing out that the average age of the Contra forces was around twenty, and since men of that age had been only thirteen when Somoza fell they were obviously too young to have been in his National Guard. (But no one had ever claimed that the majority of the Contra foot soldiers were former national guardsmen—only that the majority of their commanders were. A recent congressional study identified twelve of the top thirteen Contra military leaders as former guardsmen. And their commander-in-chief, Enrique Bermúdez, was Somoza's military attaché in Washington—nobody has ever disputed that.) During his March 16th nationally televised address, the President claimed that "Nicaraguan government officials are deeply involved in drug trafficking," offering as evidence a nondescript photograph of some people lifting a box containing who knew what into (or out of) a plane. (The problem here is that although one man who is alleged to have been a Sandinista aide has been indicted—not tried, not convicted—in Florida on drug-smuggling charges the President's own Drug Enforcement Administration has been on record all year long as saying that "no evidence" has been "developed to implicate the Minister of the Interior or other Nicaraguan officials" in drug trafficking.) Also in that address, the President contended that the Sandinistas were actively exporting revolution by training, and supplying armaments to, guerrillas operating as far away as Brazil. (This led to a protest, the following day, by the Brazilian government, which has pointed out that no guerrillas have been operating in its territory for the past decade. It was the second such protest in three weeks: when Secretary of State Shultz made an identical claim in congressional testimony in late February, the Brazilian government had

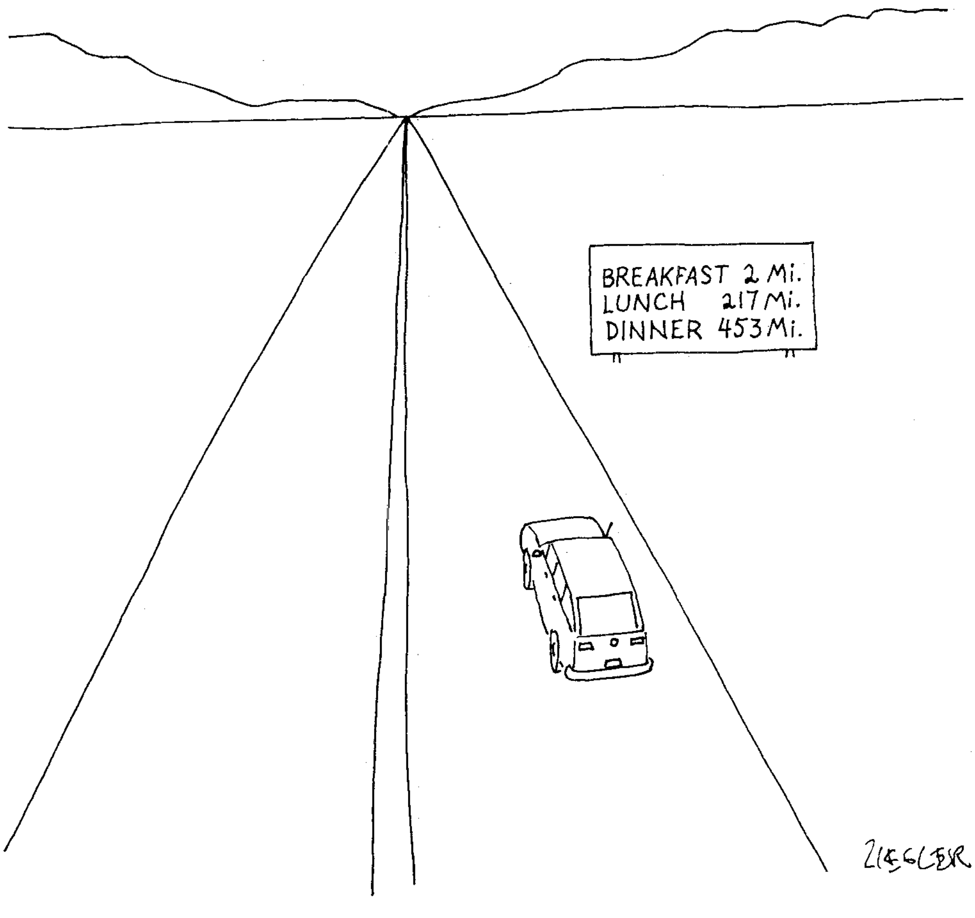


likewise protested, and Elliot Abrams, the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, had been obliged to retract the claim in an "explanatory letter.")

The next day, during a photo-opportunity session as he greeted his special envoy Philip Habib, recently returned from a visit to Central America, the President told reporters about a poll in "some country" showing over ninety per cent support for "what we're doing there." (There *had* been a ninety-two-per-cent reading in a Costa Rican poll a while back, but it wasn't in response to that question, or any close to it. A sixty-nine-per-cent-favorable response among Costa Ricans to the question of support for American aid to the Contras, which Administration spokesmen now quickly took to bandying about, was in fact eight months old, and dated from a time when a sudden border skirmish had produced a brief period of tension; besides, the question had referred to then current American aid to the Contras, which was "humanitarian," and not military; and the sixty-nine-per-cent result had been turned entirely upside down in a poll taken in November, in which only thirty-nine per cent of Costa Ricans were cited as supporting United States aid to the Contras.) During the same photo opportunity, Ambassador Habib tried to buttress the President's assertion that, all available evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, American military support for the Contras enjoyed substantial support among government leaders in Central and South America. "These fellows have code words, the way we do," he explained to reporters. (If so, it is some code. Five weeks earlier, eight Latin-American foreign ministers had converged on Washington simultaneously and had publicly urged negotiations within the Contadora process instead of further militarization of the conflict. Subsequently, Colombia's President Belasario Betancur Cuartas proclaimed, "All of Latin America doesn't like the Reagan proposal. . . . I think that an initiative such as the request for one hundred million dollars taken by President Reagan is wrong. I know we can get more through negotiation." Costa Rica's President-elect Oscar Arias Sánchez stated, "If I were Mr. Reagan, I would give that money to Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, and Costa Rica for economic aid, and not military aid to the Contras." And Peru's President Alan García Pérez, speaking before the Argentine Congress, proclaimed that "every aggression against Nicaragua would be considered an aggression against all Latin America," and that Peru, for its part, "would break relations with the aggressive power and do everything in its power in defense of the brother country." The thunderous applause that greeted this declaration appeared to have nothing codelike about it.)

And yet, irrespective of the disposition of actual evidence in the world, ghost facts like these seemed to set the agenda for public discourse during the next weeks, mesmerizing the Congress. Even though the House voted down the President's initial proposal, he promised to be back "again and again" with similar funding requests, and in the meantime consideration of various "compromise" aid plans was taking place in an environment haunted by all these ghost assertions.

In 1915, during the First World War, the great Viennese social critic Karl Kraus noted that just such a process had occurred around him. "How is the world ruled and led to war?" he asked. "Diplomats lie to journalists and believe these lies when they see them in print."


BREAKFAST 2 Mi.
LUNCH 217 Mi.
DINNER 453 Mi.

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Hockey

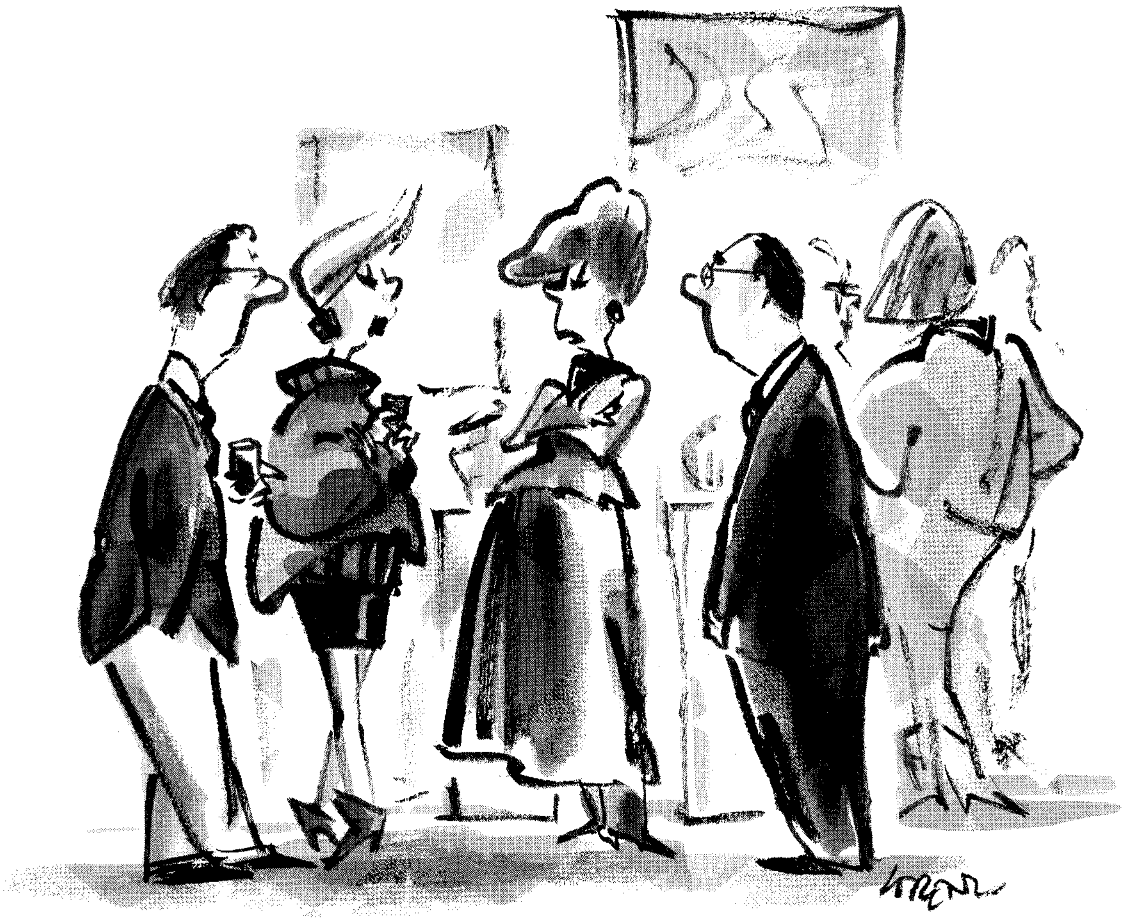
A FRIEND of ours, a transplanted New Englander living in New Jersey, writes:

One of the things I thought I had left behind when I got out of college and moved down here, almost twenty years ago, was the hockey bug—an affliction characteristic of more northerly climes and, so I thought, spirits more violent and wintry than mine had become. Over the subsequent years, I suppose I watched my share of hockey on TV; I took the family skating a couple of times a season at suburban rinks or, as a special treat, at Rockefeller Center; and I even fooled around in some pickup shinny games on a pond near my house. But I was no longer really *into* hockey—not the way people are in my home town, where the game is almost a way of life—and I had no special urge to play it again in any serious, organized way. I thought I had outgrown it, the way you outgrow staying up all night or driving too fast. I can't say for sure what happened to change me, but one cold, rainy day last fall I went into Gerry Cosby's, the sporting-goods store in the lobby of Madison Square Garden, and bought myself the whole rig (helmet, shin guards, shoulder pads, gloves, garters, padded shorts, long striped stockings)—or, rather, a strange, high-tech version of the hockey equipment I remembered, with plastic and Velcro where there used to be leather and buckles—and then I drove to a rink a few miles north of where I live and signed up to play once a week with a team of so-called "seniors." (As it turned out, we ranged in age from eighteen to a little over forty, and included in our ranks a couple of high-school players, a banker, a dentist, and a lawn-care expert.) During the weekends, I worked on my shot out on the driveway, banging a puck into the garage door, and when the pond froze I took to getting up at six and skating every day before work. As I think back on those solitary hours in the cold early-morning stillness, with the sun just coming up over the black branches of the trees, I see that they may have been the best of the entire winter. I told myself I was "practicing" and "getting in shape," but in truth I spent a lot of time just swooping around in circles, feeling the wind rush past my ears, and I also perfected that child's trick of skating full tilt and then suddenly jamming on the brakes, so that the rest of the world is fooled into hurtling on past.

But there were lots of pleasures indoors, too—things I had almost forgotten about. There was that unmistakable ice-rink smell (a dank and cold but somehow sweet smell that seems to linger in your clothes and your hair), the magical bluish sheen (like a snail's track) left by the Zamboni as it resurfaces the ice, and, maybe most pleasing of all, the rich, complicated music of hockey: the scrape and ring of skates; the crack of sticks; the *thwock-thwock* of a puck being passed crisply up-ice, and then a *boom* as it flies into the boards, a *plonk* as it hits the glass, and, finally, a solid, ringing *clang* as it slams home into the goal. This last, most melodious note, I should quickly add, is one that my teammates and I seldom managed to strike. We lost all our games except one—a 6–4 masterpiece, every minute of which I still remember—and along the way we suffered some hosings of truly monumental proportions. On one nightmarish evening, we went down 22–3, or maybe it was 23–2. I've repressed it. (This was the only game my family saw fit to attend, and afterward my twelve-year-old daughter said, "I went to the snack bar when the score was six to nothing, and when I came back it was fourteen to nothing, but all I had was a hot chocolate. I didn't even have anything to *eat*.") And a few weeks later we escaped a 20–0 shutout only by scoring a miraculous penalty-shot goal in the last eighteen seconds. On many nights, our goalie was subjected to such fearsome barrages—slap shot after slap shot raining in from the blue line, the slot, the face-off circles—that the rest of us would skate up afterward, full of guilt, and anxiously wait for him to take off his helmet and mask and give some sign that he knew who and where he was.

There are a number of explanations for the team's shortcomings, including lack of talent, perhaps, but also business trips, ski vacations, oversleeping, and homesickness. (Halfway through the season, our best player, a French Canadian, without warning, moved back to Montreal.) We were almost perpetually understaffed, in other words—with only two or three extra skaters some nights to spell the starters—and even in games that began well we would eventually find ourselves, halfway through the third period, breathless and rubber-legged and scrambling around trying to stave off disaster. There were also some psychological difficulties—at least, in my case. Hockey at its best is played right on the edge between control and abandon, and too often, it seems to me now, I was careering around wildly—carried away by visions of crunching body checks and solo dashes—or else I was crippled by doubt and hesitancy, unsure of where to go with the puck or what to do with it. The result in either case was that I got knocked down a lot.

Through it all, though, the team maintained a good attitude. We laced them up every night and went out



"And this is Tod Stillman—the black hole of fun."

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there and took our beating without complaint. We never forfeited. We hustled, and we fore-checked, and on those rare occasions when we did score a goal we banged our sticks loudly in celebration. We never backed down. We went into the corners fearlessly, we stood our ground in the slot, we took the body. We gave as good as we got. Well, almost as good. We also cheered each other up in the locker room—with lots of joking and swearing—and sometimes we distracted ourselves with long, rambling conversations about the Rangers, whose fortunes during most of the winter were not much better than ours. I wouldn't go so far as to say that we actually identified with them. Our thoughts weren't nearly as focussed as that, and, besides, we were probably much closer in spirit and style to last year's Rangers—an unlucky club, afflicted at one point with an almost Biblical plague of injuries, and a team capable of moments of dazzling inspiration and creativity and also of long stretches of almost neurotic flatness. What we did feel, I think, was a certain, maybe immodest kinship and sympathy with the ancient Ranger tradition of suffering and frustration: forty-five years without a Stanley Cup, thirty-five without reaching the Cup finals; the playoff loss to Detroit in double overtime in 1950; the sudden-death playoff loss to the Islanders in 1984; and on and on. I can't speak for everyone on the team, but I sometimes sensed there in the locker room, amid the scattered duffelbags and wadded-up strips of tape, a kind of invisible chain—a line stretching from Émile Francis and Gump Worsley and Harry Howell down through Orland Kurtenbach and Bryan Hextall and Walt Tkaczuk and Phil Esposito, and through Beck and Pavelich and Larouche and Ruotsalainen, all the way to Steve, Allen, Scott, Bill, Pete, Bob, Cody, Mark, and even me. Losers, but *great* losers—guys who could play the game.

After our final match (we lost 15–2), a bunch of us sat around for a while, unwilling to leave the rink just yet, and exchanged phone numbers and discussed getting together again next fall. I've pretty much decided already. I plan to buy some new skates—ones with a lot of plastic and Velcro; I think I'll lift some weights this summer; and I may even look into those relaxation and visualization techniques some athletes use for getting rid of self-consciousness. Of course, I'll be a year older next season—almost forty—but I'll be that much more experienced. I still think I can make a contribution, as they say.

Transformation

ONE cold and misty night, the Regency movie theatre, at Broadway and Sixty-seventh Street, had the following on its marquee:

W ALLEN AND D KEATON IN
ANNIE HALL
PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM

Around nine o'clock, Carl Bellavia came out of the theatre with a twelve-step ladder and a cardboard box containing a couple of dozen black plastic marquee letters. Mr. Bellavia had selected the letters from alphabetical piles of such letters stashed away on shelves inside a closet in the theatre's inner lobby, and soon he had them laid out alphabetically next to a fire hydrant in front of the theatre. A short while later, the Regency's marquee looked like this:

MA LLEN AND D KEATON IN
ABBOTTNNIE HALL
MEET IT AGAIN, SAM

Mr. Bellavia, who asked us to call him Carl, is a thirty-two-year-old Queens resident who works as a production coördinator in a photographer's studio. Several evenings a week, he moonlights at the Regency, where one of his main duties is making the necessary frequent changes on the revival house's marquee. (Downward notches on the backs of the letters let them hang on the upward lips of plastic strips running horizontally along the marquee.) We didn't have to watch Carl in action for very long to see that there was more to it than taking down all the old letters and putting up all the new ones. Carl's technique involves figuring things out on paper first, so that he can utilize as many of the letters already on the marquee as possible. "It's a lot fewer trips up and down the ladder that way," Carl said, speaking from experience: he has changed the Regency's marquee for two years, and in the mid-seventies he changed the marquee over at the Gramercy Theatre. As he spoke, the marquee reached this point:

MARX BROS AND D KEATON IN
ABBOTTNNIE HALL
MEET NIT AGAIN, SAM

"It'll be close!" Carl yelled down to us a couple of minutes later, from the ninth step of the ladder, and we could see his breath. "You can get thirty letters across, but it's pretty tight. Of course, when you're good you can get the spacing between the letters right the first time." Carl said that getting it right the first time is especially important when the weather is bad: "You do it as quickly as you can, and in winter you dress as warmly as you can. The worst is the rain. You get soaked."

Pretty soon, Carl descended the ladder and pulled a piece of paper out of his coat pocket. It was Carl's game plan for the night, and had columns of numbers and letters written on it. He studied it, pushed the ladder three feet to the right, and went over and picked up the next armful of letters he'd need from those he had stockpiled on the sidewalk. Then he went up the ladder with them and set them on the pail rest. Presently, the marquee looked like this:

MARX BROS IN KEATON IN
ABBOTTIE AND HALL
MEET NAGAIN, SAM

"People coming by stop and comment on them all the time," Carl told us, referring to the non sequiturs that form during the mid-stages of marquee transformations. To us, the spectacle seemed to be related to the sight of department-store-window transitions, when the mannequins still need hair, a dress, an arm. Here's what the marquee said now:

MARX BROS IN MONKEY TON
ABBOTT AND COSTELL
ME FRANKEN SA

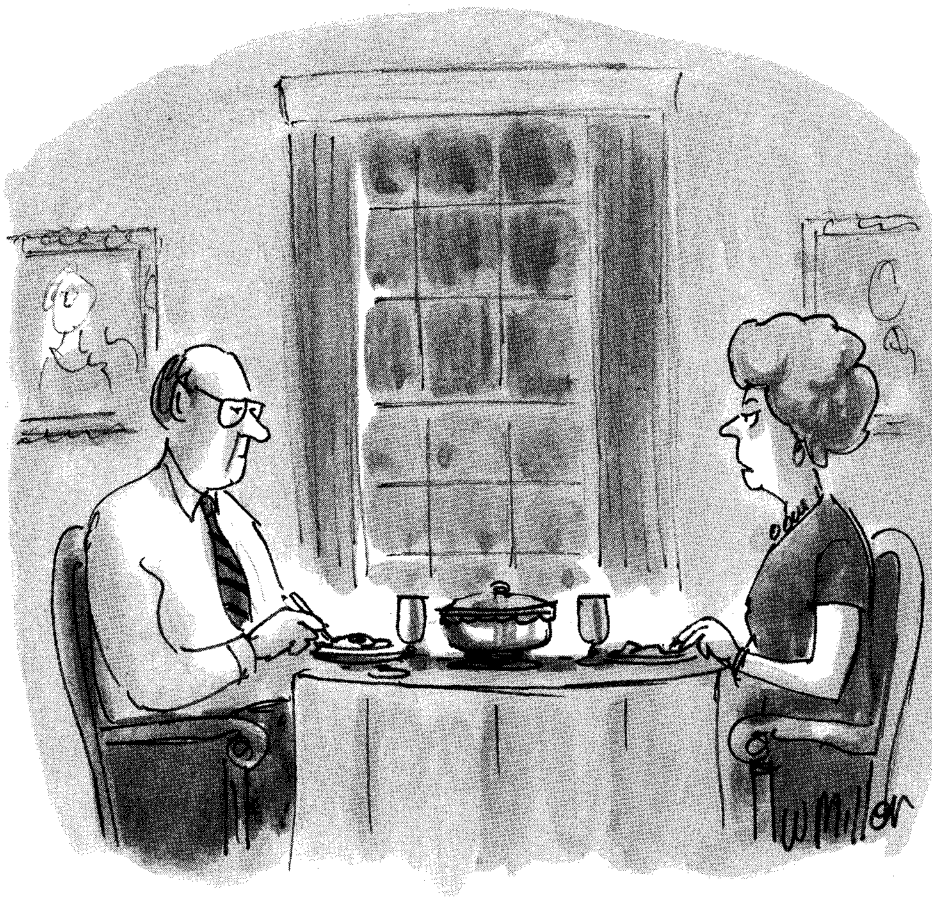
Carl, who, by the way, met his girlfriend in the Regency's lobby ("It was during our Cary Grant series," he said), told us about an unusual request he got last fall: "One of the films we were showing at the time was 'Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?' and two girls came by who had a friend, Virginia, with a name similar to Woolf—Wood, I think it was—and they asked if I'd make it their friend's name for a moment. Well, it was only a couple of letters different, so I did, and they took a picture of the marquee with their friend's name and said they were going to send it to her for her birthday."

HONEY
BEANS
COOKIES
SYRUP

Now the marquee's metamorphosis was complete:

MARX BROS IN MONKEY BUSINESS
ABBOTT AND COSTELLO
MEET FRANKENSTEIN

"Now for the other side," Carl said. We had forgotten that there was one. Later, from that other side—the marquee's downtown side—Carl pointed out a distant fluorescent glow coming from Loews Paramount Theatre, at Sixty-first and Broadway. There, he reminded us, the movie titles and stars' names used to chase around the hundreds of light bulbs in a band at the top of the theatre entrance. "They used to punch it all in on a machine down there," he said, somewhat wistfully. "Now they're just using the plastic pre-made ads," he added, and that was said with more than a trace of disdain.



"I ran into Ruth Hagerstrom this afternoon. Now everybody's been to China except us."

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Back Then

FOR years, we've thought of becoming a professor, but realized we didn't actually know very much about any one thing. We know a little bit about James Joyce—we've read "Ulysses"—but most colleges would probably make us read "Finnegans Wake" as well before they gave us tenure. So we've been searching for a specialty of our own. The other night, at Danceteria, the downtown discothèque, we found it: Seventies Studies. The forgotten decade, the decade that sits there like the socket after the wisdom tooth of the nineteen-sixties has been painfully extracted. The reluctant decade, the decade that had second thoughts about itself but by then it was too late, the decade that resembles the sort of party that you want to leave early but can't because it would hurt the hostess's feelings. We envision an interdisciplinary approach: "The Saturday Night Massacre—Did It Foreshadow 'Saturday Night Fever'?" That sort of thing.

Nancy Rapchak, who spins the platters (as we used to say) at Danceteria, organized the event—Match Game '86/Seventies Night—that got us thinking along these lines. "Everyone is always doing the fifties and the sixties, but no one has ever really done the seventies," she told us as she played some vintage Elvis Costello. "This is just one of those stupid ideas everyone fantasizes about. I don't remember all that much about the seventies, except the punk part. Early punk and middle punk. And 'Match Game,' of course."

The host of "Match Game," an afternoon game show that was immensely popular in the seventies and expired in the unhealthful air of the present decade, was Gene Rayburn. Gene Rayburn was there. At Danceteria. "Nancy called me and asked me to come by," he told us. "This just kind of floors me. They said I was a cult figure. I couldn't believe it. 'You have no idea how popular you are,' they said. And I didn't. They said they booked a band once where the lead singer dressed like me and used a long microphone. That was my trademark—the extra-long mike. I guess it's all those people who used to watch me after high school, or something. This eighteen-degree weather with a wind-chill that makes it feel like ten below—that's a real test. I thought to myself, Would they come out to see me in this weather? But there's a crowd up there."

Mr. Rayburn isn't working regularly at the moment, and that is a surprise, for in two seasons "Match Game" was rated No. 1 among daytime shows. "At one point, we had a fifteen rating. Not a share—a rating. Your top soap operas might—*might*—hit a twelve. That's because we weren't as much a game show as a comedy show. We all appeared to be having a good time, and we were," said Mr. Rayburn, who was the original second banana on the "Tonight" show, and also the host of "Dough Re Mi."

We asked him about the nineteen-seventies.

"The seventies, I think, were a transition decade," he said.

And we asked him for some game-show secrets.

"You always try to pick out-of-towners as contestants," he said. "For some reason, the people in California, where most of the shows are produced, aren't quite as good. Any game-show producer will tell you that if you taped the identical show on both coasts, you could ask harder questions back East. And you try to get excitable people. I remember one woman who won a lot of money. She jumped up and down and caught my lip with her fingernail, and I bled."

SASQUATCH WATCH

(EXCERPTS FROM THE FORTHCOMING "ALL-AMERICAN MONSTER: AN ORAL BIOGRAPHY OF BIGFOOT;" CLAYMORE HOUSE, $19.95)

Mona Rabaz (former high-school girlfriend): When we dated in school, I couldn't get over it—he really did have big feet: size-19. But that didn't keep him from breaking the school record for the 220-yard dash. He was cute, the way he ran through the swamps and the subdivisions to school every morning. He didn't have a car, like the other kids. We called him Nubby. At parties, he used to drench himself in some awful cologne and dance like James Brown. Now I see fuzzy pictures of him in the *Enquirer*, with his hairy chest, eating berries and roots and all, it's hard to believe that this was the guy who used to do the Boogaloo at Bishop Hupka High. If you see him, tell him I love him—not that I don't love my husband.

Steve Henken (cryptozoologist): We know little about Bigfoot's early days. Born an Air Force brat in a shack outside Alexandria, Louisiana, he moved with his parents, Colonel Leonard and Shirley Jessup, from town to town, living for a while in Camden, N.J.; Augusta, Me.; and Pittsfield, Mass. Today his parents live in a trailer park near Easton, Pa. They deny any knowledge of Bigfoot, insisting that their Larry (Bigfoot's real name is Lawrence Prudhomme Jessup) works for the motion-picture lobby in Washington, D.C. A photograph from his Bishop Hupka yearbook shows a stocky, crewcut lad of seventeen. The activities listed under his photo give an idea of Bigfoot's mental evolution during his formative years: Debate Club, Walt Whitman Club, Yearbook Staff, and Band. His quote is from Damon Runyon: "All life is six to five against."

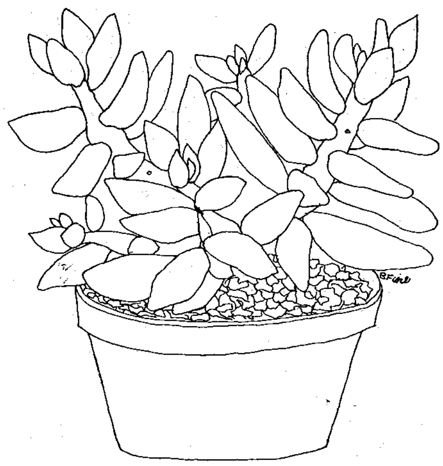
Melissa Ichanto (SoHo gallery owner): Bigfoot—or Larry, as we knew him in the mid-Sixties—was a very Thoreauvian kind of guy. He had a sod floor in his apartment—he was one of the first people to do that. It surprises me to read about him in the sleazoid supermarket newspapers—those headlines: "BIGFOOT SHELLACKED MY BABY" and "BIGFOOT POUNDS CARNY FOLK INTO THE GROUND."

Bob Micklin (performer/composer): He reminded me of Muddy Waters' song "Hoochie Coochie Man." Bigfoot was a hell of a blues singer—not many people know that. The sweat would fly off his hairy chest when he sang at parties with a pickup band. He would grab that mike and crawl on the floor and moan just like Howlin' Wolf. We all got record contracts by the end of the Sixties except for Bigfoot. I know John Hammond went to see him at the Café Wha?, but he walked out after Bigfoot kept showing him how he could do the Shirelles' "Soldier Boy" while standing on his hands.

Nigel Force (performance artist): When I met Bigfoot, he was drinking Boilermakers and arguing with Frank Stella at the Cedar Tavern. Bigfoot was going shirtless now. He owed everybody money—everybody in town. He was subletting an apartment near the Hayden Planetarium. It was a very free and loose time—anything went, you know—so one night we broke into the sky lounge, or whatever it was, and smoked hash and looked at the night sky in the dome. Bigfoot rattled off those constellations like they were stops on the eight-forty local to Stamford.

Dr. Selywyn "Chu-Chu" Belmont (Bigfoot's psychoanalyst): People ask me all the time: Could Bigfoot whup Godzilla? Could he finesse the Shiite Muslims? Does he hug people? Could I get a bushel of grapefruit to him? (*Choked up, crying*) I don't know the answer to these questions. He was special, but so are others. I have to get on with my life.

Leo Freitas (meat inspector): I had just broken up with my girlfriend, a dancer who was really out there in la-la land. Bigfoot kept me company for a week, making me sandwiches (he made killer coleslaw), taking me to jazz clubs. Then two months later he fixed me up with Wen Ling, my wife. He met her at a rent party on Thompson Street and carried her over to my apartment in Gramercy Park. He knew intuitively that she was the woman for me. I saw him right before he went *au naturel*. He was laying low for a few years before that, but I saw him at a blood bank on Eldridge Street right before he split for good. I knew that was him under the black poncho. He was also a great student of government, a real ladies' man, and a very passionate believer in seat-belt and air-bag legislation.

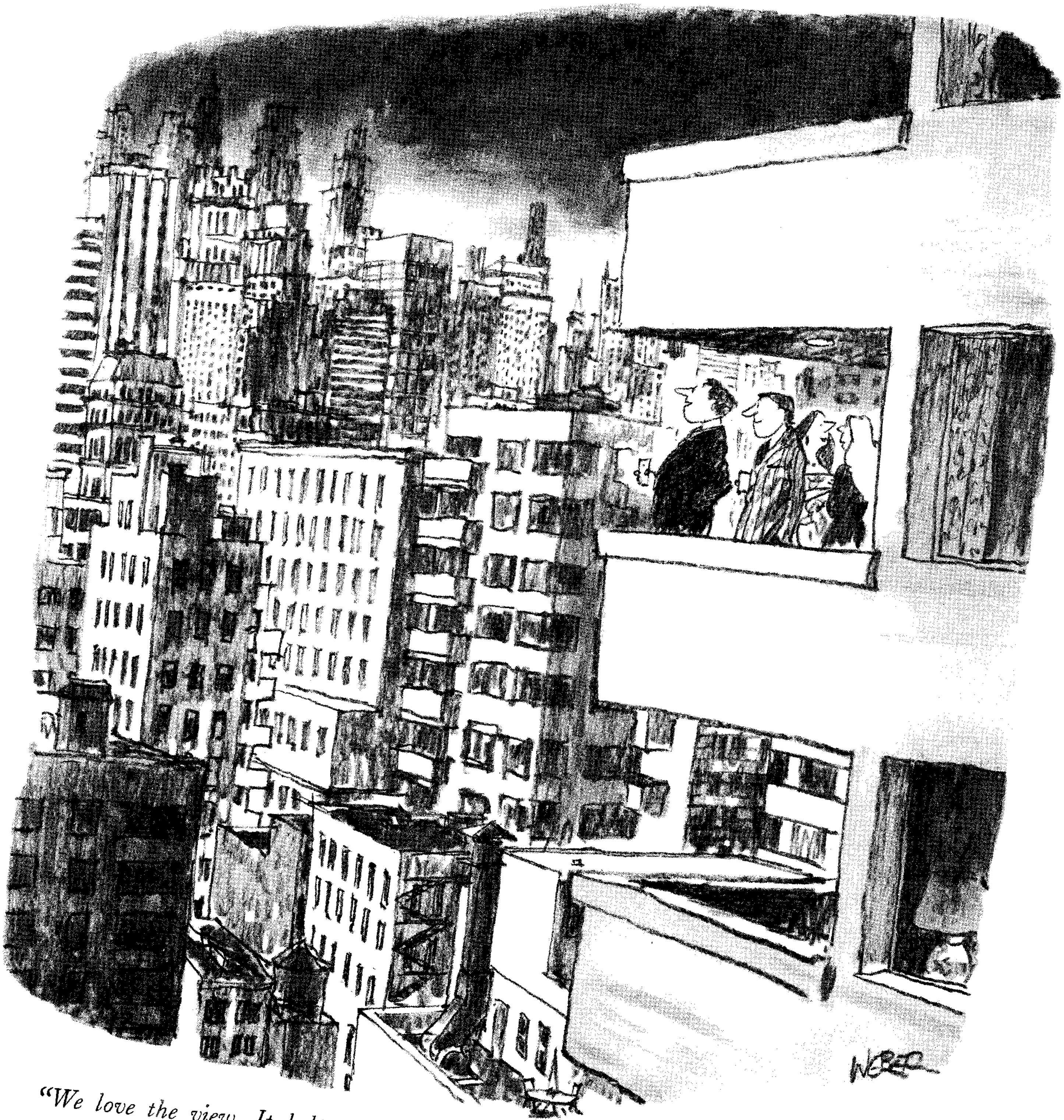


Tina Barton (movie producer): Oooh, those neck muscles, those pecs! They send me! I'd like to do a "Rootsy" thing with him—play up the whole heritage bit, how he came over across the Bering Sea from Siberia. He's a nut! He wanted to change his name legally to Johnny Guitar, but Bigfoot is so much better. One name is where it's at, like Charo or Prince. Bigfoot, if you're reading this, call me. I'm at the Sherry Netherland.

Steve Delfrachio (messenger): He's a together mammal and he makes things happen out there. For years I've been saying to the Mets: Get rid of George Foster and put Bigfoot out in left field.

Wanda Messerschmidt (publicist): Darling, what can I tell you? He's a pussycat. He's the Garbo of American humanoids. I could have gotten him much more ink than he gets now on his solo number. If you see him, dear, please tell him that I have these big boxes of mail for him. I think people are sending him steaks, and I don't have a refrigerator. They're not going to keep forever, you know.

Steve Henken (cryptozoologist): Bigfoot has been sighted everywhere, from the Adirondacks to the Yukon to the men's room at the Port Authority Bus Terminal in New York. I tell you, I've chased all the monsters—the Jersey Devil, Mo-Mo the Missouri Monster, Mothman, even Carlotta the Rubber Woman (although I hear she has a pottery show on Channel J now)—but Bigfoot is the king of them all. It's a shame he's so shy with print people. I've been trying to get an interview with him since 1977. If I do, I've got tenure for life here at the New School.



"*We love the view. It helps to remind us that we're part of a larger community.*"

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NUBA (ex-Warhol entourage): I took seven Polaroids of him at the U.S. Open in 1972. Only his pink eyes showed. He gave me a couple of C-notes to destroy the shots, but I sold them to an art dealer who wanted to blow them up and silkscreen them on T-shirts. The art dealer's M.G. blew a tire on the Taconic State Parkway and burned up. He walked away from it. I just wish I had those prints today.

MILLER NISSENSON (autofictionist): He liked people to think that he deserted civilization, that he was a wild and woolly freak living in the mountains in the West. But he lived for years on West Tenth Street. He used to say to me, "They'll find Thomas Pynchon before they find me." He babysat for us, and after he'd put the children to bed he'd listen to Bernard Meltzer's show on the radio, and he'd sit there, the biggest name in the monster world, with tears in his eyes.

—TIM MCGINNIS

THE MOON IN THE ORANGE STREET SKATING RINK

Sam got a surprise, walking into Callie's store. He had expected a clutter of groceries, cheap bits and pieces, a stale smell, maybe faded tinsel ropes, old overlooked Christmas decorations. Instead, most of the place was taken up with video games. Hand-lettered signs in red and blue crayon warned against alcohol, fighting, loitering, and swearing. The store was full of jittery electronic noise and flashing light and menacing, modern-day, oddly shaved and painted children. But behind the counter sat Callie, quite painted up herself, under a pinkish-blond wig. She was reading a paperback.

Sam asked for cigarettes, to tease her. She laid down the book, and he looked at the title. "My Love Where the High Winds Blow," by Veronica Gray. She gave him his change and settled her sweater around her shoulders and picked up her book, all without looking at him. Her sweater was covered with little jiggly balls of pink and white wool, like popcorn.

"You taken up smoking in your old age, Sam?"

"I thought you didn't know me."

"I'd know your hide in a tannery," said Callie, pleased with herself. "I knew you the minute you walked in that door."

Sam is sixty-nine years old, a widower. He is staying at the Three Little Pigs Motel, out on the highway, for a few days while on his way to visit his married daughter down in the States. For all he had told his wife about Gallagher, he would never bring her back to see it. Instead, they went to Hawaii, to Europe, even to Japan.

Now he goes for walks in Gallagher. Often he is the only person walking. The traffic is heavy, and not as varied as it used to be. Manufacturing has given way to service industries. Things look to Sam a bit scruffy. But that could be because he lives now in Victoria—in Oak Bay, an expensive and pretty neighborhood full of well-off retired people like himself.

"Do you have a reservation?"

Kernaghan's boarding house used to be the last house—last building—on the edge of town. It's still there, still close to the sidewalk. But the town has spread a little at all its edges. A Petro-Can gas station. A Canadian Tire store with a big parking lot. Some new, low houses. Kernaghan's has been painted a pale, wintry blue but otherwise looks neglected. Instead of the front veranda, where the boarders each had a chair, Sam sees a glassed-in porch entirely filled up with batts of insulating material, an upended mattress, screens, and heavy old storm windows. The house used to be light tan, and the trim was brown. Everything was terribly clean. Dust was a problem, the road being so close and not paved at that time. There were always horses going by, and people on foot, as well as cars and farm trucks. "You simply have to keep after it," said Miss Kernaghan in an ominous way, referring to the dust. As a matter of fact, it was Callie who kept after it. Callie Kernaghan was nineteen when Sam and Edgar Grazier first saw her, and she could have passed for twelve. A demon worker. Some people called her a drudge, Miss Kernaghan's little drudge, or they called her Slavey—Slavey Kernaghan. The mistake they made was in thinking that she minded.

Sometimes a woman coming in from the country, lugging her butter and eggs, would take a rest on the front steps. Or a girl would sit there to take off her rubber boots and put on her town shoes—hiding the boots in the ditch until she put them on again on her way home. Then Miss Kernaghan would call out, from the darkness behind the dining-room window, "This is not a park bench!" Miss Kernaghan was a big, square-shouldered, awkward woman, flat in front and back, with hennaed hair and a looming white-powdered face and a thickly painted, sullenly drooping mouth. Stories of lasciviousness hung around her, dimmer, harder to substantiate than the stories of her amazing avarice and stinginess. Callie, supposedly a foundling, was said by some to be Miss Kernaghan's own daughter. But her boarders had to toe the line. No drinking, no smoking, no bad language or bad morals, she told the Grazier boys on their first day. No eating in the

AND STAY THERE!
MStevens

WINTER COAT

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bedrooms, she told them later, after Thanksgiving, when they brought a large, greasy box of doughnuts from home. "It attracts mice," she said.

Miss Kernaghan said fairly often that she had never had boys before. She had four other boarders. A widow lady, Mrs. Cruze, very old but able to look after herself; a business lady, Miss Verne, who was a bookkeeper in the glove factory; a bachelor, Adam Delahunt, who worked in the bank and taught Sunday school; and a stylish, contemptuous young woman, Alice Peel, who was engaged to a policeman and worked as a telephone operator. These four took up the upstairs bedrooms. Miss Kernaghan herself slept on the couch in the dining room, and Callie slept on the couch in the kitchen. Sam and Edgar got the attic. Two narrow metal-frame beds had been set up on either side of a chest of drawers and a rag rug.

After they had taken a look around, Sam pushed Edgar into going down and asking if there was any place they could hang their clothes.

"I didn't think boys like you would have a lot of clothes," Miss Kernaghan said. "I never had boys before. Why can't you do like Mr. Delahunt? He puts his trousers under the mattress every night, and that keeps the crease in them grand."

Edgar thought that was that, but in a little while Callie came with a broom handle and some wire. She stood on the bureau and contrived a clothes-pole with loops of wire around a beam.

"We could easy do that," Sam said. They looked with curiosity but little pleasure at her floppy gray undergarments. She didn't answer. She had even brought some clothes hangers. Somehow they knew already that this was all her own doing.

"Thank you, Callie," said Edgar, a slender boy with a crown of fair curls, turning on her the diffident, sweet-natured smile that had had no success downstairs.

Callie spoke in the rough voice that she used in the grocery store when demanding good potatoes. "Will that be all right for yez?"

Sam and Edgar were cousins—not brothers, as most people thought. They were the same age—seventeen—and had been sent to board in Gallagher while they went to business college. They had grown up about ten miles from here, and had gone to the same country school and village continuation school. After a year at business college they could get jobs in banks or offices or be apprenticed to accountants. They were not going back to the farm.

What they really wanted to do, and had wanted since they were about ten years old, was to become acrobats. They had practiced for years and put on displays when the continuation school gave its concerts. That school had no gym, but there were some parallel bars and a balance beam and mats in the basement. At home they practiced in the barn, and on the grass in fine weather. How do acrobats earn a living? Sam was the one who had begun to ask that question. He could not picture Edgar and himself in a circus. They were not dark enough, for one thing. (He had an idea that the people who worked in circuses were all Gypsies.) He thought there must be acrobats going around on their own, doing stunts at fairs and in church halls. He remembered seeing some when he was younger. Where were they from, how did they get paid, how did you find out about joining them? Such questions troubled Sam more and more and never seemed to bother Edgar at all.

In the early fall after supper, while there was still some light in the evenings, they practiced in the vacant lot across the street from Kernaghan's, where the ground was fairly level. They wore their undershirts and woollen pants. They limbered up by doing cartwheels and handstands and headstands, somersaults and double somersaults, and then welded themselves together. They shaped their bodies into signs—into hieroglyphs—eliminating to an astonishing degree their separateness and making the bumps of heads and shoulders incidental. Sometimes, of course, these creations toppled, everything came apart, arms and legs flew free, and grappling bodies reappeared—just two boys' bodies, one tall and slight, the other shorter and sturdier. They began again, building jerkily. The balancing bodies swayed. They might topple, they might hold. All depended on whether they could subdue themselves into that pure line, invisibly join themselves, attain the magic balance. Yes. No. Yes. Again.

It was a treat for the boarders sitting on the porch. Alice Peel took no notice. If she was not out with her fiancé, she was in her room attending to the upkeep of her clothes and person—painting her nails, doing up her hair or taking it out, plucking her eyebrows, washing her sweaters and silk stockings, cleaning her shoes. Adam Delahunt was a busy person, too—he had meetings of the Temperance Society and the Gideons to go to, social activities of his Sunday-school class to superintend. But he sat for a while and watched with Mrs. Cruze and Miss Verne and Miss Kernaghan. Mrs. Cruze still had good eyesight and she loved the show. She stamped her cane on the porch floor and yelled, "Get him, boy! Get him!," as if the stunts were some sort of wrestling match.

Mr. Delahunt told Sam and Edgar about his Sunday-school class, called the Triple-Vs. The "V"s stood for Virtue, Vigor, and Victory. He said that if they joined they could get to use the United Church gymnasium. But the boys were Coldwater Baptists at home, so they could not accept.

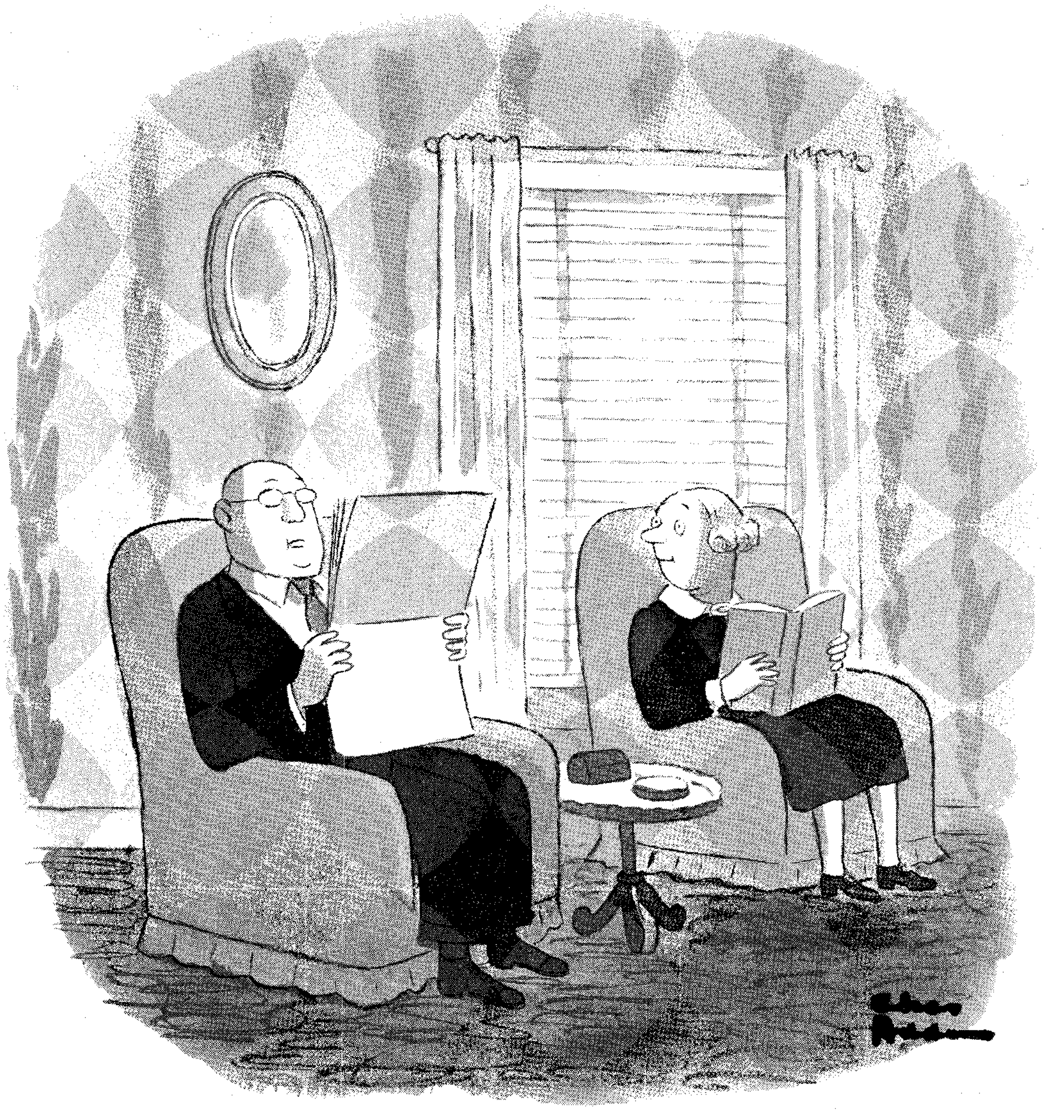
If Callie watched, it was from behind windows. She always had her work.

Miss Kernaghan said that so much exercise would give those boys terrible appetites.

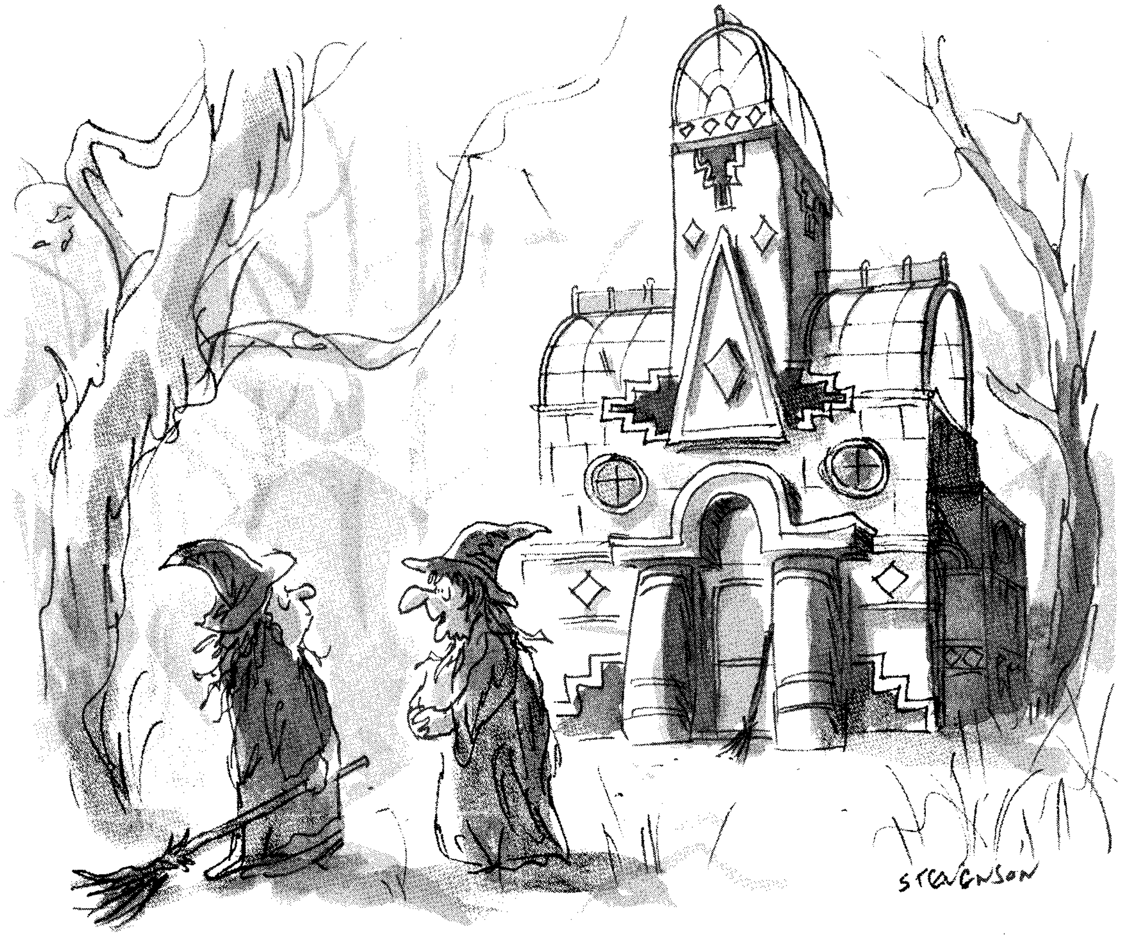
WHEN Sam thought of himself and Edgar practicing in that vacant lot (it was now part of the Canadian Tire parking space) he always seemed to be sitting on the porch, too, looking at the two boys striving and falling and pulling themselves up on the grass—one figure soaring briefly above the other, triumphantly hand-balanced—and then the cheerful separate tumbling. These memories have a certain damp brown shading. Perhaps from the wallpaper in the Kernaghan house. The trees that lined the road at that time were elms, and their leaf color in fall was a brown-spotted gold. The leaves were shaped like a candle flame. These leaves fell in his mind on a windless evening with the sky clear but the sunset veiled and the countryside misty. The town, under leaves and the smoke of burning leaves, was mysterious and difficult, a world of its own, with its church spires and factory whistles, rich houses and row houses, networks, catchwords, vested interests. He had been warned, he had been told town people were snotty. That was not the half of it.

The exercise did increase the Grazier boys' appetites, but those would have been terrible anyway. They were used to farm meals and had never imagined people could exist on such portions as were served here. They saw with amazement that Miss Verne left half of what little she got on her plate, and that Alice Peel rejected potatoes, bread, bacon, cocoa as threats to her figure; turnips, cabbage, beans as threats to her digestion; and anything with raisins in it simply because she couldn't stand them. They could not figure out any way to get what Alice Peel turned down or what Miss Verne left on her plate, though it would surely have been fair.

At ten-thirty in the evening Miss Kernaghan produced what she called "the evening lunch." This was a plate of sliced bread, some butter and jam, and cups of cocoa or tea. Coffee was not served in that house. Miss Kernaghan said it was American and corroded your gullet. The



"No, Martha, I didn't say anything. Why should I say anything?"



"It's post-gingerbread."

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butter was cut up beforehand into meagre pats, and the dish of jam was set in the middle of the table, where nobody could reach it easily. Miss Kernaghan remarked that sweet things spoiled the taste of bread and butter. The boarders deferred to her out of long habit, but between them Sam and Edgar cleaned out the dish. Soon the amount of jam dwindled to two separate spoonfuls. The cocoa was made with water, with a little skim milk added to make a skin and to support Miss Kernaghan's claim that it was made with milk entirely.

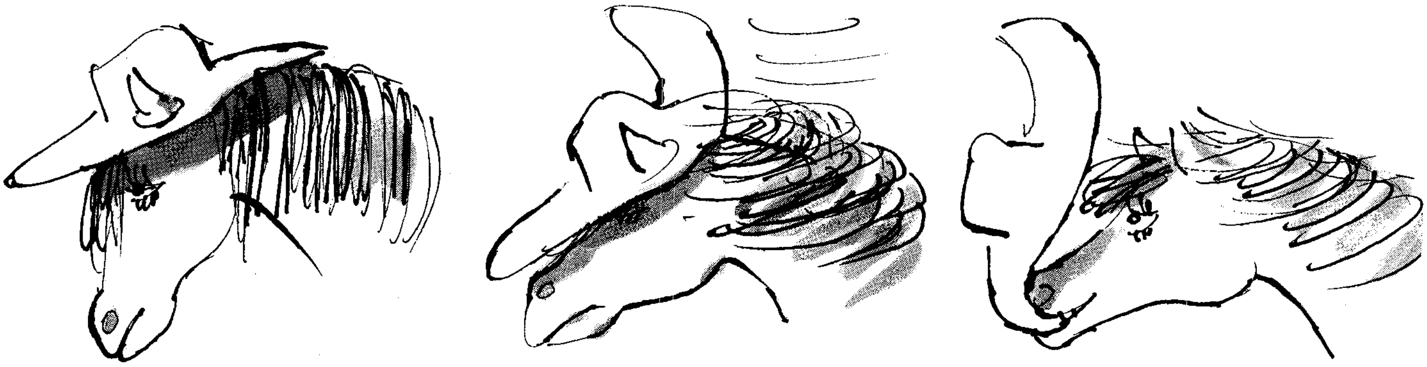
Nobody challenged her. Miss Kernaghan told lies not to fool people but to stump them. If a boarder said, "It was a bit chilly upstairs last night," Miss Kernaghan would say at once, "I can't understand that. I had a roaring fire going. The pipes were too hot to lay your hand on them." The fact of the matter was that she had let the fire die down or go out altogether. The boarder would know or strongly suspect this, but what was a boarder's suspicion against Miss Kernaghan's firm, flashy lie? Mrs. Cruze would actually apologize, Miss Verne would mutter about her chilblains, Mr. Delahunt and Alice Peel would look sulky but would not argue.

Sam and Edgar had to spend their whole allowance of pocket money, which wasn't much, on food. At first they got hot dogs at the Cozy Grill. Then Sam figured out that they would be farther ahead buying a package of jam tarts or Fig Newtons at the grocery store. They had to eat the whole package on the way home, because of the rule about no food in the bedrooms. They liked the hot dogs, but they had never felt really comfortable at the Cozy Grill, which was full of noisy high-school students, younger and a lot brassier than they were. Sam felt some possibility of insult, though none ever developed. On the way back to Kernaghan's from the grocery store, they had to pass the Cozy Grill and then Dixon's, a drugstore with an ice-cream parlor in the back. That was where their fellow-students from the business college went for cherry Cokes and banana splits after school and in the evenings. Passing Dixon's windows, they stopped chewing, looked stolidly straight ahead. They would never go inside.

They were the only farm boys at business college, and their clothes set them apart. They had no light-blue or light-brown V-neck sweaters, no grownup-looking gray trousers—only those stiff woollen breeches, thick home-knit sweaters, old suit jackets worn as sports coats. They wore shirts and ties because it was required, but they had only one tie each and a couple of shirts. Miss Kernaghan allowed only one shirt a week in the washing, so Sam and Edgar often had dirty collars and cuffs, and even stains—probably from jam tarts—that they had unsuccessfully tried to sponge away.

And there was another problem, related partly to clothes and partly to the bodies inside. There was never much hot water at the boarding house, and Alice Peel used up more than her share. In the sleepy mornings the boys splashed their hands and faces as they had done at home. They carried around and were used to the settled smell of their bodies and daily-worn clothes—a record of their efforts and exertions. Perhaps this was a lucky thing. Otherwise, girls might have paid more attention to Edgar, whose looks they liked, and not to Sam, with his floppy sandy hair and freckles and his habit of keeping his head down, as if he were thinking of rooting for something. There would have been a wedge between them. Or, to put it another way, the wedge would have been there sooner.

WINTER came and put an end to the acrobatic stunts in the vacant lot. Now Sam and Edgar longed to go skating. The rink was only a couple of blocks away, on Orange Street, and on skating nights, which were Monday and Thursday, they could hear the music. They had



brought their skates with them to Gallagher. They had skated almost as long as they could remember, on the swamp pond or the outdoor rink in the village. Here skating cost fifteen cents, and the only way for them to afford that was to give up the extra food. But the cold weather was making their appetites fiercer than ever.

They walked over to the rink on a Sunday night, when there was nobody around, and again on a Monday night when the evening's skating was over and there was nobody to keep them from going inside. They went in and mingled with the people leaving the ice and taking off their skates. They had a good look around before the lights were turned off. On their way home and in their room they talked quietly. Sam enjoyed figuring out a way that they could get in for nothing, but he did not picture them actually doing it. Edgar took for granted that they would go from plan to action.

"We can't," said Sam. "Neither of us is small enough."

Edgar didn't answer, and Sam thought that was the end of it. He should have known better.

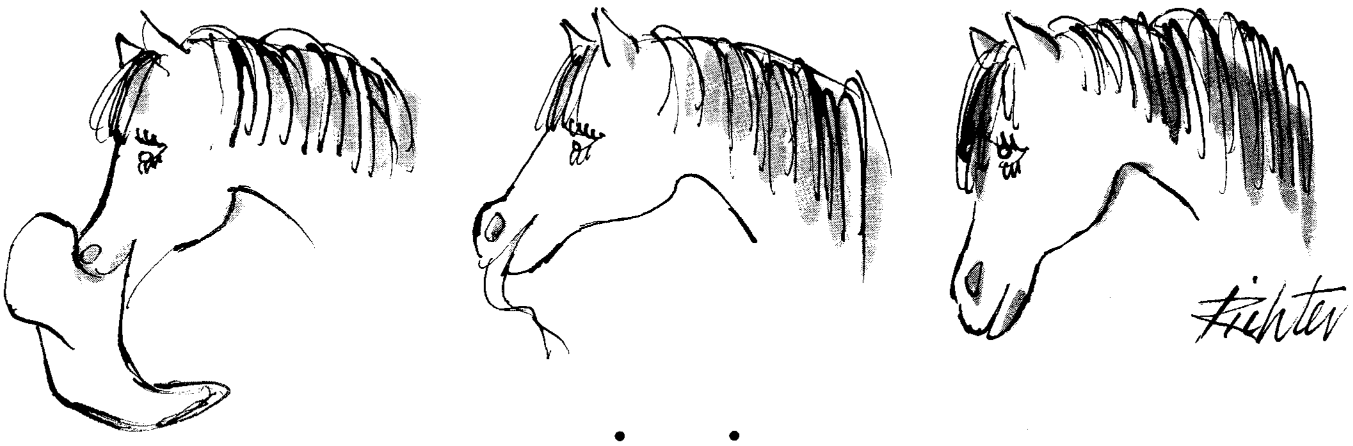
The Orange Street Skating Rink, in Sam's memory, is a long, dark ramshackle shed. A dim, moving light shows through the cracks between the boards. The music comes from gramophone records that are hoarse and scratchy—to listen to them is like reaching for the music through a wavering wall of thorns. "Tales from the Vienna Woods," "The Merry Widow Waltz," "The Gold and Silver Waltz," "The Sleeping Beauty Waltz." The moving light seen through the cracks comes from a fixture called the moon. The moon, which shines from the roof of the rink, is a yellow bulb inside a large tin can—a syrup tin, from which one end has been cut away. The other lights are turned off when the moon is turned on. A system of wires and ropes makes it possible to pull the tin can this way and that, creating an impression of shifting light—the source, the strong yellow bulb, being deeply hidden.

The rinkie-dinks controlled the moon. Rinkie-dinks were boys from ten or eleven to fifteen or sixteen years old. They cleaned the ice and shovelled the snow out the snow door, which was a snugly fitted flap low in the wall, hooked on the inside. Besides the ropes that controlled the moon, they worked the shutters that covered the openings in the roof—opened for air, closed against driving snow. The rinkie-dinks collected the money and would sometimes shortchange girls who were afraid of them, but they didn't cheat Blinker. He had somehow fooled them into thinking he had every skater counted. Blinker was the rink manager, a sallow, skinny, and unfriendly man. He and his friends sat in his room, beyond the men's toilet and changing room. In there was a wood stove, with a tall, blackened conical coffeepot sitting on top, and some straight-backed chairs with rungs missing, and a few old, filthy armchairs. The plank floor, like all the floors and benches and wall boards in the rink, was cut and scarred by fresh and old skate marks and darkened with smoke and dirt. The room where the men sat was hot and smoky, and it was assumed they drank in there, though perhaps it was only coffee out of the stained enamel mugs. Of course, there was a story that boys had once got in before the men arrived, and had peed in the coffeepot. Another story was that one of his friends had done that when Blinker went to scoop up the admission money.

The rinkie-dinks could be busy or idle around parts of the rink, climbing the wall ladders, walking along the benches, even running along the platform, which had no guardrail, under the roof openings. Sometimes they would wiggle through these openings onto the roof, and get back in the same way. Some of the time, of course, they skated. They got in for nothing.

So did Sam and Edgar and Callie. They came along when the skating was well under way and the rink full and noisy. Close to one corner of the building were some cherry trees, and a very light person could climb one of these trees and drop onto the roof. Then this very light, bold, and agile person could scramble along the roof and crawl through one of the openings and jump to the platform underneath, risking a fall to the ice below and broken bones or even death. But boys risked that all the time. From the platform you could climb down a wall ladder, then work your way around the benches and slip over the wall of the passage made for shovelling out snow. Then it was a matter of crouching in the shadows, watching for the right moment, unhooking the snow door, and letting in the two who were waiting outside: Sam and Edgar, who lost no time putting on their skates and taking to the ice.

Why did others not manage the same trick, Sam might be asked on those occasions, years and years later, when he chose to tell the story, and he always said maybe they did, he wouldn't know about it. The rinkie-dinks of course could have opened the door to any number of friends, but they were not disposed to do so, being quite jealous of their own privileges. And few of the night skaters were small enough and light and quick and brave enough to get in through the roof. Children might have tried it, but they skated on Saturday afternoons and didn't have the advantage of darkness. And why was Callie not noticed? Well, she was very quick, and she was never careless; she waited her time. She wore a ragged, ill-fitting set of clothes—breeches, windbreaker, cloth cap. There were always boys around who were dressed in castoff raggedy



clothes. And the town was just big enough that not every face could be placed instantly. There were two public schools, and a boy from one, noticing her, would just think she went to the other.

Sam's wife once asked how they persuaded her. Callie—what was in it for Callie, who never owned a pair of skates?

"Callie's life was work," Sam said. "So anything that wasn't work—that was a thrill for her." But he wondered—how *did* they persuade her? It must have been a dare. Making friends with Callie at first had been something like making friends with a testy and suspicious little dog, and later on it had been like making friends with the twelve-year-old she appeared to be. At first she wouldn't stop work to look at them. They admired the needlework picture she was making, of green hills and a round blue pond and a large sailboat, and she pulled it to her chest as if they were making fun of her. "Do you make the pictures up yourself?" said Sam, meaning it as a compliment, but she was incensed.

"You send away for them," she said. "You send to Cincinnati."

They persisted. Why? Because she was a little slavey, forever out of things, queer-looking, undersized, and compared to her they were in the mainstream, they were fortunate. They could be mean or kind to her as they pleased, and it pleased them to be kind. Also, it was a challenge. Jokes and dares were what finally disarmed her. They brought her tiny lumps of coal wrapped in chocolate papers. She put dried thistles under their sheets. She told them she had never refused a dare. That was the secret of Callie—she would never say that anything was too much for her. Far from being oppressed by all the work she had to do, she gloried in it.

One night when Sam was doing his accounting at the dining-room table she thrust a school notebook under his nose.

"What's this, Callie?"

"I don't know!"

It was her scrapbook, and pasted in it were newspaper items about herself. The newspaper had invited people to enter into competitions. Who could do the most bound buttonholes in eight hours? Who could can the most raspberries in a single day? Who had crocheted the most amazing number of bedspreads, tablecloths, runners, and doilies? Callie. Callie Kernaghan. Again and again. In her own estimation she was no slavey but a prodigy, pitying the slothful lives of others.

It was only on Monday night that they could go skating, because that was the night Miss Kernaghan played bingo at the Legion Hall. Callie kept her boy's clothes in the woodshed. They came from a ragbag of things belonging to Mrs. Cruze, who had brought it with her from her old home, intending to make quilts, but never got around to it. All except the cap. That had belonged to Adam Delahunt, who put it in a bundle of things he gave to Callie to save for the Missionary Society, but Miss Kernaghan told Callie just to put those things down in the cellar, in case.

Callie could have slipped off from the skating rink as soon as her job was done—she could have walked out by the main entrance and nobody would have bothered her. But she never did. She climbed over the top of the benches, walked along testing the boards for springiness, and climbed partway up one of the ladders and swung out on one hand and one foot, hanging over the partition and watching the skaters. Edgar and Sam never stopped skating till the moon was turned off and the music stopped and the other lights came on. Sometimes they raced each other, darting in and out among the sedate couples and rows of unsteady girls. Sometimes they showed off, gliding down the ice with their arms spread. (Edgar was the more gifted skater, though not so ruthless a racer—he could have done fancy skating if boys did it then.) They never skated with girls, but that wasn't so much because they were scared to ask as that they didn't want to be kept to anybody else's measure. Callie waited for them outside when the skating was over, and they walked home together, three boys. Callie didn't do any ostentatious whistling or snowballing to show she was a boy. She had a scuffling boy's walk, thoughtful but independent, alert for possibilities—a fight or an adventure. Her heavy, rough black hair was stuffed up under the cloth cap, and kept it from being too big for her head. Without the hair around it her face looked less pale and scrunched up—that spitting, mocking, fierce look she sometimes had was gone and she looked sober and self-respecting. They called her Cal.

They came into the house the back way. The boys went upstairs and Callie changed her clothes in the icy woodshed. She had ten minutes or so to get the evening lunch on the table.

WHEN Sam and Edgar lay in bed in the dark on Monday nights after skating, they talked more than was usual. Edgar was apt to bring up the name of Chrissie Young, his girlfriend last year, at home. Edgar claimed to be sexually experienced. He said he had done it to Chrissie last winter, when they went tobogganing after dark and ran into a snowdrift. Sam didn't think this was possible, given the cold, their clothing, the brief time before other tobogganers caught

COMMUNION

Lest we think he's gone, our brother
hangs like Jesus from the dining-room wall,
watching over the scrambled eggs and biscuits.
In our father's house it is not necessary
to set a place for him. We all
break bread together. Only the joining
of hands, one with the other, singing grace
around the table, breaks the circle.

Behold. My brother is with me always.
In wedding pictures he's taken for the groom.
We are the couple looking at each other
longer than marriage. We are the ones
holding hands. Look at us, here, starting
down the aisle in the amber light
of time exposures. He's going to give me
away. Rose petals mark the path.
In the gingerbread house clergy await us.
We advance, white-framed, through vaulted ribs
into the forest. Step, hesitate. Squeeze
each other's hands to death. He and I know,
the next time we're here, step, hesitate,
he will be rolled down the aisle.
Mother will want the congregation to sing
"Faith of our fathers, living still."
Our knuckles show white in every picture.
There are no chicken bones for witches.

So it is, in her nightgown, our mother
offers me a hymnal, her dream folded inside.
It's visited her a dozen times. Before dawn,
she captured it on airmail stationery, meaning
to lift her tidings into my heart, her vision
of a private entrance at the top of stairs
spiralling up from a dark stone rotunda
into an airy upper room where everything is
white and clean, where veils billow from long
windows and fluted pilasters soar into sunbeams.
That I may prepare myself, she wants me
to believe, tucked deep in the black notes
between "Holy Spirit, truth divine" and "This is
my Father's world," there's an enchanted cottage
complete without a kitchen, no sofas, no chairs,
just two Christmas trees and a high bronze bed.
This is where my brother lives. Up there.
Ahead of us. Waiting. And he's so happy.

He holds out his arms, and gathers her in.
Now she's so happy, she's not afraid of dying.
I haven't the heart to tell her it's a dream,
that he's still in my bed, holding me, promising
me Sparkle Plenty dolls for Christmas,
a Bissell sweeper, a long white dress
with a fingertip veil of illusion,
a toy groom, encompassed by rose petals,
left waiting on the wedding cake.

—Mary Stewart Hammond

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up with them. But he wasn't sure, and, listening, he grew restless and perhaps jealous. He mentioned other girls—girls who had been at the skating rink wearing short flared skirts and little fur-trimmed jackets. Sam and Edgar compared what they had seen when these girls twirled around or when one of them fell on the ice. What would you do to Shirley, or Doris, Sam asked Edgar, and quickly passed on, in a spirit of strangely mixed ridicule and excitement, to ask him what he would do to other girls and women, more and more unlikely, caught where they couldn't defend themselves. Teachers at the business college—mannish, brutal-looking Miss Lewishon, who taught accounting, and brittle Miss Parkinson, who taught typing. The fat woman in the post office, the anemic blonde in Eaton's Order Office. Housewives who showed off their behinds in the back yard, bending over clothesbaskets. The grotesque nature of certain choices excited them more than the grace and prettiness of girls who were officially admired. Alice Peel was dismissed almost perfunctorily—they tied her to her bed and ravished her on their way down to supper. They spared old Mrs. Cruze—they had some limits, after all. What about Miss Kernaghan, with her rheumatism, her layers of rusty clothes, her queer painted mouth? They had heard stories, everybody had. Callie was supposed to be the child of a Bible salesman, a boarder. They imagined the Bible salesman doing it in place of themselves.

"There's Callie, too," said Edgar.

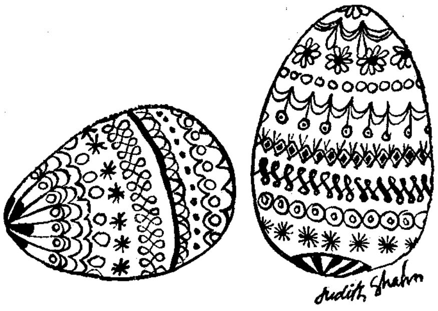
What about Callie? The joys of the game stopped for Sam when she was mentioned. The fact that she, too, was female came to him as if it were shameful, pitiful.

Edgar didn't mean that they should just imagine what could be done to her. "We could get her to. I bet we could."

Sam said, "She's too small."

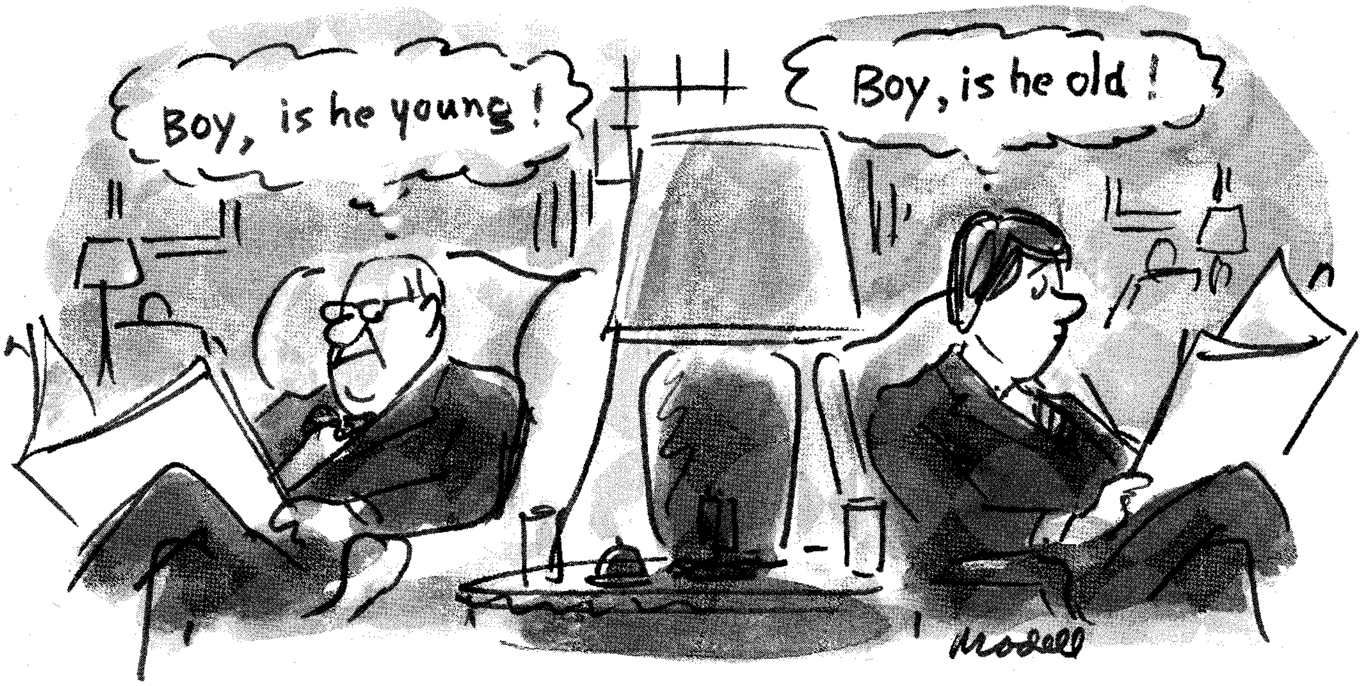
"No, she's not."

That persuading Sam does remember, and it was accomplished by dares, which makes him think the skating-rink adventure must have been managed the same way. A Saturday morning when the winter was nearly over, when the farmers' sleighs, driven over the packed snow, grated on patches of bare ground as they passed the Kernaghan house. Callie coming up the attic stairs with the wet mop, scrub pail, dust rags. She kicked the rag rug down the stairs so that she could shake it out the door. She stripped the beds of the flannelette sheets, with their intimate, cozy smell. No fresh air entered the Kernaghan house. Outside, the windows were the storm windows. This was the time and place for Callie's seduction.



That is not a suitable word for it. Callie cross and impatient at first, keeping at her work, then sullen, then oddly tractable. Taunting her with being scared was surely the effective tactic. They must have known, by then, her real age, but they still treated her as if she were an imp to be cajoled—didn't think of stroking or flattering her as if she were a girl.

Even with her coöperation, it was nothing like as easy as they had imagined. Sam became convinced that the story about Chrissie was a lie, even though Edgar was invoking Chrissie's name at the moment.


Boy, is he young!
Boy, is he old!
Modell

“Come on,” Edgar said. “I’ll show you what I do to my girlfriend. Here’s what I do to Chrissie.”

“I bet,” said Callie sourly, but she let herself be pulled down on the narrow mattress. The elastic of her winter bloomers had left red rings around her legs and waist. A flannel vest, buttoned over an undershirt, her brown ribbed stockings, held up by long, lumpy garters. Nothing but the bloomers was taken off. Edgar said the garters were hurting him and went to undo them, but Callie cried out, “Leave those alone!,” as if they were what she had to protect.

Something very important is missing from Sam’s memory of that morning—blood. He has no doubt of Callie’s virginity, remembering Edgar’s struggles, then his own—such jabbing and prodding and bafflement. Callie lay beneath them each in turn, half grudging, half obliging, putting up with them and not complaining that anything hurt. She would never do that. But she would not do anything, specifically, to help.

“Open your legs,” said Edgar urgently.

“They’re open already.”

The reason Sam doesn’t remember blood is probably that there wasn’t any. They did not get far enough. Callie was so thin her hipbones stood up, yet she seemed quite extensive to Sam, and unwieldy and complicated. When he thought of this afterward, he still wasn’t sure that he had found out what girls were like. It was as if they had used a doll or a compliant puppy. When he got off her, he saw that she had goosebumps where her skin was bare.

“You’re not mad?” said Sam, meaning partly that, and partly You won’t tell? “Did we hurt you?”

Callie said, “It would take a lot more than that stupid business to hurt me.”

There was no more skating after that. The weather got too mild.

Miss Kernaghan’s rheumatism was worse. There was more work than ever for Callie. Edgar got tonsillitis and stayed home from classes. Sam, on his own at the business college, realized how much he had come to enjoy it. He liked the noise of the typewriters—the warning of the bells, the carriages banging back. He liked ruling the account-book pages with a straight pen, making the prescribed heavy and fine lines. He especially liked figuring out percentages and quickly adding up columns of numbers, and dealing with the problems of Mr. X and Mr. Y, who owned a lumberyard and a chain of hardware stores, respectively.

Edgar was out of school nearly three weeks. When he came back he had fallen behind in everything. His typing was slower and sloppier than it had been at Christmastime, he smeared ink on the ruler, he could not understand interest tables. He seemed listless, he grew discouraged, he stared out the window. The lady teachers were somewhat softened by his looks—he was lighter and paler since his illness; even his hair seemed fairer—and he got away with this indolence and ineptitude for a while. He made some efforts, occasionally tried to do homework with Sam, or went to the typing room at noon to practice. But no improvement lasted, or was enough. He took days off.

While he was sick Edgar had received a get-well card. It showed a green dragon in striped pajamas propped up in bed. On the front of the card were the words “Sorry to Hear Your Tail Is Draggon,” and inside “Hope That Soon You’ll Have It Waggon.” Down at the bottom, in pencil, was written the name “Chrissie.”

But Chrissie was in Stratford, training to be a nurse. How would she know Edgar was sick? The envelope, with Edgar’s name on it, had come through the mail but had a local postmark.

“You sent it,” Edgar said. “I know it’s not her.”

“I did not,” said Sam truthfully.

“You sent it.” Edgar was hoarse and feverish and racked with disappointment. “You didn’t even write in ink.”

“How much money have we got in the bank?” Edgar wanted to know. This was early in May. They had enough to pay their board until the end of the term.

Edgar had not been to the college for several days. He had been to the railway station, and he had asked the price of a one-way ticket to Toronto. He said he meant to go alone if Sam wouldn't go with him. He was wild to get away. It didn't take long for Sam to find out why.

"Callie might have a baby."

"She isn't old enough," said Sam. Then he remembered that she was. But he explained to Edgar that he was sure they hadn't been sufficiently thorough.

"I'm not talking about that time," said Edgar in a sulky voice.

That was the first Sam knew about what had been going on when Edgar stayed away from school. But Sam misunderstood again. He thought Callie had told Edgar that she was in trouble. She hadn't. She hadn't given him any such information or asked for anything or made any threats. But Edgar was frightened. His panic seemed to be making him half sick. They bought a package of cake doughnuts at the grocery store and sat on the stone wall in front of the Anglican church to eat them. Edgar took one bite and held the doughnut in his hand.

Sam said that they had only five more weeks at college.

"I'm not going back there anyway. I'm too far behind," said Edgar.

Sam did not say that he had pictured himself lately working in a bank, a business-college graduate. He saw himself in a three-piece suit in the teller's cage. He would have grown a mustache. Some tellers became bank managers. It had just recently occurred to him that bank managers did not come into the world ready-made. They were something else first. He asked Edgar what kind of jobs they could get in Toronto.

"We could do stunts," Edgar said. "We could do stunts on the sidewalk."

Now Sam saw what he was up against. Edgar was not joking. He sat there with one bite out of his doughnut and proposed this way of making a living in Toronto. Stunts on the sidewalk. What about their parents? This only started crazier plans.

"You could tell them I was kidnapped."

"What about the police?" said Sam. "The police go looking for anybody that's kidnapped. They'd find you."

"Then don't tell them I'm kidnapped," Edgar said. "Tell them I saw a murder and I have to go into hiding. Tell them I saw a body in a sack pushed off the Maitland Bridge and I saw the men that did it and later I met them on the street and they recognized me. Tell them that. Tell them not to go to the police or say anything about it, because my life is at stake."

"How did you know there was a body in the sack?" said Sam idiotically. "Don't talk anymore about it. I have to think."

But all the way back to Kernaghan's Edgar did nothing but talk, elaborating on this story or on another, which involved his having been recruited by the government to be a spy, having to dye his hair black and change his name.

They got to the boarding house just as Alice Peel and her fiancé, the policeman, were coming out the front door.

"Go round the back," said Edgar.

The kitchen door was wide open. Callie had been cleaning the stovepipes. Now she had them all in place again and was cleaning the stove. She was polishing the black part of it with waxed bread papers and the trim with a clean rag. The stove was a wonderful sight, like black marble set with silver, but Callie herself was smudged from head to foot. Even her eyelids were black. She was singing "Darling Nelly Gray," and she made it go very fast, to help with the polishing.

Oh, my Darling Nelly Gray,
They have taken you away,
And I'll never see my Darling anymore.

Miss Kernaghan sat at the table, drinking a cup of hot water. Besides her rheumatism, she was troubled with indigestion. Creaks came from her joints, and powerful rumbles, groans, and even whistles, from her deep insides. Her face took no notice. "You boys," she said. "What have you been doing?"

"Walking," said Edgar.

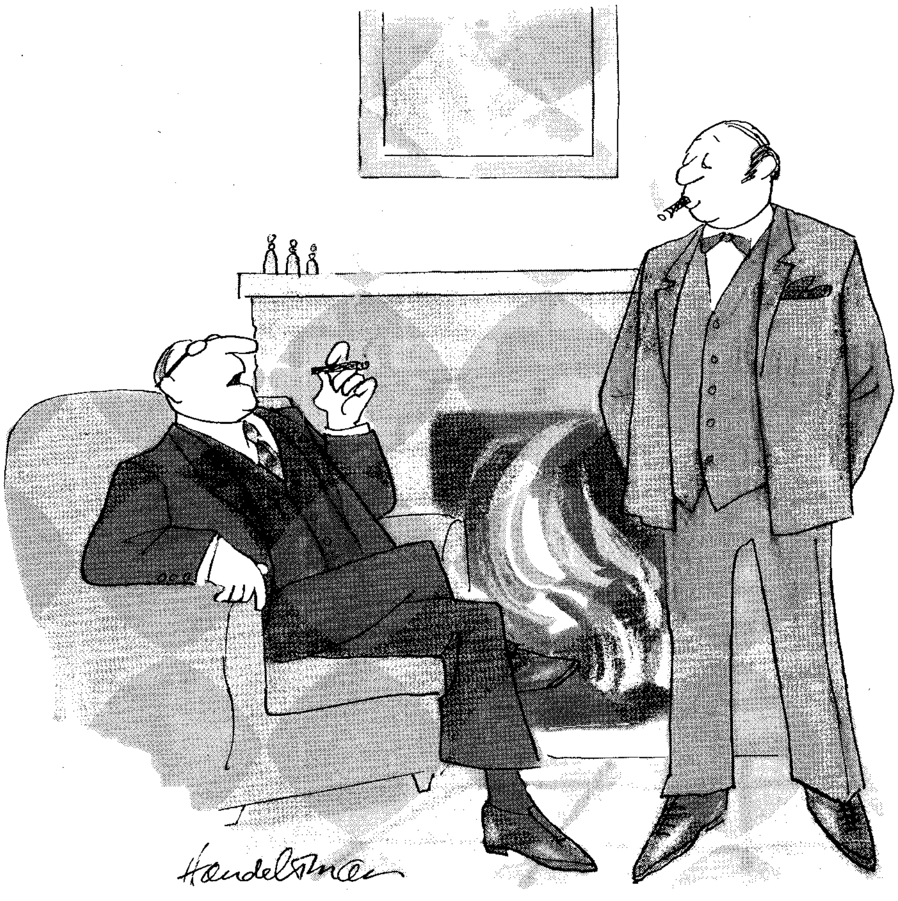
"You aren't doing your stunts anymore."

Sam said, "The ground's too wet."

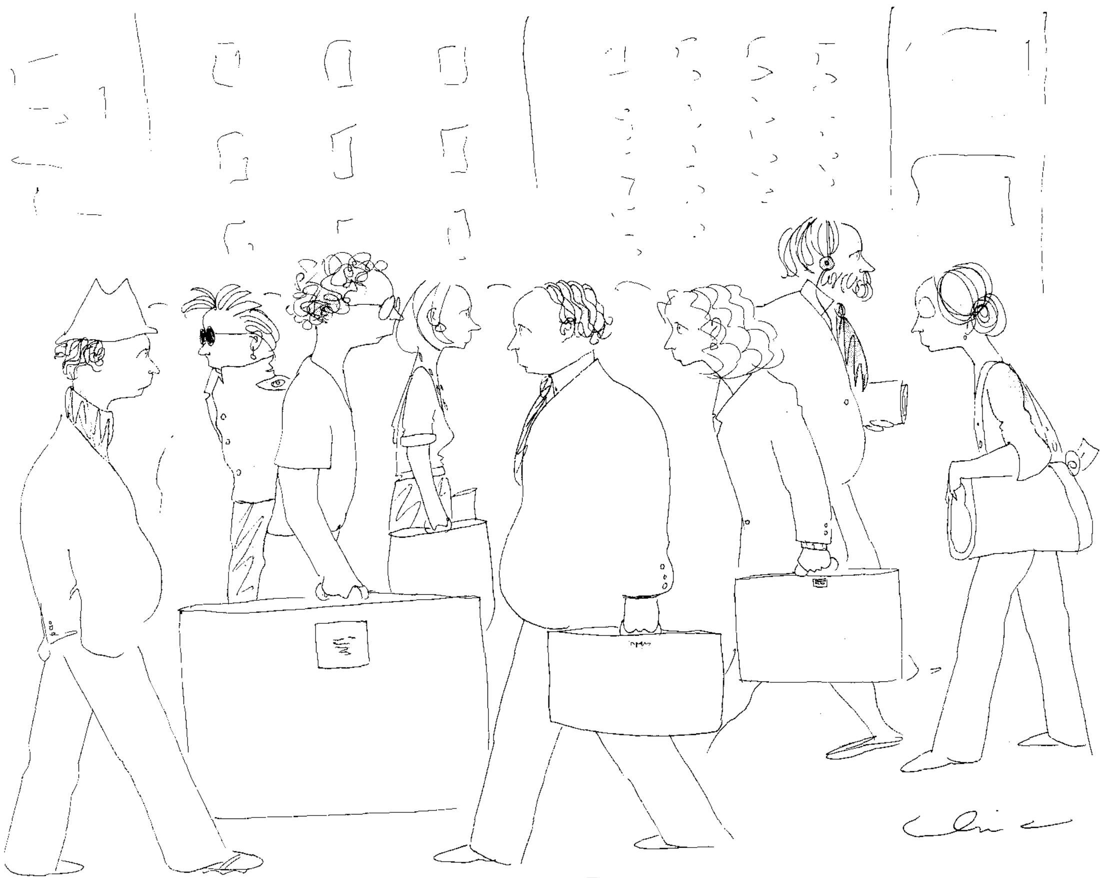
"Sit down," said Miss Kernaghan.

Sam could hear Edgar's shaky breathing. His own stomach felt very heavy, as if work on the mass of doughnuts—he had eaten all but one of them—had ceased. Could Callie have told? She didn't look up at them.

"I never told you boys how Callie was born," Miss Kernaghan said. And she started right in to tell them. "It was in the Queen's Hotel in Stratford. I was staying there with my friend Louie Green. We ran a millinery shop. She and I were on our way



"There's no justice in the world, Kirkby, but I'm not convinced that this is an entirely bad thing."



THE NEW YORK CITY MARATHON

to Toronto to get our spring trim. But it was winter. In fact, it was a blizzard blowing. We were the only ones for supper. We were coming out of the dining room afterwards and the hotel door blew open and in came three people. It was the driver that met the trains, and a woman and a man. The man and the driver were hanging on to the woman and hauling her between them. She was howling and yelling and she was puffed up to a terrible size. They got her on the settee, but she slid off it onto the floor. She was only a girl, eighteen or nineteen years old. The baby popped right out of her on the floor. The man just sat down on the settee and put his head between his legs. I was the one had to run and call for the hotelkeeper and his wife. They came running, and their dog running ahead of them, barking. Louie was hanging on to the bannisters, afraid she might faint. Everything happening at once.

"The driver was French-Canadian, so he had probably seen a baby born before. He bit the cord with his teeth and tied it up with some dirty string out of his pocket. He grabbed a rug and stuffed it up between her legs. Blood was coming out of her as dark as fly poison, and it was spreading across the floor. He yelled for somebody to get snow, and the husband, or whatever he was, never even lifted his head. It was Louie who ran out and got her hands full, and when the driver saw what a piddling little bit she brought he just swore at her and threw it down. Then he kicked the dog, because it was getting too interested. He kicked it so hard it landed across the room, and the hotel woman was screaming it was killed. I picked the baby up and wrapped it in my jacket. It was a sickly-looking thing. The dog wasn't killed at all. The rugs were soaked with blood, and the Frenchman swearing a blue streak. The girl was dead but she was still bleeding.

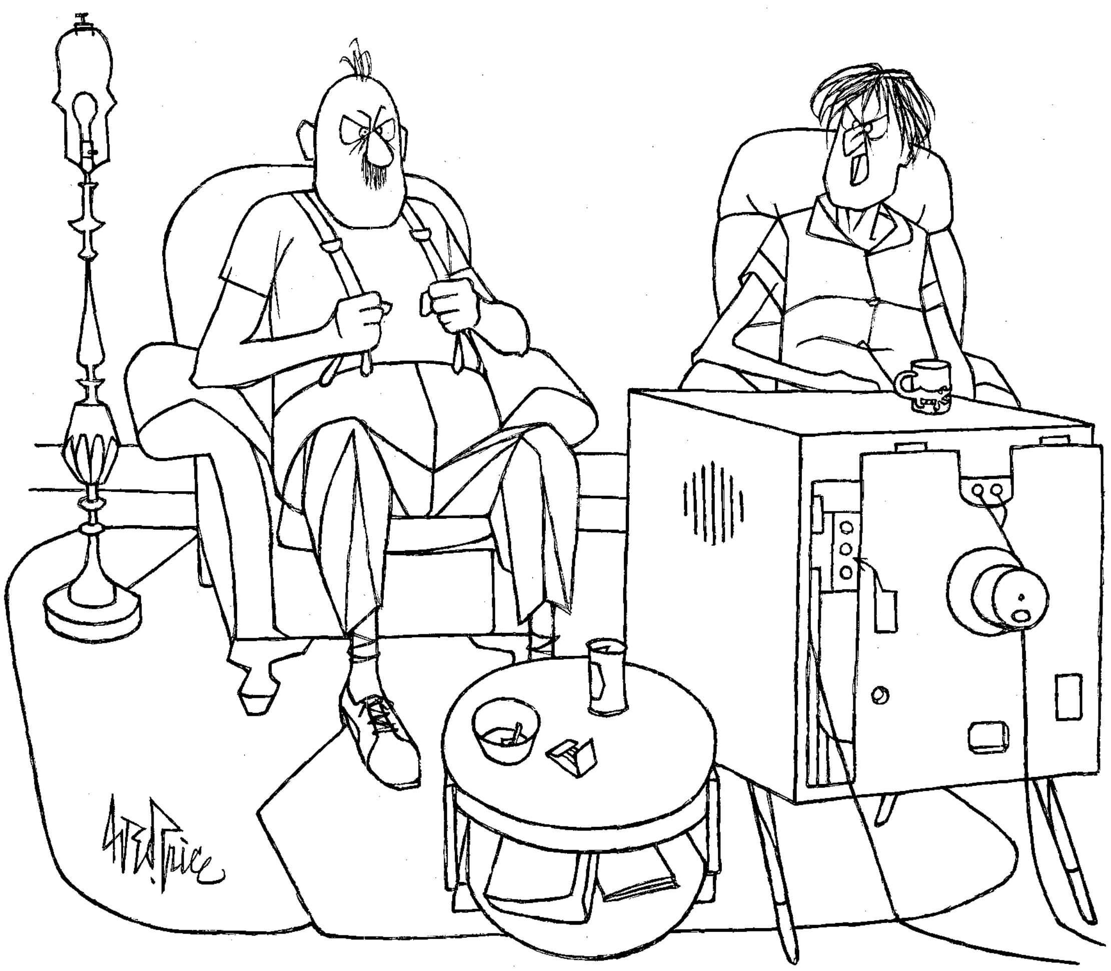
"Louie wanted us to take the baby. The husband said he would get in touch, but he never did. We had to get a bottle and boil up milk and corn syrup and make her a bed in a drawer. Louie let on to be very fond of her, but within a year Louie got married and went to live in Regina and has never been back. So much for fond."

Sam thought that this was all most probably a lie. Nevertheless, it had a terrible effect on him. Why tell them this now? Truth or lies didn't matter, or whether someone had kicked a dog or bled to death. What mattered was Miss Kernaghan's cold emphasis as she told this, her veiled and surely unfriendly purpose, her random ferocity.

Callie hadn't stopped work for one word of the story. She had subdued but not entirely given up her singing. The kitchen was full of light in the spring evening, and smelled of Callie's harsh soaps and powders. Sam had sometimes before had a sense of being in trouble, but he had always known exactly what the trouble was and what the punishment would be, and he could think his way past it. Now he got the feeling that there was a kind of trouble whose extent you couldn't know and punishments you couldn't fathom. It wasn't even Miss Kernaghan's ill will they had to fear. What was it? Did Edgar know? Edgar could feel something being prepared—a paralyzing blow. He thought it had to do with Callie and a baby and what they had done. Sam had a sense of larger implications. But he had to see that Edgar's instincts were right.

ON Saturday morning they walked through the back streets to the railroad station. They had left the house when Callie went to do the weekend shopping, pulling a child's wagon behind her for the groceries. They had taken their money out of the bank. They had wedged a note in their door that would drop out when the door was opened: "We have gone. Sam. Edgar."

The words "We have gone" had been typed the day before at the college, by Sam, but their names were signed by hand. Sam had thought of adding "Board paid till Monday" or "Will write to parents." But surely Miss Kernaghan would know that their board was paid till Monday, and saying they would write to their par-



"Do you suppose I could enjoy 'Dynasty' without listening to an hour of suspender-snapping?"

ents would be a tipoff that they hadn't just gone home. "We have gone" seemed foolish, but he was afraid that if they didn't leave something there would be an alarm and a search. They left behind the heavy, shabby books they intended to sell at the end of term—"Accounting Practice," "Business Arithmetic"—and put what clothes they could into two brown paper bags.

The morning was fine and green and flowering, and a lot of people were out-of-doors. Children had taken over the sidewalks for ball-bouncing, hopscotch, skipping. They had to have their say about the stuffed paper bags.

"What've you got in them bags?"

"Dead cats," said Edgar. He swung his bag at a girl's head.

But she was bold. "What are you going to do with them?"

"Sell them to the Chinaman for chop-cat-suey," said Edgar in a threatening voice.

So they got past. Nearer the station these groups of children thinned out, vanished. Now it was boys twelve or thirteen—some of the same boys who had hung around the skating rink—who were loitering near the platform, picking up cigarette butts, trying to light them. They aped manly insolence and would not have been caught dead asking questions.

"You boys given yourself plenty of time," said the station agent. The train did not go till half past twelve, but they had timed their getaway according to Callie's shopping. "You know where you're going in the city? Anybody going to meet you?"

Sam was not prepared for this, but Edgar said, "My sister." He did not have one.

"She live there? You going to stay at her place?"

"Her and her husband's," said Edgar. "She's married."

Sam could see what was coming next.

"What part of Toronto they live in?"

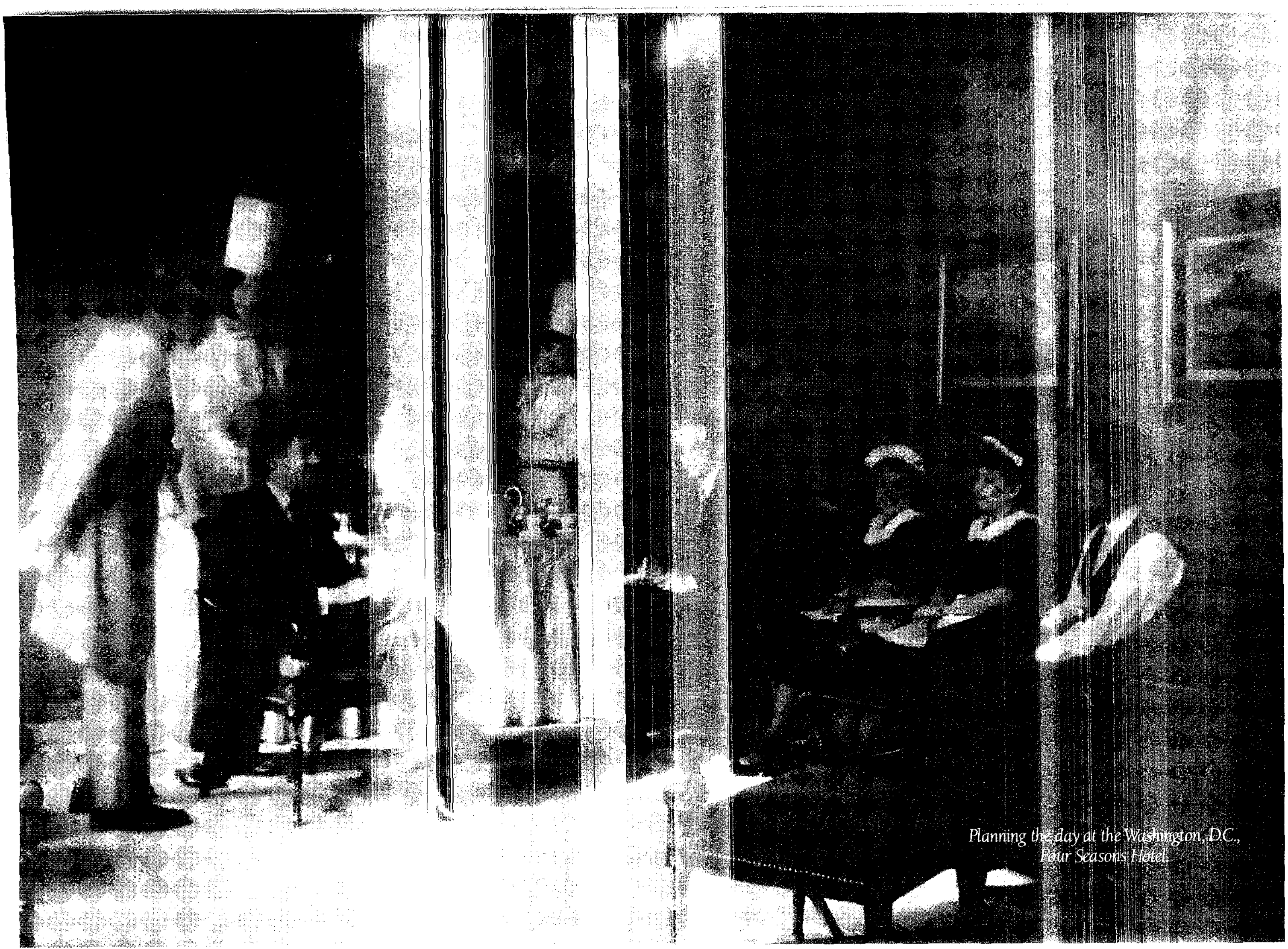
But Edgar was equal. "North part." The station agent seemed about satisfied. "Hang on to your money," he told them.

They sat on the bench facing the board fence across the tracks, holding their tickets and their brown bags. Sam was counting up in his head how much money they had to hang on to. He had been to Toronto once with his father when he was ten years old. He remembered some confusion about a streetcar. They tried to get on at the wrong door, or get off at the wrong door. People shouted at them. His father muttered that they were all damn fools. Sam felt that he had to hold himself ready for a great assault, try to anticipate the complexities ahead so they wouldn't take him by surprise. Then something came into his head that was like a present. He didn't know where it came from. The Y.M.C.A. They could go to the Y.M.C.A. and stay there that night. It would be late in the afternoon when they got in. They would first get something to eat, then ask somebody the way to the Y.M.C.A. Probably they could walk.

He told Edgar what they would do. "Then tomorrow we'll walk around and get to know the streets and find out where is the cheapest place to eat."

He knew that Edgar would accept any plan at the moment. Edgar had no notion yet of Toronto. Edgar was sitting there on the bench at the station full of the idea of the train coming in and of their getting on. The blast of the whistle, the departure—the escape. Escape like an explosion, setting them free. He never saw them getting off the train, with their paper bags, in a banging, jarring, crowded, utterly bewildering new place. But Sam felt better now that he had a starting plan. If one good idea could occur to him out of the blue, why not another?

After a while other people began to gather, waiting for the same train. Two ladies dressed up to go shopping in Stratford. Their varnished straw hats showed that it was getting close to summer. An old man in a shiny black suit carrying a cardboard box



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secured with twine. The boys who hung around and didn't go anywhere were nevertheless getting ready for the train's arrival—sitting all together at the end of the platform, dangling their legs. A couple of dogs were patrolling the platform in a semi-official way, sniffing at a trunk and some waiting parcels, sizing up the baggage cart, even looking down the tracks as if they knew as well as anybody else which direction the train was coming from.

As soon as they heard the whistle blowing for the crossroads west of town, Sam and Edgar got up and stood at the edge of the platform. When the train arrived, it seemed a very good sign that they had chosen to stand in the exact spot at which the conductor stepped down, carrying the little step. After he had spent an interminable time assisting a woman with a baby, a suitcase, and two small children, they were able to get on. They went ahead of the ladies in summer hats, the man with the box, and whoever else had lined up. They didn't once look behind. They walked to the end of the almost empty car and chose to sit where they could face each other, on the side of the train that looked out on the board fence, not on the platform. The same board fence they had been staring at for over three-quarters of an hour. They had to sit there for two or three minutes while there was the usual commotion outside, important-sounding shouts, then the conductor's voice crying "*Board!*" in a way that transformed the word from a human sound to a train sound. Then the train began to move. They were moving. They each had one arm still around a brown bag and a ticket held in the other hand. They were moving. They watched the boards of the fence to prove it. They left the fence behind altogether and were passing through the diminished outskirts of the town—the back yards, back sheds, back porches, apple trees in bloom. Lilacs straggling by the tracks, gone wild.

While they were looking out the window, and before the town was entirely gone, a boy sat down in the seat across the aisle from them. Sam's impression was that one of those boys loitering on the platform had slipped onto the train, or somehow connived to get a free ride, perhaps out to the junction. Without really looking, he got an idea of the way the boy was dressed—too shabbily and carelessly to be going on any real trip. Then he did look, and he saw that

"There's absolutely nothing a little strawberry ice cream won't cure."

• •

the boy was holding a ticket, just as they were.

On the winter nights when they walked to the skating rink they had not often looked at each other. Under the street lights they had watched their turning shadows on the snow. Inside the rink, the artificial moon altered colors and left some areas in near darkness. So the clothes this boy was wearing did not send any immediate message across the aisle. Except that they were not the kind of clothes usually worn on a trip. Rubber boots, heavy breeches with stains of oil or varnish on them, a windbreaker torn under one arm and too warm for the day, a large, unsuitable cap.

How had Callie got past the station agent in that outfit? The same station agent who looked Sam and Edgar over so inquisitively, who wanted to know where they were planning to stay and who was meeting them, had let this absurd and dirty and ragged pretend boy buy a ticket (to Toronto—Callie was guessing, and she guessed right) and walk out onto the platform without one word, one question. This contributed to the boys' feeling, when they recognized her, that she was exercising powers that didn't fall far short of being miraculous. (Maybe Edgar, in particular, felt this.) How had she known? How had she got the money? How was she here?

None of it was impossible. She had come back with the groceries and gone up to the attic. (Why? She didn't say.) She had found the note and guessed at once they hadn't gone home to the farm and weren't hitchhiking on the highway. She knew when the train left. She knew two places it went to—Stratford and Toronto. She stole the money for her ticket from the metal box under the hymnbooks in the piano bench. (Miss Kernaghan of course did not trust banks.) By the time she got to the station and was buying her ticket the train was coming in and the station agent had a lot of things to think about, no time to ask questions. There was a great deal of luck involved—lucky timing and lucky guessing every step of the way—but that was all. It was not magic, not quite.

Sam and Edgar had not recognized the clothes, and there was no particular movement or gesture that alerted them. The boy Callie sat looking out the window, head partly turned away from them. Sam would never know exactly when he first knew it was Callie, or how the knowledge came to him, and whether he looked at Edgar or simply knew that Edgar knew the same thing he did and at the same time. This was knowledge that seemed to have simply leaked out into the air and to be waiting there to be absorbed. They passed through a long cut, with grassy banks fresh on either side, and crossed the Cedar Bush Bridge—the same bridge where boys from town dared each other to climb down and cling to the supports under the ties while the train passed over their heads. (Would Callie have done that if they had dared her?) By the time they were past this bridge they both knew that it was Callie sitting across from them. And each of them knew the other knew.

Edgar spoke first. "Do you want to move over with us?"

Callie got up and moved across the aisle, sitting down beside Edgar. She had her boy's look on—a look not so sly or quarrelsome as her usual look. She was a good-humored boy, more or less, with reasonable expectations.

It was Sam she spoke to. "Don't you mind riding backwards?"

Sam said no.

Next, she asked them what they had in the bags, and they both spoke at once.

Edgar said, "Dead cats."

Sam said, "Lunch."

THEY didn't feel as if they were caught. Right away they had understood that Callie hadn't come to bring them back. She was joining them. In her boy's clothes she reminded them of the cold nights of luck and cunning, the plan that went without a hitch, the free skating, speed and delight, deception and pleasure. When nothing went wrong, nothing could go wrong, triumph was certain, all their moves timely. Callie, who had got herself on this train with stolen money and in boy's clothes, seemed to lift threats rather than pose them. Even Sam stopped thinking about what they would do in Toronto, whether their money would last. If he had been functioning in his usual way he would have seen that Callie's presence was bound to bring them all sorts of trouble once they descended into the real world, but he was not functioning that way and he did not see anything like trouble. At the moment he saw power—Callie's power, when she wouldn't be left behind—generously distributed to all of them. The moment was flooded—with power, it seemed, and with possibility. But this was just happiness. It was really just happiness.

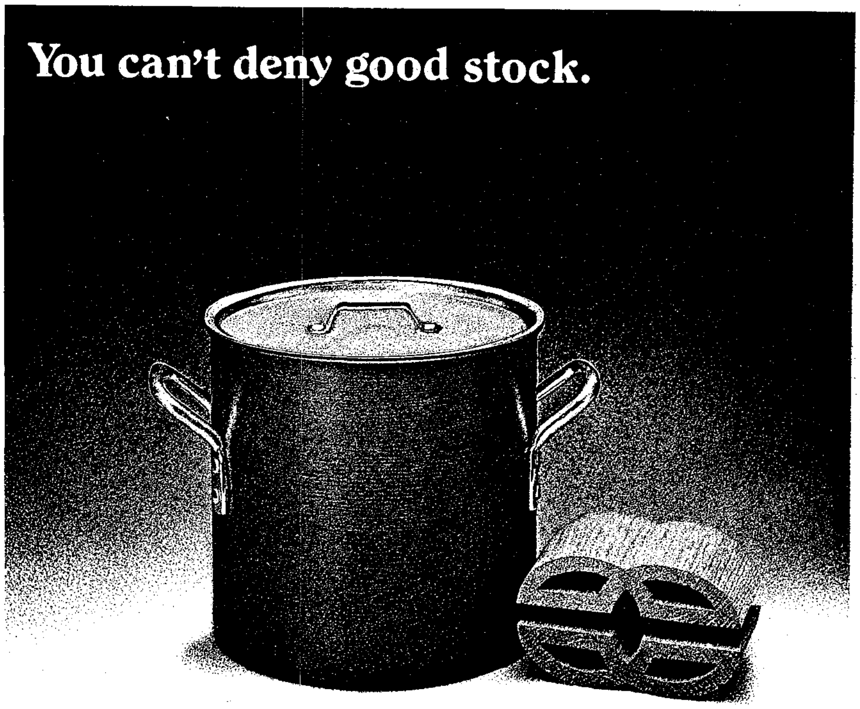
That was how Sam's story always ended. If he was asked how things went from there, he might say, "Well, it was a little more complicated than we expected, but we all survived." Meaning, specifically, that the Y.M.C.A. clerk, who was eating an egg-and-onion sandwich, did not take two minutes to figure out that there was something wrong about Callie. Questions. Lies, sneers, threats, phone calls. Abducting a minor. Trying to sneak a girl into the Y.M.C.A. for immoral purposes. Where are her parents? Who knows she's here? Who gave her permission? Who takes responsibility? A policeman on the scene. Two policemen. A full confession and a phone call, and the station agent remembers everything. He remembers lies. Miss Kernaghan has already missed the money and promises no forgiveness. Never wants to lay eyes on. A foundling born in a hotel lobby, parents probably not married, taken in and sheltered, ingratitude, bad blood. Let that be a lesson.

Meaning, further, that they all went on living, and many things happened. Sam himself, even in those first confused and humiliating days in Toronto, got the idea that a place like this, a city, with midday shadows in its deep, narrow downtown streets, its seriously ornamented offices, its constant movement and jangling streetcars, could be the place for him. A place to work and make money. So he stayed on, stayed at the Y.M.C.A., where his crisis—his and Edgar's and Callie's—was soon forgotten and something else happened next week. He got a job and after a few years saw that this wasn't really the place to make money—the West was the place to make money. So he moved on.

Edgar and Callie went home to the farm to live with Edgar's parents. But they did not stay there long. Miss Kernaghan found she could not manage without Callie.

CALLIE's store is in a building she and Edgar own. The variety store and a hairdressing place downstairs, their living quarters upstairs. (The hairdressing place is where the grocery used to be—the same grocery where Sam and Edgar used to buy jam tarts. But who wants to hear about that, Callie says. Who wants to hear about the way things used to be?)

Sam's idea of good taste has been formed by his wife's grays and whites



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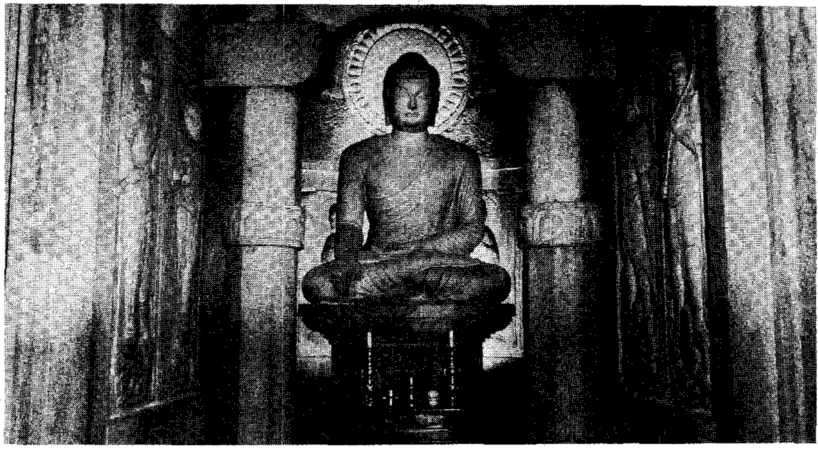

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and blues and straight lines and single vases. Callie's place upstairs is stunning. Gold brocade draped to suggest a large window where no window is. Gold plushy carpet, rough white plaster ceiling sparkling with stars. One wall is a dull-gold mirror in which Sam sees himself crisscrossed by veins of black and silver. Lights hang from chains, in globes of amber glass.

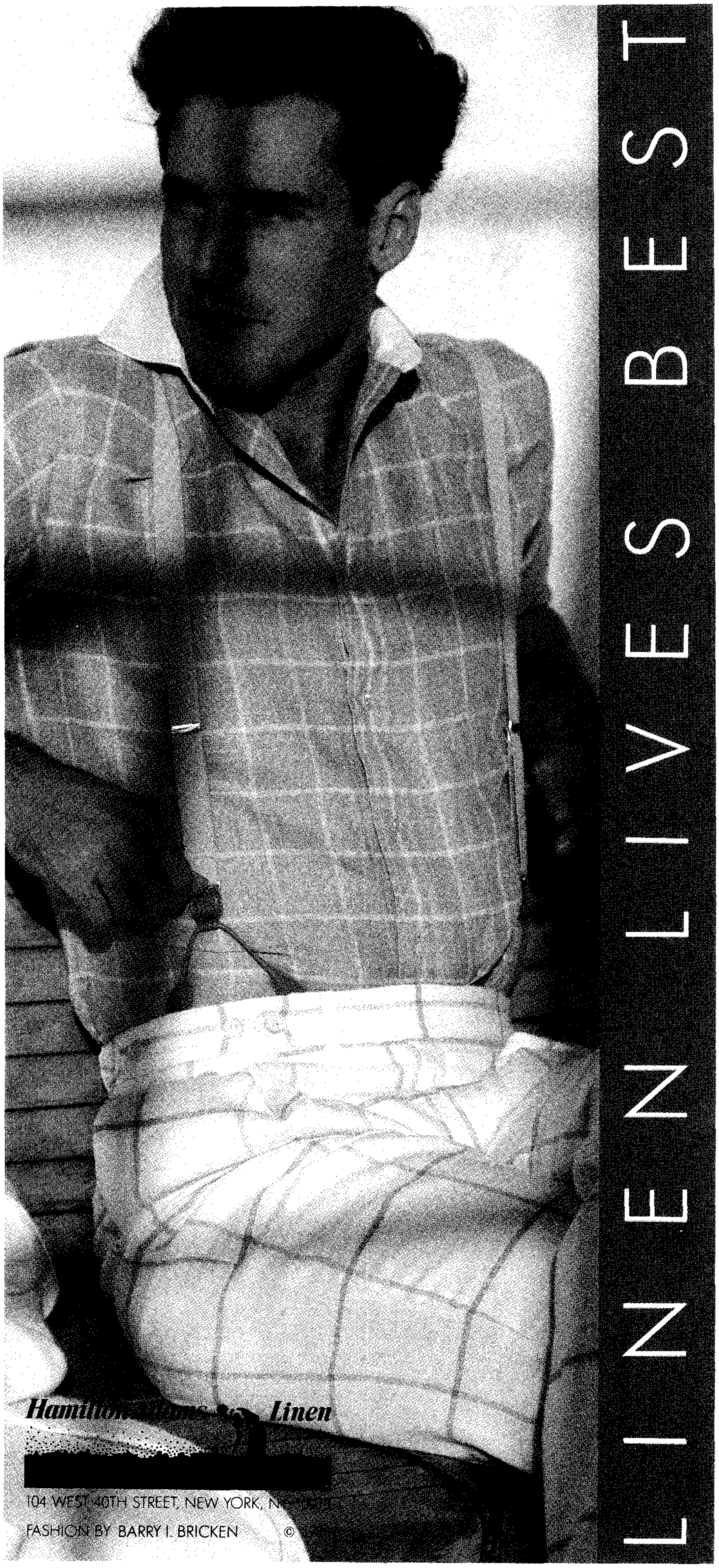
In the midst of this sits Edgar, like a polished ornament, seldom moving. Of the three of them, he has kept his looks the best. He had the most to keep. He is tall, frail, beautifully groomed and dressed. Callie shaves him. She washes his hair every day, and it is white and glistening like the angel hair on Christmas trees. He can dress himself, but she puts everything out for him—trousers, socks, and matched tie and pocket handkerchief, soft shirts of deep blue or burgundy, which set off his pink cheeks and his hair.

"He had a little turn," says Callie. "Four years ago in May. He didn't lose his speech or anything, but I took him to the doctor and he said yes, he's had a little turn. But he's healthy. He's good."

Callie has given Sam permission to take Edgar for a walk. She spends her days in the store. Edgar is waiting upstairs in front of the television set. He knows Sam, seems glad to see him. He nods readily when Sam says, "Just get your overcoat on. Then we're off." Sam brings a new, light-gray overcoat and a gray cap from the closet, then, on second thought, a pair of rubbers to protect Edgar's shining shoes.

"O.K.?" says Sam, but Edgar makes a gesture meaning "Just a moment." He is watching a handsome young woman interviewing an older woman. The older woman makes dolls. The dolls are made of dough. Though they are of different sizes, they all have the same expression, which is, in Sam's opinion, idiotic. Edgar seems to be quite taken with them. Or perhaps it is the interviewer, with her shaggy gold hair.

Sam stands until that's over. Then the weather comes on, and Edgar motions for him to sit down. That makes sense—to see what the weather is going to be before they start walking. Sam means to head up Orange Street—where a senior citizens' complex has replaced the skating rink and the cherry trees—and go around to the old Kernaghan house and the Canadian Tire lot. After the weather Sam stays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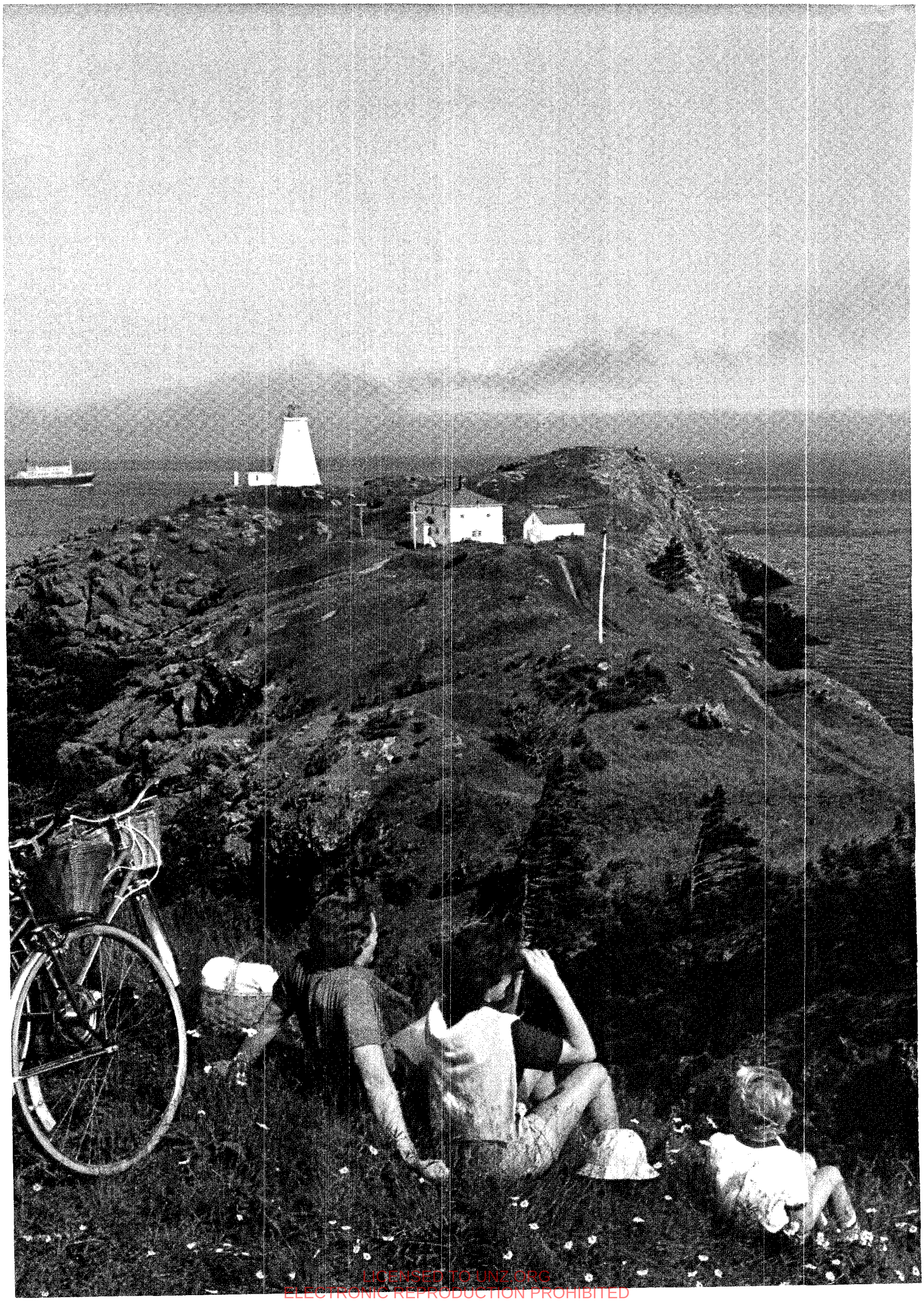

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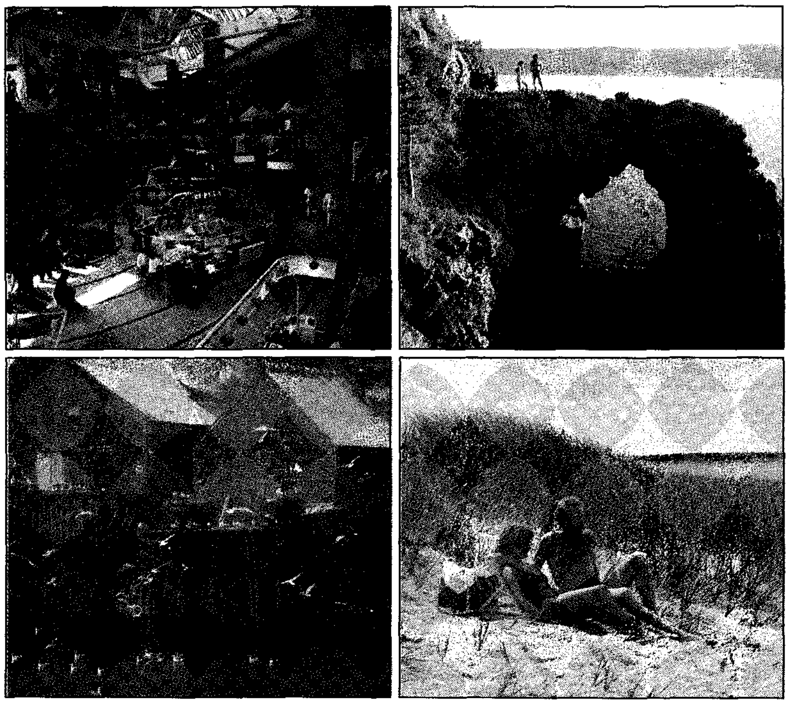

And when you've had enough of the exotic, try some of the extraordinary – from endless beaches with warm saltwater – itself unique to the area, due to the shallow straits that are warmed by the summer sun – to strange geological formations created by the highest tides in the world, or down home hospitality in turn-of-the-century inns, where home cooking and new found friends take you back to the way things used to be.

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for the news, because there is something about a new tax regulation that interests him. Commercials keep interrupting, of course, but finally the news is over. Some figure skaters come on. After an hour or so has passed Sam realizes there is no hope of budging Edgar.

Whenever Sam says anything Edgar raises his hand, as if to say he'll have time to listen in a minute. He is never annoyed. He gives everything the same pleased attention. He smiles as he watches the skaters in their twinkly outfits. He seems guileless, but Sam detects satisfaction.

On the false mantel over the electric fireplace is a photograph of Callie and Edgar in wedding clothes. Callie's veil, in the style of the time, is attached to a cap trimmed with pearls and pulled down over her forehead. She sits in an armchair with her arms full of roses, and Edgar stands behind, staunch and slender.

Sam knows this picture was not taken on their wedding day. Many people in those days put on their wedding clothes and went to the photographer's studio on a later occasion. But these are not even their wedding clothes. Sam remembers that some woman connected with the Y.M.C.A. got Callie a dress, and it was a shapeless dull-pink affair. Edgar had no new clothes at all, and they were hastily married in Toronto by a minister neither of them knew. This photograph is meant to give quite a different impression. Perhaps it was taken years later. Callie looks a good deal older than on her real wedding day, her face broader, more settled and authoritative. In fact, she slightly resembles Miss Kernaghan.

That is the thing that can never be understood—why Edgar spoke up that first night in Toronto and said that he and Callie were going to be married. There was no necessity—none that Sam could see. Callie was not pregnant, and, in fact, as far as Sam knows she never became pregnant. Perhaps she really was too small, or not developed in the usual way. Edgar went ahead and did what nobody was making him do, took what he had run away from. He said that he and Callie were going to be married. But that was not what they were going to do—that was not what they were planning, surely? When Sam looked across at them on the train, and all three of them laughed with relief, it couldn't have been because they foresaw an outcome like this. They were just laughing about being free.

Fifty years too late to ask, Sam thinks. And even at the time he was too amazed. Edgar became a person he didn't know. Callie drew back, into her unlikely femaleness. Their moment of happiness remained in his mind, but he never knew what to make of it. Do such moments really mean that we have a life of happiness with which we only occasionally intersect? Do they shed such light before and after that all that has happened to us in our lives—or that we've made happen—can be dismissed?

◆

When Callie comes upstairs he doesn't mention the wedding picture. "I've got the electrician downstairs," Callie says. "So I've got to go down again and keep an eye on him. I don't want him sitting smoking a cigarette and charging me."

He is learning the things not to mention. Miss Kernaghan, who had a stroke and died, but not for a good long time and not without lingering; the boarding house; the skating rink. Old times. This harping on old times by one who has been away to one who has stayed put is irritating—it is a subtle form of insult. And Callie is learning not to ask him how much his house cost, how much his condominium in Hawaii cost, how much he spent on various vacations and on his daughter's wedding—in short, she's learning that she will never find out how much money he has.

He can see another thing she's wondering about. He sees the question wrinkling further the deep, blue-painted nests around her eyes, eyes that show now a lifetime of fairly successful efforts and calculations.

What does Sam want? That's what Callie wonders.

He thinks of telling her he might stay until he finds out. He might become a boarder.

"Edgar didn't seem to want to go out," Sam says. "He didn't seem to want to go out after all."

"No," says Callie. "No. He's happy."

—ALICE MUNRO

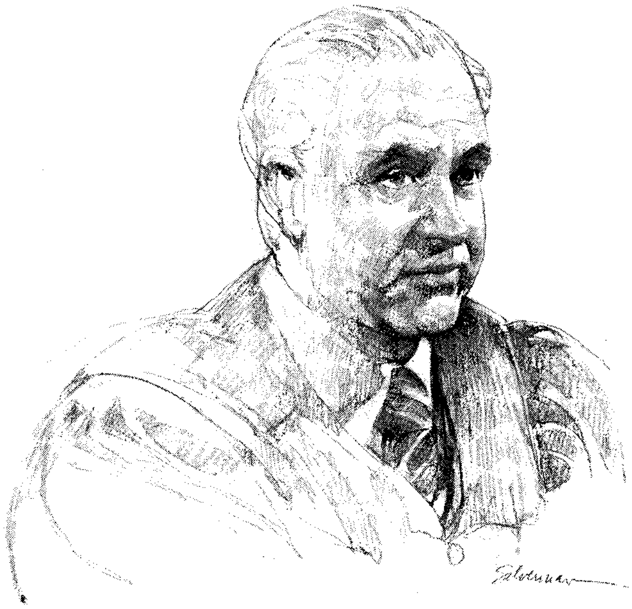
•

Mr. Limoli was assisted, with varying degrees of competence, by the soprano Mary Poore, the tenor Craig Schulman, the pianist Fenton Hess, the clarinetist Marcus Eley, and a string quartet consisting of Roger Zahab, Stephen Grenholm, Daniel Miller, Caryn Briskin, and William Kannar.—*Tim Page in the Times.*

O.K., Kannar—off the stage, please.

PROFILES

THE PEOPLE’S JUDGE

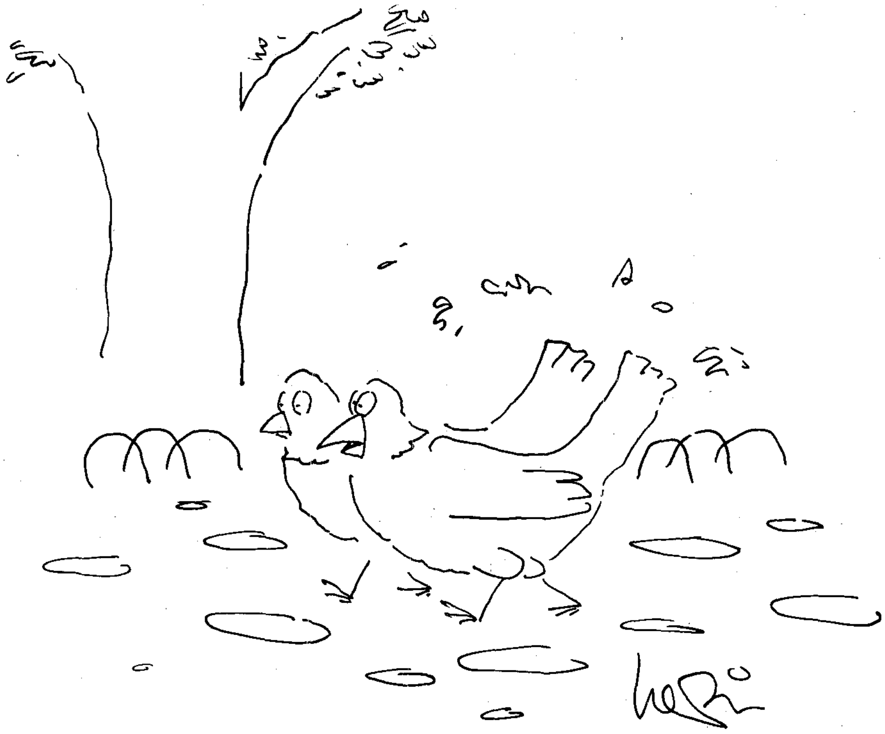


Joseph A. Wapner

HISTORY may someday decide that the most conspicuous—if not, indeed, the most celebrated—California jurist of the second half of the twentieth century was not the late Chief Justice Earl Warren but Joseph A. Wapner, the judge on the half-hour television show “The People’s Court.” Judge Wapner can currently be seen by twenty million or so of his fellow-citizens—usually five times a week on a hundred and sixty-two domestic TV stations—not to mention untold people in twenty foreign countries. When I travel, I often turn on the TV set in my motel room, and practically everywhere I have been, there on the tube has been Judge Wapner—a familiar, benign, sensible pillar of stability in a world of wobbly room service. When I am not on the road, I live for about half the year on the outer reaches of Cape Cod. Different people have different reasons for considering this an estimable place to reside. Painters admire the intense blue of the skies, clamdiggers the succulent firmness of the bivalves. My own compelling reason—for much of the five years that “The People’s Court” has been on the air, at any rate—is that I can enter His Honor’s courtroom every weekday at five in the afternoon, courtesy of the NBC outlet in Boston, or, if circumstances preclude our getting together then, can catch up with him at seven via CBS from Providence. If I miss out on him any day, I feel as awful as I probably would were I a litigant on his show and he ruled against me just because a dog I was suing a pet shop over leaped out of my car after a fender-bending tangle with my brother-in-law’s pickup and ran into a dry cleaner’s and chewed up the hem of a dress that the daughter of a guy involved in a squabble with his landlord over an allegedly botched paint job had been planning to wear to her senior prom.

And now, after a trip to Los Angeles and environs, I know Judge Wapner in the flesh—five nine and a half, a hundred and sixty pounds, green eyes, receding hairline, firm grip—and have visited the house he has occupied for twenty-one years, in Bel Air, on a hilltop above the San Fernando Valley. Measured by entertainment-industry standards, the Judge lives modestly: swimming pool, Jacuzzi, and Jaguar, to be sure, but no tennis court, greenhouse, or helicopter pad. He does much of his household’s cooking. People who are fond of eggplant give high marks to an eggplant hors d’oeuvre of his concocting; and since “The People’s Court” has made him a celebrity—“a populist hero,” according to the Baltimore *Sun*—he is sometimes invited to prepare it on other notables’ television programs. Wapner has turned down guest shots on “The Love Boat” and “Saturday Night Live,” on the ground that such raffish exposure might tarnish his judicial image (not long after his rejection, “Saturday Night Live,” conceivably in retribution, staged a skit in which a judge cast pretty much in the Wapner mold had to determine the fate of a man being sued by a hooker “for services rendered”), but he has accepted invitations from “Good Morning America,” “Today,” and “Tonight.” As I rode with Judge Wapner early one morning in a stretch limousine that the producers of a program called “America” had dispatched to transport him toward yet another cameo performance, he said, “Somebody told me that for a while Johnny Carson used to mention me almost every night. But I’m not sure, because I don’t often stay up that late.” (The fact is that for a time Johnny Carson *did* mention him almost every night, and Judge Wapner’s name almost always got a laugh.) He added that during the entire twenty years he served as a bona-fide judge he had never once ridden in a stretch limousine. On arriving at the Paramount Studios in Hollywood, he was mildly diverted to note that a document he was required to sign had his name as “Wopner”—a not unforgivable mistake, inasmuch as that is how he pronounces his surname. Waiting in the greenroom to go on camera, the Judge, who since he became a media star has also been mentioned in print as “Waper,” “Walper,” “Wappner,” and “Wamper,” said, “You’d think if they’re having you on their program they could at least spell your name correctly.” He was mollified when a young Paramount attorney approached him shyly to confess that while he was a law-school senior he had been acclaimed the life of a Halloween party after silvering his hair, donning a borrowed academic gown, and pretending to be Wapner.

A short time later, when McLean Stevenson, one of the “America” hosts, told a yarn about how Judge Wapner, during his own program, had once sought to maintain decorum with a gavel and had inadvertently smashed his own hand, the Judge did not remonstrate—even though he had no recollection of any such incident. The Judge felt that it was hardly his position to comment one way or the other when the co-host, Sarah Purcell, referred to him as “one of the sexiest men in America.” Miss Purcell was probably unaware that just two days earlier Wapner, who is sixty-six, had told an eighty-two-year-old Irish widow in his own studio audience, “If I weren’t married, I could go for you,” whereupon the widow had exclaimed, “Now I can go to my death happy!” Wapner has been appraised by the Boston *Globe* columnist Diane



"To tell you the truth, I don't think I fly as much as I should."

White as "an international sex symbol," and women to whom he has not been introduced have, to the amusement of his wife of thirty-nine years, solicited him, on the strands of the Riviera and the Strand of London, for autographs. Some outsiders have the impression that more often than not Judge Wapner, when he is perched on his "People's Court" bench and confronted by two contending females, gives the nod to the prettier of the pair, as he indubitably did while weighing the merits of conflicting claims by the proprietor of a hairdressing salon and the winner of a competition peculiar to Southern California called a bikini contest. Indeed, although Miss Bikini had asked for only nine hundred and fifty-four dollars and thirty-two cents in damages—the case concerned a trip to Hawaii that she never got—the Judge awarded her two hundred and sixty dollars more, representing her loss of a week's pay at a health club where she taught aerobics, because she had told her boss she would be away, sporting her briefs, at Waikiki or Diamond Head. Insiders who have been associated with Wapner on "The People's Court" since it was established and have watched him dispose of close to a couple of thousand cases insist, however, that his decisions are based far less often on comeliness than on credibility. The hairdresser, evidently having forgotten signing a document to the effect that whatever the Judge decreed would be binding, said before she left camera range, "I'll have to go to another court for this one." She was probably just sore. She knew, of course, as did her victorious opponent, that all monetary assessments levied in proceedings on "The People's Court" are paid for not by the losing litigants but by the same outfits that pay the Judge—Ralph Edwards Productions (the same venerable Ralph Edwards of "Truth or Consequences" and "This Is Your Life") and Stu Billett Productions.

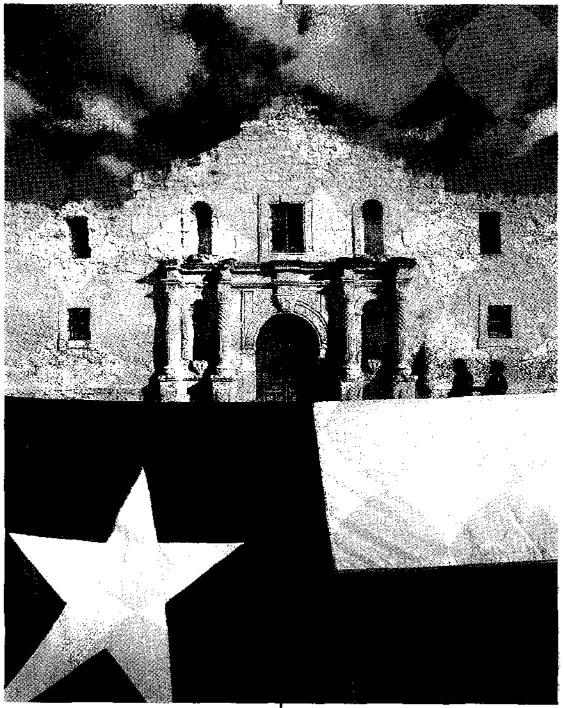
The *Globe's* Diane White further wrote, shortly before Election Day in 1984, that she would vote for any Presidential candidate who would promise to nominate Judge Wapner to fill a vacancy on the Supreme Court. Her sentiments have been echoed by other columnists. Gerald Nachman, who would surely not take a tongue-in-cheek approach to any syndicated television program concerned with genuine rights and wrongs, has said in his "Showbiz" feature in the Sunday San Francisco *Examiner & Chronicle*, "In every case, Judge Wapner rules quickly, firmly, and fairly. Nothing escapes his flinty gaze. I can't imagine how he's been overlooked for appointment to the Supreme Court, for clearly here is a man you would trust to rule wisely on abortion and classroom prayer."

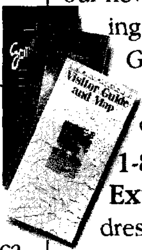
Wapner is a reasonably modest man. While he can afford to, and does, have handsome real-leather bindings fashioned for scrapbooks that hold his ever-thickening collection of press clippings, he has, to his credit, unflinchingly pasted therein, along with endless encomiums, an item from an unidentified newspaper that reads, "He's the most irritating man on television." Wapner has never taken himself seriously as a candidate for the Supreme Court or any other such lofty position, though he has been touted by admirers for the Presidency of both the United States and the International Olympic Committee, and was once actually offered a chance to be a nominee for district attorney of Los Angeles County. Wapner would no doubt feel at ease on the highest national tribunal. He has been collegially received, while visiting Washington, by Chief Justice Warren Burger. Justice Byron White, hearing that Wapner was in town, was pleased to be able to wangle an introduction. And *Time* once reported that on some afternoons Justice Thurgood Marshall "can be found in his chambers chuckling" as he watches "The People's Court."

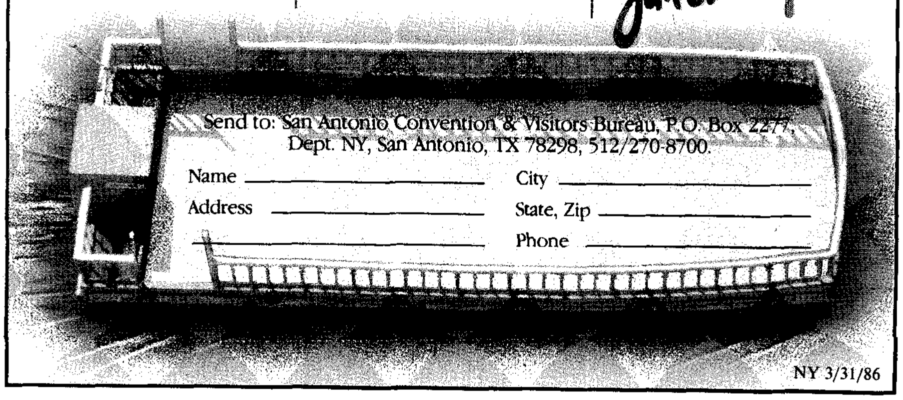
An Arizona woman who not long ago wrote to President Reagan, from her mobile-home park, urging him to elevate Wapner to the Supreme Court described her candidate as Solomonic. Wapner is often likened to that patriarch, and also to Louis IX, a.k.a. Saint Louis, the thirteenth-century French king who would sit under a tree and dispense justice to his flock. Solomon probably couldn't have handled one "People's Court" case any more sagely than Wapner did. There was this pit bullterrier, and these two boys both claiming to be its rightful owner. Wapner said he thought they were both sincere. The trouble was that a nefarious third party, not involved in the proceedings, seemed to have stolen the dog from one boy and sold it to the other, who had been taking affectionate care of it for six months. Cut the dog in half? Not Judge Wapner. He awarded the dog to its original owner, and two hundred dollars to the second one as compensation for his exemplary custodianship.

Wapner has been featured—as have been, before and after him, Dr. Ruth Westheimer, John Lithgow, the Violent Femmes, and Whoopi Goldberg—on a poster put out by a publication called *Campus Voice Biweekly*, which has a largely collegiate circulation. The Judge's features sweep across an expanse measuring eighteen by twenty-two inches, and the accompanying text refers to his program's "near-cult following on campus." Wapner gets invited nowadays not merely to visit Yale but also to address the National Conference of Metropolitan Courts, to lecture at the National Judicial College, and to play in the Tucson Celebrity Classic tennis tournament. In Tucson, he favored a reporter from the *Daily Star* with a scoop: the disclosure that he'd never had a tennis lesson. "I always try to play with my head as well as my body," he said, further. "It has nothing to do with legal sense. It has to do with court sense." In any event, Wapner has long been an ardent tennis player, and lately he has been wondering whether a vacant lot abutting his Bel Air property, which he could probably acquire for no more than half a million dollars, might not be the place for a tennis court of his own. At home, he serves drinks in tumblers disguised as tennis-ball cans. In his study, he has on proud display a clutch of tennis trophies, of the modest dimensions one associates with runner-up prizes at summer camp. One of his statuettes attests to his having won the California judges' doubles championship in 1974. There are also scattered memorabilia of more sedentary achievements—scrolls and gavels bestowed on him by the California Criminal Courts Bar Association and by his colleagues on California's Superior Court, of which he was the presiding judge in 1979 and 1980.

Then, there is a baseball autographed to him by Reggie Jackson. Quite a few big-league players, including George Brett and Dale Murphy, have pronounced themselves Wapner fans. (One of the Judge's press agents maintains that the Minnesota Twins once refused en masse to leave their clubhouse for the playing field until they had ascertained Wapner's resolution of a conflict they were watching unfold.) On a September afternoon in 1983, the Judge went to the Anaheim stadium at the invitation of the California Angels coach Preston Gomez and some of the players. They wanted Wapner—on whom they bestowed an Angels cap and an Angels jacket—to preside over a mock trial to determine whether their manager had behaved properly in suspending for a day and a half a player who contended that he couldn't perform up to snuff because his shoulder hurt. The Judge ruled against the







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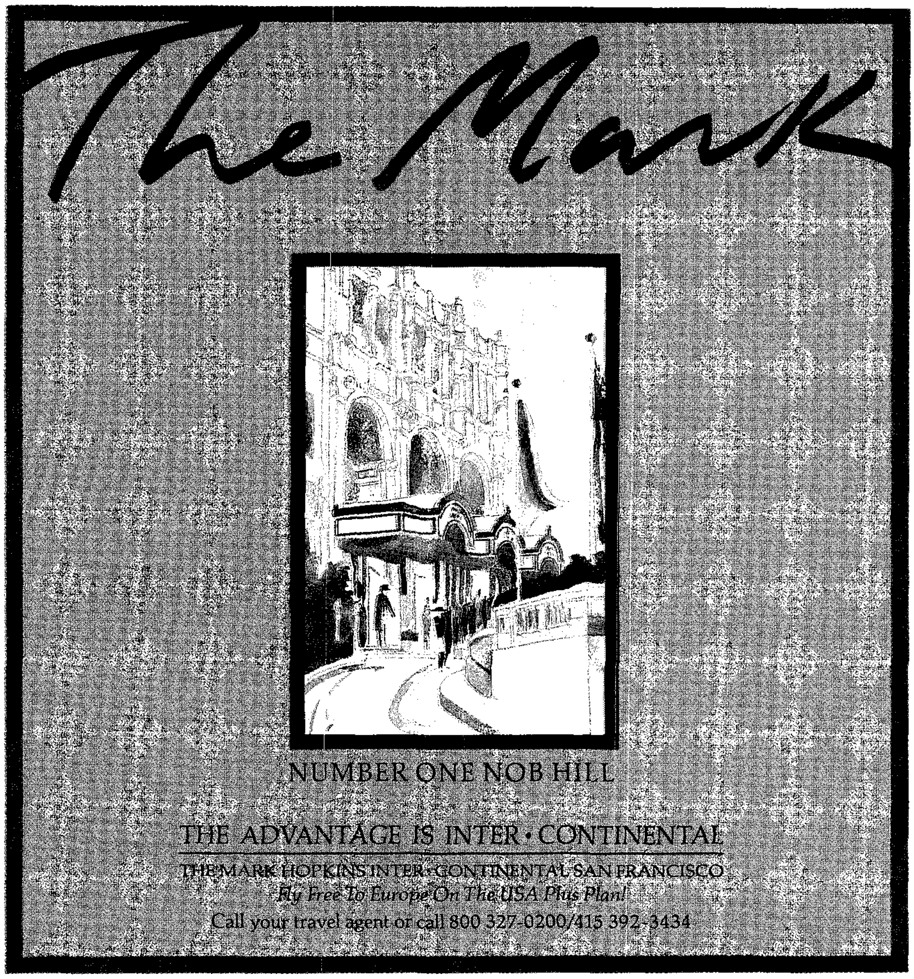
manager. The players were delighted. The manager was not amused. Wapner himself sometimes plays in celebrity baseball games. Ralph Edwards, by whom both truth and consequences have long been esteemed, is fond of recounting, with laudatory embellishments, how in one such set-to, at Dodger Stadium—where Wapner has a one-fourth interest in a season box—the Judge actually beat out a bunt. Wapner shuns hyperbole. He demands scrupulosity of people who testify—under oath—before him, and he is no less severe with himself. When, straight from an informative chat with Edwards, I congratulated Wapner on having beaten out that bunt, he fixed me with the stern stare so familiar to "People's Court" audiences and said, "I'd been warming up a speedball pitcher, and my hand was swollen. So, as a consequence, if you want to know the truth, I couldn't grip a bat tight and decided to bunt. But I didn't beat it out. I was thrown out by two steps."

As an archeologist might from scattered shards seek to reconstruct a bygone civilization, so before I met Judge Wapner did I, on the basis of more viewings of "The People's Court" than I probably ought to admit to, try to figure out what sort of person he was off the bench from what scraps of information he divulged about himself on the air.

I knew when his birthday was. A young woman was trying to recover from her former boyfriend eight hundred dollars that she swore she had lent him on November 15, 1983. "I'll never forget November fifteenth," the Judge told the plaintiff. "You know why? It's my birthday."

I knew he had never had a pedicure. His answer was a brusque "No" to a woman defendant who asked him, "Have you ever had a pedicure?" She was being sued by a hairdressing salon after stopping payment on a check for services she considered unsatisfactory, among them a pedicure allegedly given by another woman, who was concurrently eating a mango and dripped juice on the defendant's toes.

While Wapner was at college, I knew, he had worked in a shoe store. This came up when the Judge had to decide whether a woman who left some shoes at a repair shop had got back her own pair or a couple of mismatched ones. "I used to sell shoes," Wapner remarked en passant. "We never were allowed to switch sizes,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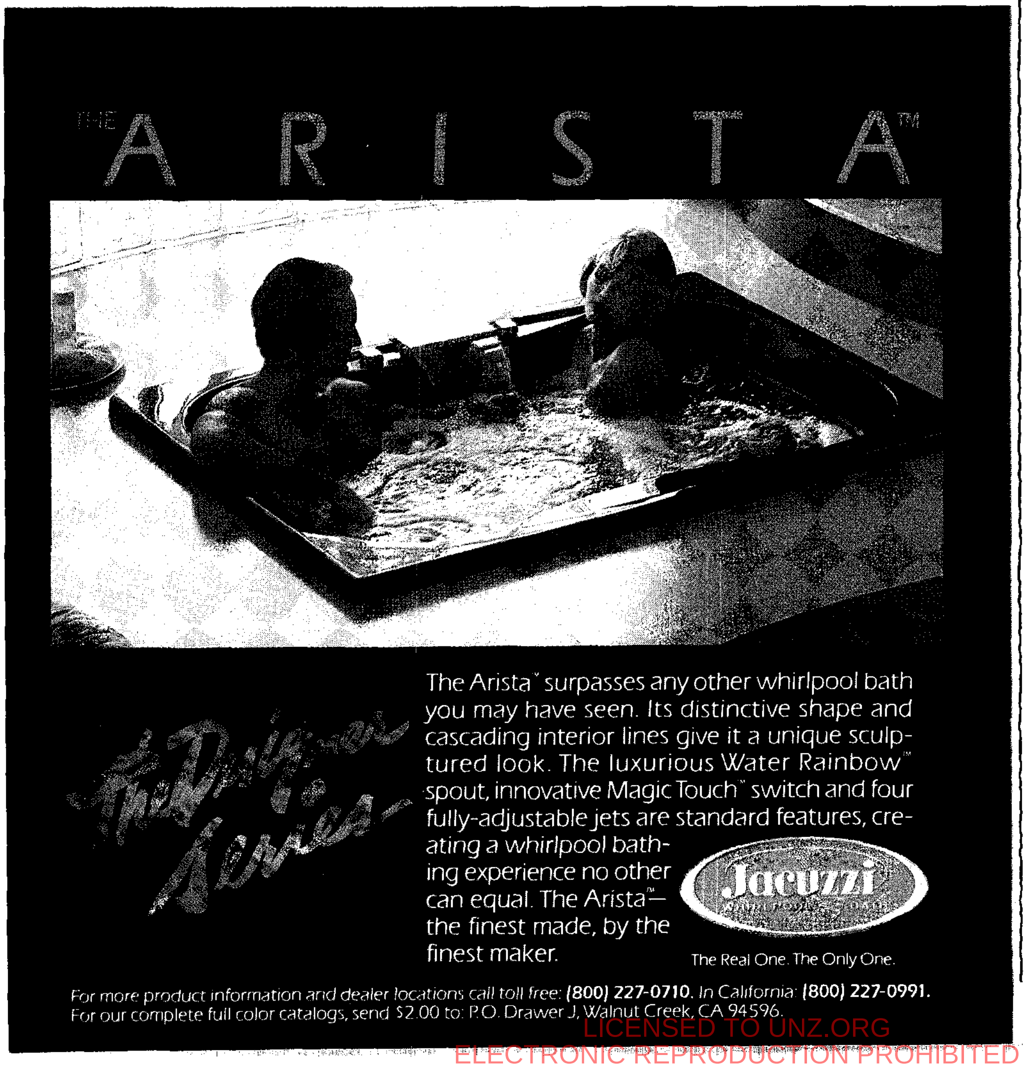
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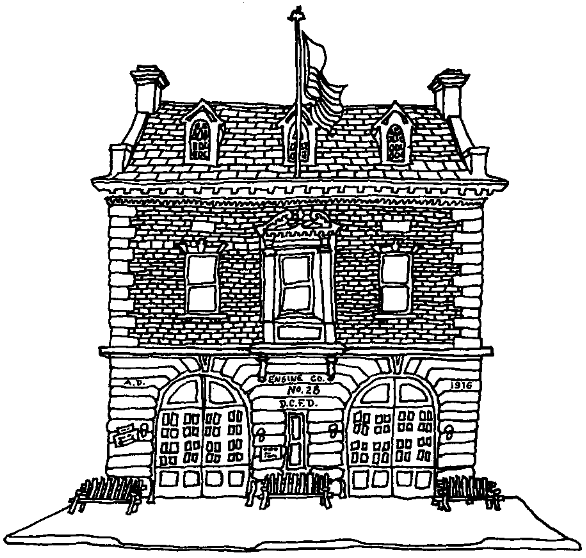
because then you could never sell the second pair."

A man wanted a hundred and thirty-five dollars because a younger man's car had inadvertently backed over his briefcase. Judge Wapner examined the briefcase carefully, said it didn't look to him to be badly damaged, and expressed surprise that the owner hadn't taken it anywhere to be repaired. "I own a leather briefcase," the Judge said, "and I have to have it repaired from time to time." Case dismissed.

I knew that Wapner had at least one hangup. In the briefcase case, His Honor reproached the younger man for having used the words "I go" instead of "I say" or "I said" in his testimony. "My hangup," went the Judge, "is that I just can't stand the newfangled talk."

He started out on the bench as a lowly judge in the Traffic Court subdivision of Municipal Court. This I learned when he was invoking comparative negligence in the case of an old man who had foolishly backed his car into a parking space and damaged a young man's motorcycle that had no business being there. (On "The People's Court," most of the automobiles that are mentioned seem to have been travelling in reverse.) Another time, the Judge confessed to getting angry whenever he was about to back into a parking space himself and somebody nosed in behind him.

"I've never been on a motorcycle and don't intend to get on one," he declared one confessional afternoon. Oh, how much he has disclosed that he has missed! He has never rented a saxophone, for instance, and he cannot read Chinese. "I can't read Chinese," he remarked during a dispute about acupuncture. "I have trouble reading English." That last was the kind of quip that endears him to college students, especially those contemporary legions of them who deem literacy eccentric.



The judge has a telephone-answering machine at home. When a litigant maintained that a plug-in phone didn't work, Wapner retired to his chambers with it and called his wife in Bel Air. She was out, he reported on returning to the bench, but her voice had come through nice and clear.

When Wapner goes to a barbershop and takes his jacket off—so he told a female litigant who was nettled because a coat of hers had allegedly disappeared in a beauty parlor while she was having her hair done—he always prudently transfers his money to a pants pocket.

Either he has a married sister or his wife has a brother. In a contretemps about the value of some eyeglasses that a woman contended had been broken by her boyfriend's son and one of his chums while she was in a motel and they were drinking beer in a camper, the Judge said, "I know because my brother-in-law's an optometrist."

He has a mother. Solomon might not have altogether approved of the strict-constructionist way Wapner settled another dispute over the ownership of a dog. This was a Doberman pinscher that a young woman had given her boyfriend, the plaintiff (the Judge seems at times to be the only person connected with his program who has ever bothered to get married), for Christmas in 1979. While they were away on a holiday in July of 1985, the dog got away from whoever was supposed to be taking care of it back home—there was a bitch in heat nearby—and turned up, somehow without a license tag, at the neighborhood pound. The caretaker neglected to inform anybody that the animal was missing. A man bought it from the pound, for forty dollars and ninety cents, and gave it to a woman friend. The original owner learned where the dog was and wanted it back. The new owner, who had had it for only a few days when the request was made, wouldn't give it up. The Judge decreed that, according to Ordinance 4432 of Ventura County, an unlicensed dog had to be deemed to be abandoned after seventy-two hours, and so he had to award it to the people who had acquired it from the pound. "A very cold attitude," said the plaintiff, who had lived with the dog for five and a half years. "I have to uphold the law," the Judge countered. Did he give no weight to the moral issue? "I believe in moral standards, but the law has to come first," he said. "I can't decide a case on the basis of sympathy." (How bemused the loser might have been if he had been aware that Wapner—who I'm sure would concede, if pressed, that no one is perfect—was fond of referring admiringly to a judge he had known forty-odd years earlier, when as an assistant credit manager for a jewelry store Wapner had the job of hassling people delinquent in their time payments: "Equity was more important to Judge Shontz than following the letter of the law.") Judge Wapner went on to say he was sorry that he had to do what he'd done, and then he brought in his mother. Whenever as a boy he did something she considered wrong, and subsequently told her he was sorry, she would say, " 'Sorry' doesn't help." Wapner's mother, now eighty-six, has told him more than once that she disagrees with a finding of his on "The People's Court." He's sorry about that, too.

He has a daughter. In the case of a caterer who had never been paid for a wedding reception, because the bridegroom allegedly showed up drunk and everything kind of fell apart, the bride—evidently a forgiving sort—testified that she thought her father ought to pay the bill notwithstanding, and the Judge said that when the appropriate time came he hoped he could afford to pay *his* daughter's caterer. When the bride remarked, "Parents are stubborn," Wapner said, "Oh, come on. Parents aren't the only ones who are stubborn. It takes two to tango."

In his first year of law school—the woman made privy to this reminiscence was suing a housecleaning firm for fifteen hundred dollars because some valuables of hers had vanished while one of its operatives was on her premises—he learned, presumably along with other pertinent professional arcana, all about respondeat superior: the liability of even an innocent principal for an employee's tortious acts.

In lecturing some individuals who wanted their money back after buying for a ludicrously low price some airline tickets that had probably been stolen, the Judge rendered a decision of pari delicto—equal fault—and took occasion to reflect on his very first formal "People's Court" adjudication: the case of a woman who wanted her money back after buying three obviously fake "Cartier" watches from a restaurant waitress.

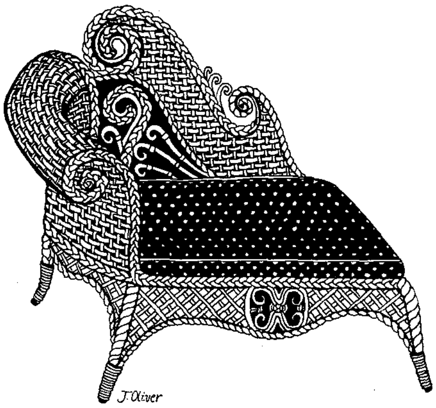
Comparing photographs of a purebred beagle puppy with those of puppies from a litter born to a purebred beagle whose owner was outraged because her bitch had seemingly been impregnated by a neighbor's mongrel terrier, Wapner said that in the old, pre-television days, when he had been involved in paternity suits, first as a lawyer and then as a judge, he always asked to have a child brought into court, so he could look at it at the same time he was looking at the supposed parents. Some observers wondered why, in the case of the Doberman pinscher, His Honor had not, considering that the animal had been brought into court, made some effort to ascertain which of its claimant owners it preferred. The reason may have been, as the Judge explained in another canine proceeding, that he knows his limitations. "I cannot think like a dog," he said. "I don't say that facetiously. I don't know how a dog thinks."

WHILE presiding over "The People's Court," Judge Wapner, who does not have a pet dog of his own, has had to spend almost as much time as a postman thinking about dogs, for dogs appear to make their owners especially litigious. Watching "The People's Court" over an extended period of time is like drifting in and out of an all-breed show. The Judge awarded fifteen hundred dollars—the maximum at his discretion—to a chap whose dancing poodle couldn't perform properly, because it had been bitten by a St. Bernard. (This had so enraged the poodle's owner that he, in turn, bit the St. Bernard, but it had suffered no lingering damage.) Wapner gave short shrift to a woman who when her pregnant cocker spaniel fell prey to flea anemia consulted a pet shop instead of a vet; he was unswayed by the woman's plaintive "We didn't see any fleas on *us*."

The Judge also has to cope with a lot of altercations involving birds. Sometimes he has to deal with birds and dogs together. When in the querulous world by which he is so often confronted a man with a pet macaw rents a room from a landlord with a bullterrier, one can anticipate the worst. In this instance, although the bird was unarguably found dead in the dog's mouth the Judge was ruefully unable to award the macaw man any damages, because generally there can be no violation of a leash law on private property. When a man's dog killed fifteen pheasants on a neighbor's premises, on the other hand, though the birds' owner was asking for only six hundred dollars the Judge gave him the maximum of fifteen hundred as compensation for what he described, with Wapnerian thunder, as "this dastardly deed." There are usually two cases per half hour on "The People's Court." In June of 1985, there was one memorable bird-and-dog day. A single pet-shop owner was a participant in both segments, first as the plaintiff (he had obtained and trained a cockatoo for some customers who now didn't want it and had also stopped payment on a deposit check) and then as the defendant (a customer maintained that a Lhasa apso the man had sold him was woefully defective: one bad eye, one undescended testicle, stone deaf). The poor fellow lost both cases.

Dry cleaners also figure consequentially in the small dramas that are unfolded before Judge Wapner's unflinching gaze. True-blue "People's Court" fanciers could hardly believe their good fortune when, this past October, a case was presented for their delectation which had to do with the handling, or mishandling, by a dry cleaner of some draperies that had been torn by a Labrador retriever. On the whole, the Judge would rather come to grips with cases of that ilk than with some of the family spats he is called upon to adjudicate. Fathers and sons, mothers and daughters—he sometimes has to shake his head in consternation at what goes on among them. Here are a brother and a sister-in-law suing and countersuing about the sale or repossession of a used car with, according to which side you believe, either a hundred and eleven thousand or a hundred and seventy-two thousand miles on it. ("I wouldn't expect you both to have the same story," the Judge said sagely on another occasion. "Otherwise, you wouldn't be here.") In this instance, after patiently hearing out both disputants, he said, "This is like trying to unscramble scrambled eggs. . . . It shocks me, and it shouldn't, because I've been around long enough to know it happens with relatives." And here are a father and son all but literally at swords' points over a kitchen fan the son installed in an apartment he'd been renting from the father until the father threw him out. After listening to the two of them for a few minutes, Wapner said that he didn't want to hear any more about the facts of the case—that to his way of thinking human relationships were more important than money, and would the two of them, along with their wives, please join him in chambers? (His "chambers" consist of a dressing room backstage.) Returning to the bench in due course, the Judge told his studio audience that he had reminded the disputants of the Ten Commandments and of how "Honor thy father" should be observed in reverse, too; and that he was happy to be able to report that while he wasn't a psychiatrist or a psychologist he had at least persuaded the two men to shake hands.

The Judge, whose only grandchild at the time was a seventeen-month-old boy, was no less pleased at bringing about the apparent start of a reconciliation between a seventeen-year-old girl and her grandmother. They had stopped speaking because of a hope chest. Apparently, the grandmother had promised it to the girl and then reneged. The girl's stepgrandfather was in court, too, and volunteered that the dispute "can't be settled, Your Honor," whereupon the Judge, who has said "I believe in settlements; it's the thing I care about most," retorted crisply, "I didn't ask you, sir." Wapner—who when he was a judge with real chambers once had a Chinese acquaintance procure a batch of fortune cookies containing the legend "Lean settlement better than fat lawsuit" for him to distribute to litigants—escorted the two estranged women out of camera range, and soon, as he



eventually related the touching incident to me, "they were crying and embracing, and I told them, 'Now you two go out and have lunch together once a week.' " He added, "It makes one feel great to be part of something like that."

ALL the cases heard on "The People's Court" are given titles, and cuteness is the general rule. There was "The Case of the Lady and the Tramp," for instance, to identify the impregnation of a high-class dog by a mutt; and, for yet another contretemps involving pets, "The Case of the Munched-On Mailman." Sometimes the cuteness verges on crudeness: "The Case of Take This Sofa and Stuff It," for an upholstery conflict, and its getting-in-a-rut sequel "The Case of Take This Letter and Stuff It," for the woes of a work-at-home envelope-stuffer. Almost since the outset, the heavy burden of having to enunciate these absurdities has fallen on one of Judge Wapner's two most visible henchmen—his announcer, Doug Llewelyn. A onetime bona-fide newscaster, Llewelyn now has a bouffant light-brown hairdo of such epic proportions that professional stylists on the program—those, for example, in "The Case of the Battling Beauticians"—have gasped at the sight of him. Time permitting, it is Llewelyn's job also to let litigants—once the Judge has made a determination—bounce off him their exultation or despair. One battling beautician who lost startled Llewelyn by saying she didn't really care, because she had found the Judge's deportment so entertaining.

Judge Wapner tapes a whole week's worth of programs in one day, so Llewelyn, like the Judge himself, has most of every week to go about his own business, which in his case entails gallivanting around the globe producing short movies, for promotional use on television, about the production of full-length movies. The same extracurricular hours apply to the third member of the redoubtable triumvirate of "The People's Court"—Rusty Burrell, who plays the role of a bailiff and was a real-life bailiff until his retirement, in 1981, from the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department. Burrell, who was christened Roy Justus sixty years ago but, in Hollywood fashion, prefers nomenclatural informality, wears a uniform, packs a gun (he has yet to draw it on camera), and is a figure of such commanding probity that Wapner can say to a litigant as he puts some valuable jewelry in Burrell's custody while its ownership remains moot "Do you trust him?" and everybody will realize at once that the Judge is joshing. A Tampa, Florida, talk show once proposed Wapner and Burrell, perhaps kiddingly, for President and Vice-President of the United States—a law-and-order ticket, naturally—but the Judge, who is a Democrat, begged off, saying, "I can't ride a horse, I've never been a movie star, my wife and I don't eat off paper plates, and I don't dye my hair. . . . It wouldn't be so bad to run, but I wouldn't want to be elected."

Burrell administers the oath to litigants before Wapner hears their testimony, and it is the bailiff's function also to fetch and carry: to transport from the contestants' perches to the bench various objects—torn wedding gowns, stained draperies, small animals—that His Honor desires to scrutinize close up. Burrell had to have his uniform dry-cleaned—without any trouble—after handling a cat that, despite a photographer's instructions to have it dyed blue, had come out pink. The versatile bailiff estimates the weight of cats and dogs, whenever Wapner deems such intelligence pertinent, by comparing their heft with what his own granddaughter most recently tipped the scales at. Now and then, Burrell drops something. Once, he dropped a small wall clock on the Judge's bench. The clock wasn't badly damaged—"The People's Court" paid a hundred and fifty dollars to have it fixed—but Burrell had simultaneously dropped his own eyeglasses and, in the general tumult, stepped on them. Months later, confronted with "The Case of How to Kill Time" (a mother was suing a jeweller for allegedly ruining her son's wristwatch), Wapner lost hold of the watch while examining it. "Careful, Judge," he said to himself and twenty million auditors. "You'll have to replace a watch." He followed that up with a joke that must have been incomprehensible to people who tune in only occasionally. "Fortunately, I didn't drop it," he went on while a camera zoomed in on an embarrassed Burrell, "like some people used to drop objects like this before."

The Judge believes that twitting his bailiff is one useful way of livening up proceedings that, given the nature of the program, can become fairly grim. Burrell is an athlete—onetime minor-league baseball player, crack bowler, low-handicap golfer. Hearing a dis-

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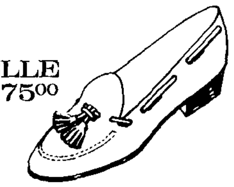

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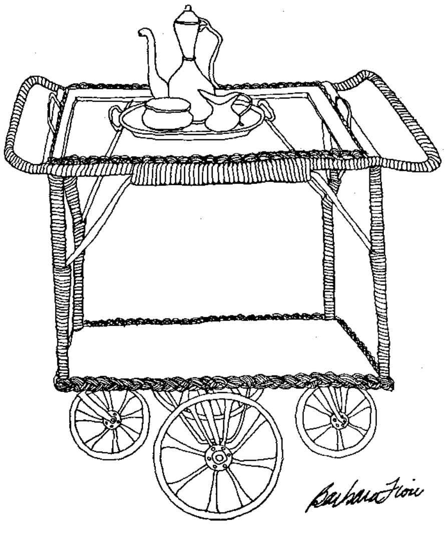
pute about a dent that an errant golf shot produced in the roof of a car, which gave the defendant a chance to utter one of the most remarkable apologias ever heard on television—"She drove her car into my golf ball"—Wapner seized his chance to refer in an aside to "an Arnold Palmer or Jack Nicklaus or Rusty Burrell." That may have confused a lot of people, in and out of the studio, but did elicit a loud, tension-easing guffaw from the flattered bailiff himself.

The County of Los Angeles accommodatingly lets its sheriffs engage in non-law-and-order duties twenty-four hours a week. Burrell, who has had a Screen Actors Guild card since 1957, appeared with Jimmy Stewart in the movie "Take Her, She's Mine" and with Glenn Ford in "Fate Is the Hunter," and has been on about fifty episodes of the soap opera "General Hospital." For some time during the nineteen-fifties, moreover, he played the role of bailiff on a syndicated TV show, "Divorce Court," which, partly owing to the popularity of "The People's Court," has recently been revived. "Divorce Court" had actors portraying the parts of contentious husbands and wives, but the disputants were represented by authentic lawyers. It was one of Burrell's jobs to recruit them. Among some he called on nearly half a dozen times was Judge Wapner's father, Joseph M. Wapner, who turned eighty-eight in January and retired five years ago from the practice of law after sixty-three years. Wapner *père* watches "The People's Court" faithfully, and when the program first went on the air he was able to save Wapner *fils* some embarrassment by pointing out that his set designer had been guilty of a breach of courtroom etiquette: he had put the California state flag at the Judge's right and the Stars and Stripes at his left, instead of the other way around. "That was cute," the Judge told me one day, using a word much favored in his current courtroom. The younger Wapner says he rarely looks at his show. "I don't want to second-guess myself," he told me. "Also, I'd probably be a little embarrassed. I can't altogether get used to the idea of being watched by so many millions of people. I can't quite believe what I'm doing, even though I'm happy doing it."

BORN in Los Angeles in 1919 to an upper-middle-class Jewish family, Wapner had a happy upbringing, a highlight of which, as his public-relations people sometimes tell the tale, was dating Lana Turner. Well, after a fashion. He has confided the unadorned truth to me, up to a point and not under oath. When he was a senior at Hollywood High, hanging around the school library on a Friday afternoon with a pal, "the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen walked in," he said. "I told my friend I'd love to meet her. He was bolder than I was. He walked over to her and said, 'I don't know your name, but that's Joe Wapner over there and he'd like to meet you.' She said, 'My name is Judy Turner'—that was her name then—and that was that. The following Monday, I saw Judy again, at school, surrounded by half a dozen boys. I waved, not really thinking she'd remember me, and, to my astonishment, she left them and walked over. I blurted out an invitation to have a Coke, and she consented, and when we got to this drugstore and sat down, it turned out I had no money, and she had to pay. The following Saturday, we double-dated at a dance. That was the beginning, middle, and end of our acquaintance. She dropped me."

Wapner may not be an actor nowadays (the quirks of the medium he performs in nevertheless require him to remain a member in good standing of the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists), but while he was in high school he hoped to become one, and, to that end, wanted to go on to Los Angeles City College, which offered a drama course that sounded inviting. His father talked him out of that and into the University of Southern California, where he majored in philosophy. (He has been a loyal Trojan booster ever since. So has Rusty Burrell, who, though he never went to U.S.C. or any other college, is partial to pious assertions like "The Judge is a Trojan, and God is a Trojan.") Wapner planned to go on, as his father further wished, to law school, but on graduating, in 1941, when he was twenty-one, he felt he was too immature, so he spent a thirty-five-dollar-a-week year working for the jeweller. The following June, after being turned down by the Navy for below-par vision, he passed muster with the Army. He went through Officer Candidate School, was commissioned in January of 1943, and, a year later, ended up at Bougainville, as a first lieutenant commanding a platoon in the Americal Division, the only infantry division to go to the end of the war with a name (America and New Caledonia) instead of a number. Lieutenants leading infantry platoons in combat have short life expectancies. Wapner saw action not only at Bougainville but also at Leyte and Cebu, in the Philippines. He was lucky to be wounded only in the back and the foot. (He needs arch supports in his tennis shoes.) Along with the Purple Heart that he routinely received for being hit, he was decorated with a Bronze Star for risking his life to drag a wounded comrade out of machine-gun fire.



Back home in 1945, Wapner enrolled in the U.S.C. law school, and got married, to Mickey Nebenzahl, who had a degree in journalism from the University of Texas, and who until she retired, in 1983, was assistant to the dean of the School of Architecture and Urban Planning at U.C.L.A. They have three children, all now grown up: Sarah, who works at a child-care center, and David and Frederick, both lawyers. Their father graduated from law school in 1948 and was admitted to the bar the following January. His father had already had "Wapner & Wapner" letterheads printed up. The younger Joseph practiced with the older for three years and then went off on his own, at first entirely alone and then with a partner. Like so many other attorneys, he dabbled in politics, and was active in Edmund G. Brown's successful gubernatorial campaign in 1958. The following October, Governor Brown rewarded him with an appointment to the Municipal Court, which embraced small-claims and traffic cases and the like. These relatively petty matters went through the mill of justice so fast that Wapner could sometimes dispose of thirty or

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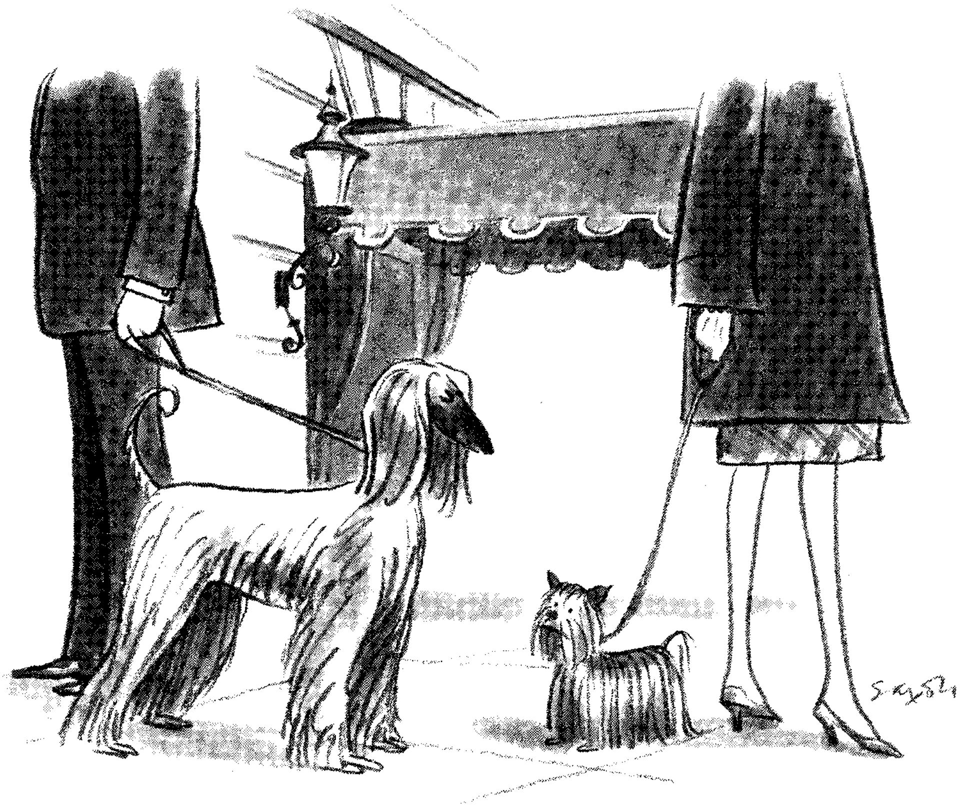

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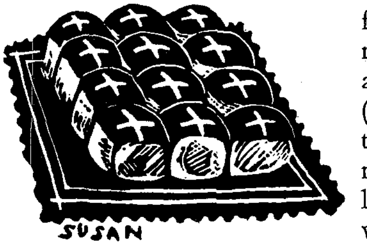
forty a day—and had to, in order to keep his calendar from becoming hopelessly jammed. Even so, he exhibited diligence that won him jurisprudential approbation. For instance, when a man accused of speeding insisted that his ancient Cadillac simply couldn't go as fast as the arresting cop said it had gone, Judge Wapner adjourned court and took the car out for a spin himself. He found the defendant not guilty.

In 1961, Governor Brown promoted Wapner to California's Superior Court, where he handled both civil and criminal cases. (Brown's birthday falls in April, and sometime that month, year after year, the judges he named to the bench at all levels invite him to dinner—most recently last spring, when their patron turned eighty—to reiterate their thanks and pay their respects.) In 1979, Wapner became presiding judge of the Superior Court, and, as such, had jurisdiction over two hundred courtrooms with an annual operating budget of thirty million dollars. He has a tendency toward testiness, as "People's Court" litigants have learned. ("I'm not through, Your Honor." "You may not be, but I am." And "I wasn't aware of that, Your Honor." "Well, now you are.") Jeff MacNelly's syndicated comic strip "Shoe" not long ago featured a fictional dialogue that went: "I wonder what's on the tube tonight." "Let's see . . . ' "People's Courtroom": Judge Wopper gets testy, and a jaywalker gets the chair.' " Twice in eighteen years on the higher bench, Wapner felt compelled to sentence convicted malefactors to death. Each time, not altogether to his dissatisfaction, he was overruled on appeal.



Quite aware himself of the shortness of his temper, Wapner used to keep before him, while sitting in judgment, a notepad with "Patience and Restraint" written in large letters at the head of it. The Judge retired from the state court system when he turned sixty, in 1979, by which time he no longer felt the need of a visible reminder to hold himself in check. He now receives a pension amounting to seventy-five per cent of the annual salary of a Superior Court sitting judge—currently seventy-seven thousand dollars. He also gets a Veterans Administration pension. He devotes much of his time these days, when he is not on "The People's Court" or a tennis court, to arbitration proceedings, for which his standard rate of payment is two hundred and fifty dollars an hour. In the midst of arbitrating some divorce proceedings in which a Fabergé Easter egg was among the splitting couple's indivisible joint assets, Wapner took a deep breath and turned down a million-dollar offer from Malcolm Forbes for the czarist bauble. His patience and restraint were rewarded when, at a Sotheby's auction subsequently set in motion by the arbitrator, Forbes' successful bid for the egg came to a million seven hundred and sixty thousand. (Wapner has the reputation of being able to mediate acrimonious large-scale divorces without getting either infuriated party mad at him. Thus, not long after he handled the breakup of a Jack Kent Cooke marriage, whose settlement terms were astronomical, Judge Wapner thought it cute that the husband invited him to a party for Cooke's Washington Redskins and the wife asked him to officiate at her remarriage.) The Judge will not divulge what he receives for appearing on "The People's Court," but few people would choose to argue that he is not one of the highest-paid functioning dispensers of justice (Warren Burger's stipend is a mere hundred and eight thousand dollars a year) in the United States today. "I gotta tell ya, the Judge ain't hurtin'," Ralph Edwards once said to me.

AT seventy-two, Ralph Edwards, who predates television, may, thanks in no small part to "The People's Court," be more financially secure than the most ridiculously compensated contestant on "Beat the Clock" or "Wheel of Fortune." Since Edwards' "Truth or Consequences" was launched, via radio, in 1940, he has been involved in many other programs. Some, like "Who in the World," "Place the Face," and "So You Think You Got Troubles," have been mercifully consigned to oblivion. Still, Edwards remains ever on the prowl for yet another television show of the sort that, because it can go on all through the week, like a comic strip, is vulgarly called a strip show. Around 1975, he began looking for someone to work on a new game show, and he recruited Stu Billett, who had labored for such TV institutions as "Let's Make a Deal," "Who Do You Trust?," and "The $64,000 Question." Billett, who had a degree in communications from New York University, had worked in TV production on the East Coast for a while and then, in 1970, migrated west. In 1977, fresh from a stint developing shows for Monty Hall, he formed his own television-production company. Soon he negotiated an alliance with Edwards, who thought he was getting a collaborator who would devote full time to game shows. "I just left Stu there to come up with game shows," Edwards has told me. "But I found out that he liked people shows just as much as I did."

In 1976, the California Judicial Council had authorized the placement of television cameras in the state's courts. Billett received a call from John Masterson, an idea man who was the brains behind "Bride and Groom," in the sentimental course of which legitimate weddings were held on camera. Masterson speculated that quite a few of the televised cases could be the basis of high drama. Billett visited a couple of tribunals but was disappointed. "Anything with a real, live lawyer in it has got to be dull," he says he concluded. "We were all spoiled by Perry Mason." But then the producers turned their attention to small-claims court. Litigants there were not allowed to have lawyers. That looked promising right off. "To me, it was like Solomon in the days of the Bible, with everybody yelling at everybody else," Billett says. "I found myself taking sides."

By 1977, Masterson was more or less relegated to the sidelines—with profuse thanks—and Billett and Edwards began tinkering with a program built around a law professor cast as a judge. By 1980, a pilot program of still another version was in the works. NBC showed a flicker of interest, but the spark went out. Ralph Edwards, the canny old pro, was the first to articulate what everyone sensed was wrong. A courtroom show, Edwards said, needed a real judge—an honest-to-goodness, still-warm-from-the-bench judge.

While mulling that over, Edwards repaired to a meeting he attended every few weeks with some fellow elder statesmen. On hand that afternoon was Christian Markey, a sitting Superior Court judge. When Edwards issued an informal casting call, Judge Markey said he had just the person for him—a confrere of his named Wapner, who was a tennis partner and, best of all, a judge who looked like a judge. (“*Look* at him,” Stu Billett will say proudly of Wapner, in the tone of an auctioneer at a horse sale. “Isn’t he just perfect? Look at those eyebrows. Look at that hair. You couldn’t ask for anything better.”) Meanwhile, Billett had discussed potentially available judges with Rusty Burrell, whom the producer knew through the Screen Actors Guild, and Burrell had given Wapner high marks. (Later, Wapner reciprocally persuaded Billett and Edwards to hire Burrell.) “Judge Wapner turned out to be even better than what I wanted,” Billett has told me. “Most of the judges we auditioned asked what we expected them to do. I told them just to forget the cameras and to judge, but they were always conscious of being watched. When Joe walked in the door, I thought I was looking at Tyrone Power, and I said to myself, ‘My God, I hope he’s good.’ He’d come with such aplomb and such credentials, and Ralph and I—what were we, after all, but a couple of game-show producers—were almost afraid. I told Joe he should think of the show as a chance to educate the public, and then we auditioned him with a real plaintiff, a little guy in a porkpie hat who’d lent his car to a girl, and a real defendant, an ex-49er football player, six and a half feet tall, who’d trashed the little guy’s car. Things started to get out of hand, and there was some reference to a razor, and then Joe—the judge—was on top of them, taking charge of everything with his commanding voice. I knew we had our man, if he’d have us.”

By now, there are several versions of the epic audition story. In some, the razor is a carving knife. In nearly every retelling, the football player gets bigger; Wapner puts him at six-nine. One of the co-producers of “The People’s Court,” who attend to day-in-and-day-out details for Billett and Edwards, is John Rhinehart, a survivor of “Dough Re Mi,” “Who, What, or Where,” and “Jeopardy.” On the floor of Rhinehart’s office is a rock that he says was catapulted by the big guy through the window of the little guy’s car when it was trashed. In any event, before Judge Wapner would hire himself out he made sure there would be no demurrers from either the California Bar Association or the California Judges Association. There being none, he took the job when it was formally offered, and only a handful of his fellow-judges and lawyers have since taken him to task for it, just about his severest critic being a Ventura, California, lawyer who has been quoted as saying, “A veteran judge should have sufficient sense not to peddle a portrait of street bickering as a paradigm of how courts operate. ‘People’s Court’ embarrasses me every night.” He could, of course, switch off his set.

A pilot program starring Wapner was duly unveiled in March of 1981 before the National Association of Television Program Executives, a selective body as influential in its sphere as the judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club are in publishing. The on-air proceedings were introduced by Stephanie Edwards, who had an irreproachable but ordinary coiffure; she was supplanted after that one performance by Doug Llewelyn. The pièce de résistance was “The Case of the Cartier Knockoffs,” involving the woman who bought the watches she should have realized were fakes. Judge Wapner ruled against her on grounds of both pari delicto and caveat emptor, which convincingly showed his erudition, and he told the loser, “I’m a real, live judge and I won’t hurt you,” which showed him to be both human and humane. *Variety* liked what it saw and heard (“A rare combination of information and entertainment which works smoothly”), but the verdict was by no means unanimously favorable. Howard Rosenberg, the home-town critic at the Los Angeles *Times*, wrote that Wapner had “snappy wit,” but declared that he couldn’t abide the show’s background music, describing it as “upbeat whomp-whomp.” *Newsweek* was put in mind, rather, of “thumpa-thump.” Stu Billett, finding that sort of controversy congenial, chipped in with his own interpretation—“brrrump brrrump.” John J. O’Connor reported dyspeptically in the New York *Times*, when he got around to the new show, “ ‘People’s Court’ could technically run forever. However, like the judge, I think I’ve already heard enough.” (The outfit that distributes the program, Telepictures, forthwith took a self-congratulatory ad in *Variety* that brazenly proclaimed, “The verdict is in. ‘ “People’s Court” could technically run forever.’—John J. O’Connor, the New York *Times*.”) By the March, 1982, get-together of the Television Program Executives, in Las Vegas, the assertion of Ralph Edwards that his show had “the sweet smell of success” seemed to have been borne out. Among the new shows up for grabs were “Family Court,” “Police Court,” and “Custody Court.”

PROCEDURES for disposing of small claims vary considerably from one state to another. The fifteen-hundred-dollar maximum that now obtains for settlements in California is about average for the nation—the same as the maximum in North Dakota, Oklahoma, Florida, Delaware, and New York, among other states. Arkansas imposes a modest limit of three hundred dollars; Tennessee’s is ten thousand. Some states permit lawyers to appear for both sides, others solely for defendants. California proscribes lawyers altogether. “The People’s Court” goes by California rules. Judge Wapner differs from his compeers presiding over bona-fide small-claims courts there, though, in that he has no court clerk and no contempt-of-court or subpoena powers.

A complaint filed in California small-claims court is a matter of public record. There are dozens of such courts in the Los Angeles area alone, and every day three “People’s Court” researchers roam among them, scrutinizing the most recent filings—often a thousand of these a day. The researchers take notes on complaints that might be good grist for the television mill—perhaps a hundred a day—and deliver their findings to the Hollywood offices shared by Ralph Edwards Productions and Stu Billett Productions, two high-sounding enterprises with but a single receptionist. Next, six other researchers get on the phone and ask plaintiffs and defendants if they would be interested in having Judge Wapner hear their cases. (Nobody gets on the show by applying to it.) "We have to make an awful lot of calls before we find people with a spark of life," one researcher says. Sometimes an inquiry is made by letter, in which the recipient is warned that the program would be interested in pursuing the business at hand further only "if there is a STRONG DISAGREEMENT between you and the person you're suing."

Should both parties pass muster and also express interest, they are invited to stop by the executive producers' offices—separately—for interviews. These are usually presided over by Rhinehart and his co-producer, Tony Garofalo, who is a veteran of, among other electronic adventures, "Madame's Place," "Too Close for Comfort," "Dance Fever," and nineteen years with Merv Griffin. The researchers are by now fairly thick-skinned, not to say hardboiled, about the individuals whose travails they hear about for hour after hour, but now and then they waver. "As callous as I've become after all these cases, this one really gets to me," one researcher wrote in a note to Rhinehart and Garofalo after a long phone conversation with a sixty-five-year-old man whose ten dogs, with whom he lived in a station wagon, had been accused of chicken slaughter. The production staff looks into twenty-five cases a week—fifty interviews—to come up with ten it wants to tape. Once an appearance is arranged, both parties sign arbitration agreements, and jurisdiction is conveyed to "The People's Court."

A big difference, of course, between "The People's Court" and ordinary small-claims courts is one that is explained onscreen toward the end of each program:

> Both the plaintiff and the defendant have been paid from a fund for their appearance. The amount, if any, awarded in the case is deducted from that fund, and the remainder is divided equally between both litigants. The amount of the fund is dependent upon the size of the judgment.

The telltale words remain on view so briefly that they are hard to follow, let alone comprehend. In any event, there is no "fund." The system works like this: The plaintiff and the defendant get a minimum of twenty-five dollars apiece merely for showing up. (If they don't appear, their case is remanded to the court it came from.) There is a theoretical fund of five hundred dollars. If there is a judgment for the plaintiff of four hundred and fifty dollars, he gets that sum plus the original twenty-five; the defendant gets twenty-five dollars. So far so good. When it comes to awards of less than four hundred and fifty dollars, the plaintiff can get whatever Judge Wapner decrees plus half of what's left of the basic five hundred; the loser gets the other half. Thus, in the event of a judgment of a hundred and twelve dollars the winner gets three hundred and six all told and the loser a hundred and ninety-four. But wait! Because California law permits a fifteen-hundred-dollar award, the winner gets fifteen hundred and twenty-five and the loser twenty-five if the Judge goes for the maximum. Some longtime fans of the program regard this system not only as puzzling but also as absurd. Why should people try so hard to prevail, they argue, when there are in fact no actual losers? What about the woman suing for ninety-two dollars and sixty cents who was furious about a gold bracelet charm that she didn't believe was worth the eighty dollars she'd entrusted to a friend to buy it for her during a Greek-islands cruise? Why, when Wapner awarded the plaintiff absolutely nothing, zero, zilch, should she notwithstanding end up with two hundred and fifty dollars, with which she could naturally march right out and buy herself a far dearer token than the one she griped about at the outset?

The Judge and his associates take issue with spoilsports who bring up such pesky details. " 'The People's Court' has sensitized me to the fact that the amount of money involved in a dispute often bears no relationship to the importance of the case," Wapner has stated, off bench. "It's the principle involved, not the monetary gain or size." Moreover, as all the people involved in putting on the program take pains to point out, in a real small-claims case it may be weeks or months before a judgment is settled, and the winner may have to appeal to a collection agency in order to get his just deserts. "The People's Court" doesn't want to have to be responsible for seeing that His Honor's instructions are carried out, so it carries them out on its own. Even so, observers who apprehend the complexities of the payoffs sometimes find Wapner's attitude toward money close to frolicsome. Instead of routinely awarding five hundred dollars to a manicurist who was suing for that amount because she'd been locked out of a shop where she had a booth, the Judge, upon ascertaining that she'd had a chance to use fifty of a thousand business cards she'd had printed up which put her at the no longer applicable address, deducted—knowing full well that her adversary wasn't going to be paying out anything—a dollar and eighty cents, representing one-twentieth of the thirty-six dollars she'd spent on the cards, and awarded her merely four hundred and ninety-eight dollars and twenty cents. Since the winner's split was above the four-hundred-and-fifty-dollar level, the loser didn't get the extra ninety cents. The tiniest sum that Judge Wapner has ever disbursed—perhaps a record for any court anywhere—was seventy-five cents. That was conferred on a man who bought a flat can of beer from a grocer. The grocer had declined either to replace it or to give a refund. "I hate to see a lawsuit over seventy-five cents," Wapner intoned, pointing out that the plaintiff had already spent twenty dollars on his case—six to file an action in a court of small claims and fourteen to have the appropriate papers served on the defendant. What the Judge didn't bother to point out, or even hint at, was that, in keeping with the pattern of payments peculiar to "The People's Court," the irate beer buyer ended up with two hundred and fifty dollars and thirty-eight cents and the stubborn seller with two hundred and forty-nine dollars and sixty-two cents—enough to keep them both in suds for quite some time.

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Like many another television staple, "The People's Court" doesn't put on a fresh show every time. For thirteen summer weeks, it offers reruns. Thirty-nine times a year, unless a holiday falls on a Wednesday, the Judge and his courtiers assemble at the Hollywood studios of the Metromedia station KTTV at nine o'clock on a Wednesday morning, and there, in a simulated courtroom, they tape enough cases for five shows. That usually comes to ten cases—half taped in the morning, half after a catered lunch—but Wapner does not find this routine especially burdensome. The comparatively relaxed tempo of justice in "The People's Court," in contrast to ordinary small-claims courts, gives its dispenser, he likes to emphasize, a chance to annotate his decisions—an opportunity rarely afforded judges who are more severely pressed for time. Being able thus to indulge himself makes Wapner feel agreeably tutorial. He believes that people who watch his show and later get involved in litigation arrive in *their* courtrooms better prepared than they might otherwise be. (Explanations can backfire. Wapner once issued a pronouncement to the effect that a victim of undue noise can, if appeals to the police or others get nowhere, take reasonable means of retaliation against the perpetrator. A California man whose sleep was being sorely interrupted listened thoughtfully to that counsel and warned a woman neighbor that if she didn't hush up her barking dogs he'd break her window. She ignored him, he carried out his threat, and she had him arrested.) Wapner likes to lard his pronouncements with Latin ornaments like "res judicata" and "De minimis non curat lex," and with English ones like "Preponderance of evidence has more force in law than the greater probability of truth." He has such a passion for amplifying things in classical style that once in a conversation with me he used "pro tem" and then paused long enough to explain what that meant.

The producers of "The People's Court" have only twenty-one minutes and twenty seconds of each half hour's airtime to allocate to justice. Eight minutes and forty seconds have to be reserved for openings, closings, station breaks, previews, and commercials—these last for, among a myriad sponsors, Roy Rogers Restaurants, 9-Lives Cat Food, K mart wallpaper, and, every so often, though the Judge's television associates hope he is unaware of it, law firms trying to drum up new business. Now and then, Wapner can dispose of a case quickly—can, indeed, hand down a decision without leaving his bench. He did so in the matter of a man who was suing a friend—or, at any rate, an acquaintance—for punching him in the face, blindsided, after merely being called a bad name. (The offending word was passed to Wapner on a slip of paper.) "Judgment for fifteen hundred dollars," His Honor snapped. "And I'm sorry it can't be more." When proceedings thus move apace, the program can be padded out by Doug Llewelyn, who will engage in protracted colloquies with disputants as they leave the courtroom. On the shooting Wednesdays, the adversaries wait their turn to go before the cameras on opposite sides of a ten-foot-high backstage partition. Thence Rhinehart, the co-producer, customarily escorts them, separately, to the off-stage side of a swinging courtroom door. He wishes both parties to the litigation a successful outcome. "I say 'Good luck' to everybody," Rhinehart told me one Wednesday. "It's fortunate I'm not the judge, because I believe everybody. This is a perfect job for me." The entire "People's Court" staff—nineteen full-time employees, a modest crew for so full-rigged a ship—usually assembles on the scene. Ralph Edwards takes steps to clear his calendar of other commitments on Wednesdays so he can be on hand if he is needed—or else just to bask. Edwards is fond of likening himself at such times to a skilled mechanic listening for engine knocks. "It's running smoothly," he confided to me one day while we both had an ear cocked. "It's a well-honed, lovely little show, one that should be treated with a worshipful air."

Many television programs that seek to cajole applause from their studio audiences go to some lengths to warm them up in advance. "The People's Court" prefers decorum to devotion. "We do cooldowns instead of warm-ups," Stu Billett says. "And whenever we can we edit out laughter." An advertising agency analyzing audiences under the rubric of "psychographics" has concluded that the average "People's Court" addict is a blue-collar man who attends church regularly, has breakfast at fast-food joints, and is a devotee of—my God! my brother-in-law!—"The Love Boat." Not long ago, Stu Billett heard that among other faithful viewers were some Los Angeles County high-school civics classes. Billett thought it

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might be diverting for them to watch the program live. When he learned, further, that the school districts involved didn't have transportation funds available for that laudable educational purpose, he said that the program would furnish buses, and it has been doing that for more than a year, without materially skewing the overall psychographic picture. What seems to disappoint many of the youngsters visiting Judge Wapner's make-believe courtroom, once they have learned not to be frightened of the huge arms of the law encased in Rusty Burrell's uniform sleeves, is that His Honor hasn't the authority to send anybody to jail.

Judge Wapner doesn't have an extensive law library back in the dressing room that serves him for chambers. He doesn't need one. Most of the references and citations apposite to the cases slated to come before him on any given Wednesday have previously been searched for and served up to him by Harvey Levin, a legal reporter for NBC News in Los Angeles and a former professor of law at Whittier College. Levin is always present himself on Wednesdays, hunched over an off-camera table alongside the producers. His big moments come when a case is running short and there is time for a few impromptu legalistic comments besides those of the Judge himself. Then the professor gets his reward: a chance to rise to his feet and stand tall on camera and ad-lib knowledgeable profundities. When Levin indulges in such a cameo (a brief lecture on, say, dismissal without prejudice, or legitimate dry-cleaning-pickup procedures), his colleagues refer to him as "doing a Harvey." A onetime newspaper columnist, Levin is the author of a recently published book, "The People's Court: How to Tell It to the Judge," in which he has been given free rein by the copyright-holders (Edwards and Billett) to indulge in such cute pedagogy as "Unfortunately for the gardener, ignorance of the lawn is no excuse."

Although Judge Wapner is not obliged to do intensive legal research while he makes up his mind off camera, every now and then he does leave the premises—to scrutinize scratches on an automobile's fender paint, for instance, or, still inside, to make inquiring telephone calls ("How much is first-class fare to Zurich, anyway?"), or to check suspect testimony by trying to do what some litigants say they have done. Should it really take eighteen hours to stuff a thousand envelopes? The Judge stuffed enough to convince himself that it shouldn't. And a young gentleman's sunglasses that a peeved young lady threw out of a window and that were stepped on while they were lying on the ground—were they simply dirty or also scratched? The Judge washed them himself to find out.

Sometimes conflicts turn out to be so long-standing or the people involved in them so long-winded—the case of a father-in-law and his son-in-law and their once jointly owned automobile, for example, or that of a man and a van and a baseball bat, or that of a Korean dry cleaner and a woman and a blouse—that their unfolding simply can't be trimmed to an acceptable maximum. The formidable task of editing proceedings falls on the surprisingly unstooped shoulders of Richard Gottlieb, a Pennsylvanian by birth, who has been in California gamely piecing shows together for Ralph Edwards since 1949, and who preserves as much of his sanity as he can by living in Santa Fe, New Mexico. On Wednesdays, Gottlieb sequesters himself, with a couple of assistants, in a soundproof booth away from the throng. He is a hard taskmaster. Once, when Edwards and Billett, Rhinehart and Garofalo were nudging each other with glee at a pictorial image that popped up in the course of some testimony involving a woman's refusal to pay for a commissioned portrait because the artist had produced a somewhat frontal nude, they got a call from Gottlieb, in the booth. The picture of the portrait had to go, he insisted. Not even Harvey Levin, who is forever firmly but regretfully making his colleagues substitute a bleep for a passionate but perverse expression (" 'Hell' is the mildest word I've ever heard here," he did once allow the Judge to say on the air), had objected to the view. Gottlieb's toughest challenge, which not even he could meet, came this fall, when he was given a whole half hour—a whole twenty-one minutes and twenty seconds, that is—into which to compress the public washing of one family's dirty linen (mother, son, son's wife, son's wife's boyfriend), in a case that Judge Wapner would have described on his program, if it could have been salvaged, as "the most horrendous thing that I've ever experienced."

In all of the fifty most populous American cities, "The People's Court" is visible weekdays at one time or another, most often in midafternoon or late afternoon. It has taken on and licked some tough competition: "The Joker's Wild" in Spokane, "Starsky and Hutch" in Las Vegas, "The Muppet Show" and "Sesame Street" in Tucson, both "Lawrence Welk" and "Hee Haw" in Cincinnati. "The People's Court" appears to fare very well as a lead-in, or come-on, for the evening news. "We originally wanted to run at seven-thirty—close to prime time," Stu Billett says. "But we're not a seven-thirty show. We're not glitz. Our best hour is five-thirty. We get *men* to watch then." Among its five-thirty cities are Albany, Cleveland, Richmond, Orlando, and San Francisco. Cedar Rapids, Paducah, and New York get the show at four-thirty. It goes on as early as eight-thirty in the morning in McAllen, Texas; at nine in Erie, Pennsylvania; at nine-thirty in South Bend; at ten in Miami; at ten-thirty in Oklahoma City; at eleven-thirty in Hartford and Atlanta; and at seven-thirty in the evening, glitz or no glitz, in San Diego, Chattanooga, and Tampa.

SINCE becoming a figure of consequence, Wapner has been much in demand as a speaker in places where he had not previously had much of an impact—the Harvard Law School, for one, where he received a standing ovation and was asked for autographs on arriving for a lecture on "Law, the Media, and 'The People's Court.' " (Biting his own hand, the Judge expressed reservations about letting cameras into courtrooms.) To be dubbed "a Philadelphia lawyer" has not always been considered the most gracious of compliments, but Wapner had no reason to think that anything pejorative was intended when Philadelphia's Bar Association conferred honorary membership upon him, or when the president judge of the Philadelphia Municipal Court declared, in a formal resolution, that he "fulfills Socrates' classic qualities of a judge: 'To hear courteously, to answer wisely, to consider soberly, and to decide impartially.' "

While it is undeniable that there exist some spoilsports, like the television critic Marvin Kitman, who suggest that Judge Wapner tries too hard to be funny, or even allege that the glue that holds "The People's Court" together is the estimable Bailiff Burrell, true-blue Wapnerians manage to remain unruffled—like the Judge himself, when he is not being perhaps just a mite too gruff in refusing to hear one more word about how the spot got on the necktie—and to concur in the opinion that they can think of no one more deserving than he of some of the other honors that have lately been heaped upon him: the Chinese American Good Scout Award; the Man of the Year Award of the Tau Epsilon Phi Chapter of the University of Southern California; the Golden Halo Award of the Southern California Motion Picture Council; the California Judges Association Distinguished Award (for "extraordinary effectiveness in enhancing the public perception of courts and strengthening of the judiciary"); the Media of the Year Award of the Los Angeles Trial Lawyers Association; and, of course, the Reggie Jackson baseball.

When students bused to KTTV ask Judge Wapner during cooldowns why anyone would choose to have his or her troubles sorted out in his court rather than in a run-of-the-mill tribunal, he sometimes replies, half kidding, "One advantage is that you get paid. Another is that you get the best judge." They often ask if he likes being a judge. "Yes, I like the responsibility of making decisions," he has said. "I like being in charge." He also tells such groups that he would be pleased to continue presiding over "The People's Court" just as long as Ralph Edwards did over "This Is Your Life"—thirteen years. That would take Wapner through 1994, when he would be seventy-five. Edwards, for his part, hopes that Wapner will keep going—there should be no shortage of litigious raw material en route—as long as his "Truth or Consequences" did; that would keep "The People's Court" and its protagonist busy until the year 2004, when the Judge would be eighty-five. "I'll go on as long as I have my marbles," Wapner has told me. "As long, that is, as I know I have my marbles and somebody I trust doesn't tell me I don't."

Meanwhile, Wapner tries to adjust himself to such doubtless well-intentioned but somewhat backhanded compliments as one that was passed along to him by the president of the California Judges Association last summer from a judge on that state's Court of Appeal, who said that Wapner should be commended "for the accurate manner in which he portrays a judge."

The judge cannot have been entirely pleased with that "portrays." "I'm not an actor," he once pointed out to me when I asked him if his approach to "The People's Court" had changed much after all these years, "so there's no need for me to try to improve my performance." —E. J. Kahn, Jr.

• •

EQUAL TIME

You know, recently one of our most distinguished Americans, Clare Boothe Luce, had this to say about the coming vote [on aid to the Contras]. "...My mind goes back to a similar moment in our history—back to the first years after Cuba had fallen to Fidel. One day during those years, I had lunch at the White House with a man I had known since he was a boy—John F. Kennedy. 'Mr. President,' I said, 'no matter how exalted or great a man may be, history will have time to give him no more than one sentence. George Washington—he founded our country. Abraham Lincoln—he freed the slaves and preserved the union.' "—*Ronald Reagan, address to the nation March 16, 1986.*

William Henry Harrison: He was the first occupant of the White House to eat with a knife and fork.

Millard Fillmore: He had his own likeness secretly engraved in the folds of Miss Liberty's dress on the 1851 Silver Dollar.

Franklin Pierce: He earned the sobriquets Old Tongue-in-Groove and The Gabardine Gangplank.

Ulysses S. Grant: He translated the words to "The Star-Spangled Banner" into thirteen different languages, including mirror writing.

Benjamin Harrison: He predicted the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets over forty years before it happened.

William McKinley: He was his own grandfather.

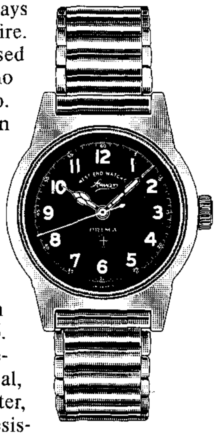
Warren G. Harding: He campaigned on a bicycle carved from a single giant bar of soap.

Calvin Coolidge: He coined the catchphrase of the era—"Do you simply want a cigarette, or do you want a Murad?"

Herbert Hoover: He reorganized the National Christmas Card Cemetery.

Gerald Ford: He had the idea for "Shampoo" long before the movie came out.

Ronald Reagan: He popularized the political theories of Clare Boothe Luce. —Veronica Geng



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Romantic Warrior

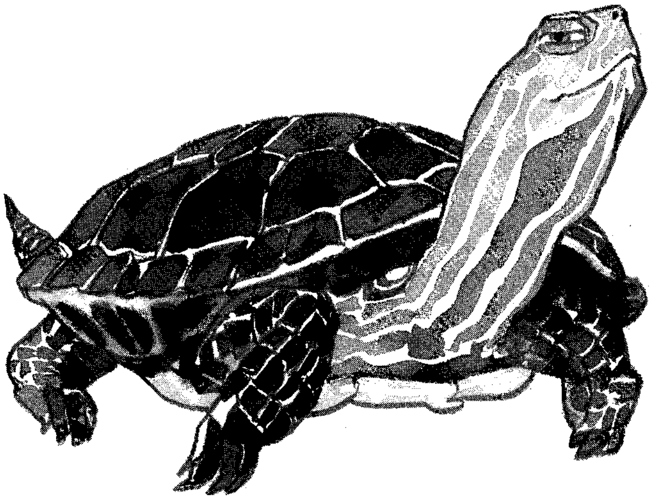
Hans Werner Henze will be sixty in July, and through the world his music is being heard even more often than usual. Last month, in Merkin Hall, Speculum Musicae revived "El Cimarrón," the work in which Henze's musical manner—innately lyrical, picturesque, and sensuously beautiful—joined forces with the Marxist thinking that had colored the matter of his compositions for some years. "El Cimarrón" was first performed at the 1970 Aldeburgh Festival. The year before, Henze's violent, abrasive "Essay on Pigs," for baritone declaimer and chamber orchestra, had appeared—a manifesto with musical underlining. It had been written swiftly, in response to the riot that prevented the performance of his oratorio "The Raft of the Medusa" in Hamburg the previous year. (Steel-helmeted police troopers had marched into the hall and scooped up student demonstrators.) The text of the "Essay," by the Chilean poet Gastón Salvatore, urged an artist to stop arranging thoughts and dreams into sensitive, beautiful patterns, and to act. Two years later, Salvatore and Henze returned to the subject, in "The Tedious Trip to Natascha Ungeheuer's Place," a "show" for baritone, percussionist, "Pierrot Lunaire" quintet ("meant to symbolize the old, sick bourgeoisie," the composer said in a note), brass quintet (the voice of repressive authority), and jazz quintet (escapism). Natascha's cajolements trickle honeysweet from a tape; in the words of a note by Salvatore, "she promises the leftist bourgeois a new kind of security, which will allow him to keep a revolutionary 'clear conscience' without taking an active part in the class struggle." Salvatore observes that his protagonist, although he has stopped short of joining Natascha, has not yet found the way to the Revolution. "He must retrace his path and begin again."

Henze was—and is—too sensible, honest, and musical a musician to scrap all previous achievement and start again from scratch. In a large body of works, he has—with a born composer's need to transmute experience into music—written his intellectual and emotional biography, responded to the musical developments of nearly half a century, and wrestled hard with the hard questions of art's and an artist's role in an unjust and ever-changing society. He has consolidated, transformed, reconciled. Because his works have run through my own life and—like those of Stockhausen and Boulez, near-contemporaries of Henze, and the slightly younger Peter Maxwell Davies—have, one by one as they appeared, wound themselves into my mental autobiography, I can hardly hear them with the objective, contemporary ear one brings to, say, compositions by Nicolas Gombert or Alessandro Stradella. When "El Cimarrón" had its première, America was in Vietnam. Nixon was President. In Britain, Edward Heath and his Tories had, three days earlier, replaced the Labour Government. Stockhausen was in Osaka, performing "intuitive" music with his ensemble (earlier that year, the BBC Symphony had given a less than convinced account of his "Set Sail for the Sun," its "score" not notes but two inspirational sentences), but he was already composing "Mantra," that clear, beautiful masterpiece which leads to "Licht." Davies was also at a turning point: the searing "Eight Songs for a Mad King" and "Vesalii Icones" had appeared the previous year; 1971 brought the first Orkney composition, "From Stone to Thorn."

Gahan Wilson

"By God, for a minute there it suddenly all made sense!"

Henze composed "El Cimarrón" in Cuba. In 1963, the Cuban writer Miguel Barnet had come across the hundred-and-two-year-old Esteban Montejo, living in a Havana home for ex-servicemen, and published his memories of being a slave; a runaway slave (*cimarrón*), living alone in the forests for ten years; a plantation worker again, after the abolition of slavery; and a fighter in the 1895 war of independence. "The Autobiography of a Runaway Slave" is a remarkable book. History, social history, folklore, superstitions, tales, sudden vivid memories of particular people and scenes mingle in its pages. The effect it makes—whatever it may owe to Barnet's art—seems real. The poet Hans Magnus Enzensberger shaped fifteen episodes from it as Henze's text. Henze set them for baritone, flute, guitar, and percussion—specifically, for the American baritone William Pearson, the German flutist Karlheinz Zöller (longtime first flute of the Berlin Philharmonic), the Cuban guitarist and composer Leo Brouwer, and the electrifying Japanese percussionist Stomu Yamash'ta (composer-director of the Red Buddha Theatre). Henze's body of works also limns the features of several individual performers whose art and personalities have left a mark on twentieth-century musical history. "El Cimarrón" was a tale to captivate both the old, romantic and the new, revolutionary composer. The forest



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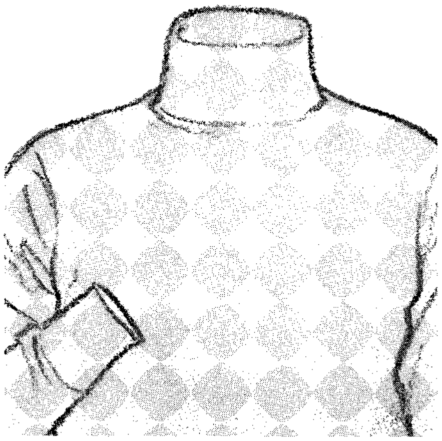

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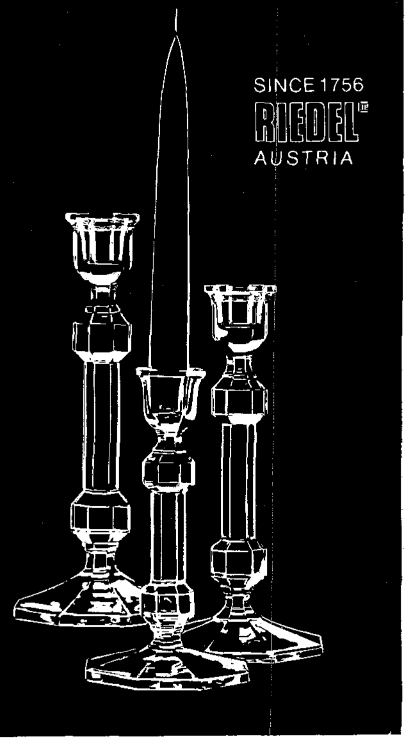

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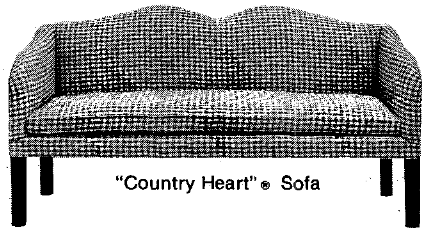

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scenes with exotic birds, mysterious trees, and spirit presences are kin to those of his opera “König Hirsch.” Esteban’s final speech— “And that’s why I don’t want to die, so I can fight in all the battles to come”—rings as a centenarian’s chime to the fierce close of the “Essay on Pigs.” And in “El Cimarrón” Henze found at last the simplicity, the directness, the freedom from self-indulgent elaboration which had long been his declared aim. He achieved them without sacrificing fineness of musical temper, charm of sound, eloquence of musical idea, or sureness of structure.

The Speculum performance was different in tone from that of 1970: less exuberant, romantic, and lyrical, but musically very strong. Although the four performers were, more or less, costumed—in garb less formal than that customary at New York concerts—the music-theatre aspects of the work were played down. JoAnne Akalaitis, the stage director originally billed, had withdrawn. The platform lighting was plain and unvaried. The scores, and the players’ attention to them, were much in evidence. There was little movement. (In 1970, Stomu Yamash’ta, prowling and pouncing through the shadows of his percussion battery, evoked images of field, forest, factory, scrimmage.) The Speculum players scarcely related one to another dramatically. But Jonathan Sprague (who has played Johnny in Krenek’s “Johnny Strikes Up” for Britain’s Opera North, and Porgy at Radio City Music Hall) gave a masterly account of the central role: alert, strongly projected, verbally incisive, and always intelligible. (Christopher Keene’s English translation was used.) And the three instrumentalists—Susan Palma, flute, David Starobin, guitar, and Joseph Passaro, percussion—made wonderfully expressive sounds, through a score that holds echoes of Ravel’s “Chansons Madécasses” and of Bartókian night music; gay moments of Afro-Cuban rhythm; bright birdcalls; husky murmurs (from bass flute) stealing through silences; eerie, enchanted tinkling; ferocious climaxes. Speculum should do “El Cimarrón” again, soon, and build an evening of potent music theatre on this secure musical foundation.

ALEXANDER DARGOMYZHSKY’S “The Stone Guest” (1865-69), a famous but rather dull opera—recorded, quite often broadcast, seldom staged—received what was billed as its American stage première last month, from the Chamber Opera Theatre of New York, in the delightful little Marymount Manhattan Theatre, on East Seventy-first Street. The text is Pushkin’s version of the Don Juan story, one of his four “little tragedies” of 1830. (The others were “Mozart and Salieri,” later set to music by Rimsky-Korsakov; “A Feast During the Plague,” later set to music by César Cui; and “The Miserly Knight,” later set to music by Rachmaninoff.) The recitatives of Dargomyzhsky’s previous opera, “Rusalka,” had met with approval; he set “The Stone Guest” in a manner often described as *continuous recitative* and more precisely termed, by Cui, “melodic recitative,” in which “even without the text each musical phrase possesses its own beauty and meaning, but in the overall view and in their ordering there are no absolute musical connections, no abstract musico-logical developments.” In other words, there are no musical forms or structures (except for one song set into the action). Lyric declamation proceeds on its way, phrase by phrase, its proportions determined by the length of Pushkin’s speeches. “The Stone Guest” was a pioneering work, written without key signatures, with whole-tone harmonies in episodes associated with the titular statue, and in flexible metres. Tchaikovsky called it “the sorry fruit of a dry inventive process.” But Rimsky-Korsakov, in his memoirs, tells of the excitement with which each scene was tried out as soon as it had been written, at St. Petersburg soirées where the composer sang Don Juan, Mussorgsky sang Leporello, and Rimsky’s future wife played the piano. Dargomyzhsky died before the opera was finished. Cui supplied a missing passage, and Rimsky orchestrated the whole. Some years later, he reorchestrated it, “softening here and there the extreme harshness and harmonic follies of the original.”

The ear of faith tells me that with gleaming interpreters, offering subtly and richly voiced performances, and alert to the psychological intricacies of Pushkin’s play, “The Stone Guest” might yet prove gripping. The Chamber Opera Theatre presentation was handsomely housed, in smart, simple, high-gloss scenery designed by Beni Montresor. But it was too plainly sung. Thaddeus Motyka’s staging included an orgy and a large white bed (it looked like a water bed), center stage, that at the first-act curtain held

Don Juan, his mistress Laura, and the fresh-killed corpse of Don Carlos, Laura's new lover and Donna Anna's brother. The principals were Ron Gentry (Don Juan), Nicole Philibosian (Laura), Sally Stevens (Donna Anna), Randolph Messing (Don Carlos), and Philip Cokorinos (doubling as Leporello and the Commander, who in Pushkin's version is Donna Anna's husband, not her father). Vladimir Kin conducted. The opera was sung in an English translation by Mr. Motyka and Richard Taruskin.

GOUNOD'S "Mireille" is a charming opera, tender, unpretentious, delicate in its workings, conceived and executed in happiness and high spirits. Gounod composed it in the Provençal landscapes of the action, walking some of them with the poet Mistral, whose "Mirèio" provided the plot. The settings range from a smiling farm to the savage grandeur of the Val d'Enfer. (There, after a three-star dinner at the Baumanière, I once saw "Mireille" staged in spectacular fashion, covering acres, it seemed, of that deep romantic chasm; but the sound was horrid, pushed from loudspeakers at an unremitting forte.) "Provence" is a charged word in Western culture. I write it, and sights, scents, feelings flood me; even someone who has not been there must know the spell if he has looked at Gauguin and van Gogh, read Jean Giono and Roy Campbell, heard a stylish performance of "Mireille." Gounod's letters and reminiscences of the time he spent in Provence composing "Mireille" sound a familiar note of ecstasy: "I was literally drunk with joy. Ideas came into my head like butterflies in flight; I had only to stretch out my hand to grasp them."

The Juilliard American Opera Center presented "Mireille"—the first New York performance in nine years—last month. As stage director it had engaged Bernard Lefort, who was for eight years the director of the Aix-en-Provence Festival. He should have been able to instill into his young cast some feeling for place and atmosphere. But he didn't succeed in doing so. The show lacked specific character. Maroun Azouri's décor might have come from a warehouse. Jungwon Park, the first-night Mireille, looked exquisite and voiced the notes accurately, but she gave them little expression. Ruben Broitman, the first-night Vincent, sang firmly and well but in the manner of a Rodolfo. A symbolic

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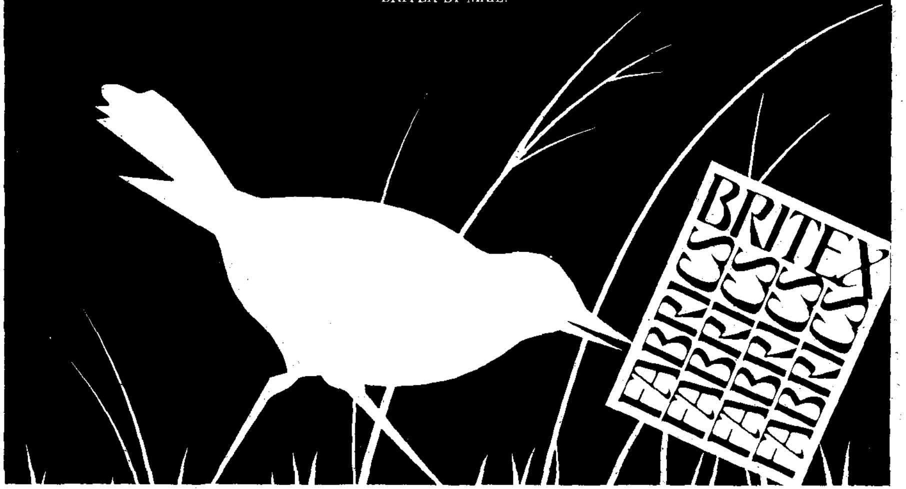

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Death figure had been added to the cast—a tall, black-veiled dancer who stalked the lovers through a tableau vivant gratuitously illustrating the prelude (the spectator's heart sank as he saw it) and made several later appearances. The opera was essayed in French, some of it delivered in a way hard to understand. The use of French no doubt served a pedagogical purpose, for singers must learn to communicate in many languages. But these singers might have learned a more valuable lesson—how to bring sung music to life before an audience—had Hugh Macdonald's new English translation been chosen. Anton Coppola's conducting lacked grace.

"Mireille" was mutilated from the start by the meddling of its first heroine, Marie Miolan Carvalho, and her husband, Léon Carvalho, the director of the Théâtre Lyrique (where the opera had its first performance, in 1864). Tampering continued when the piece entered the Opéra-Comique repertory, in 1874. No two editions of the score agree. Sometimes Mireille, instead of succumbing to sunstroke and dying in Vincent's arms, recovers from it and marries him. In 1939, Henri Büsser and Reynaldo Hahn attempted a reconstruction of Gounod's original opera; Büsser reorchestrated what he could find only in piano score, and Hahn conducted the result at the Opéra-Comique. This version (heard at the Juilliard) is in general use today, and it must serve until scholars begin to do for Gounod—whose "Faust" and "Roméo" are also badly in need of honest editing—what is being done for Rossini, Berlioz, and Verdi.

DONIZETTI'S "Le Convenienze ed Inconvenienze Teatrali"—its subject the rehearsal of an opera seria—is an amusing romp in the line of Mozart's "Der Schauspieldirektor" and Lortzing's "Die Opernprobe." The title is tricky to translate: *convenienze* means not only "conveniences, advantages" but also the operatic "conventions" governing such things as the distribution of roles and the relative prominence given to prima donna, primo tenore, etc. Modern versions of the piece have been put on as "Upstage and Downstage," "Viva la Mamma!," and "The Prima Donna's Mother Is a Drag." The Opera Ensemble of New York, which staged the work last month in the Lillie Blake School auditorium, on West Eighty-first Street, used William Ashbrook's

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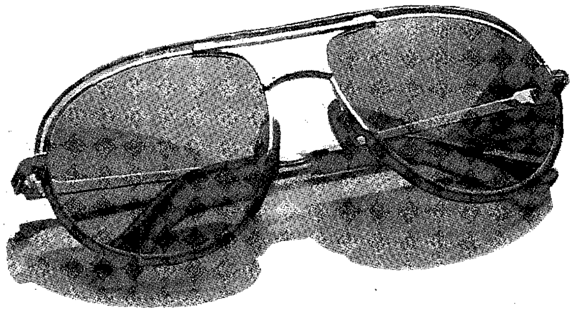

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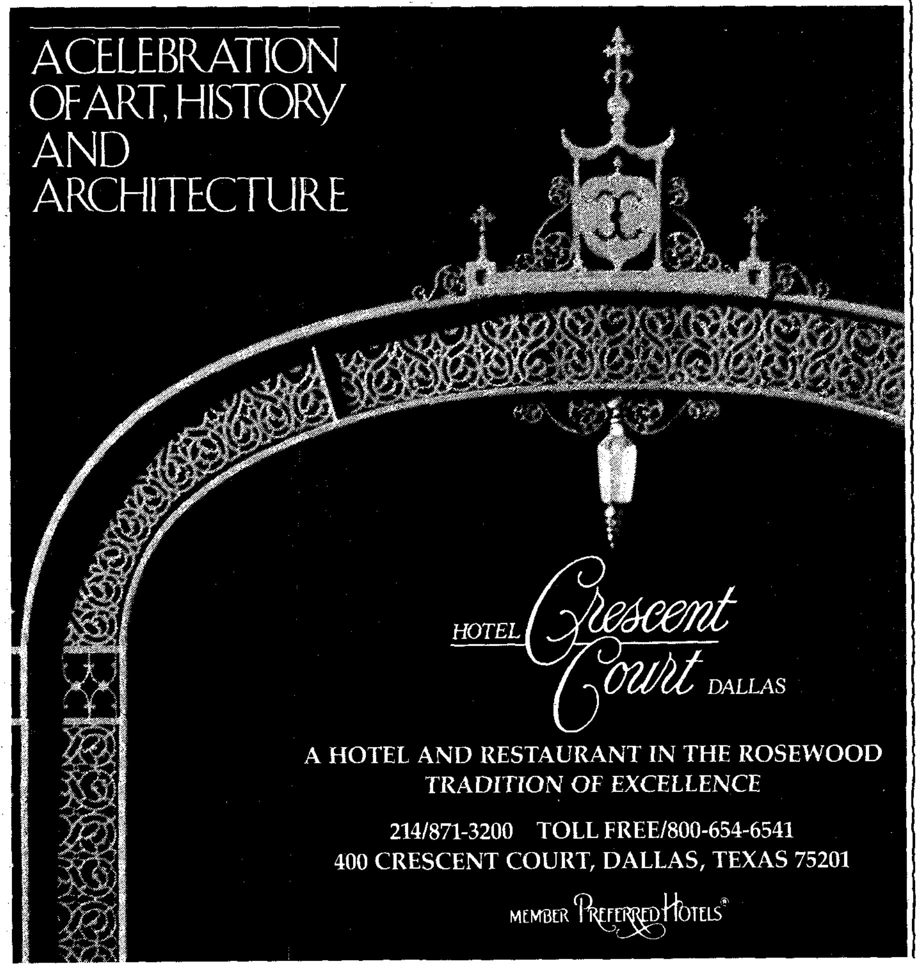

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title, "The Unconventional Rehearsal," and his English translation—revised, adapted, and not improved in a performing edition by Michael Kaye.

Modern revivals of the piece tend to fall into two traps. The first is low, gross clowning, made easy by the fact that the principal role, a formidable Stage Mother, was composed for a baritone. Mamm'Agata bursts into the rehearsal demanding that her daughter, the seconda donna, be given more to do in the forthcoming opera; when the prima donna sweeps out in a pet, Mamma blithely announces that she herself is quite capable of undertaking the part, and offers a sample of her prowess. The Opera Ensemble production was not gross, but it was not much fun, either. Richard Michael Slater, the Agata, was simply a baritone in wig and skirt, performing without much wit or comic accomplishment. The second trap, which was not avoided, is to suggest that inadequate, approximate singing is funny in itself. Donizetti makes merry with inappropriate trills, extravagant cadenzas, and overdone expression; it needs singers who can trill, sing cadenzas, and be expressive to realize the jokes. The performing edition didn't help. The *convenienze*—which Donizetti observed even while he mocked them—were disregarded. Numbers were displaced, omitted, added. There can be no objection to such procedures—Donizetti himself gave precedent—if the result works well, but this comedy was rambling and shapeless. The addition of Arsaces' long aria "Ah, quel giorno," from Rossini's "Semiramide," piano-accompanied and very modestly sung, made no point at all. Michael Recchiuti was the conductor, and John Sheehan the director.

—ANDREW PORTER

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Lost Chicago

“Precious Sons,” at the Longacre, is a sad little story, by George Furth, about family troubles occurring in a sad little house on the South Side of Chicago in the year 1949. The family in question—under the circumstances, recklessly named Small—is headed by a hard-boiled, hard-drinking father who works in a factory, deplores his vulgar, high-spirited, nagging wife, and wishes above all to see to it that his two sons gain the college education he was too poor to hope for. One of the sons is a superb athlete, not in the least interested in being educated; the other is a brilliant student, aged fourteen and already launched upon a career as an actor. It is hinted that he will become a writer as well; he is a sensitive soul, who dislikes sports and masculine rough-and-tumble and spends much of his time in his bedroom reading. The only reason that I can imagine for setting the play in 1949 is that it happens to coincide roughly with the author's own chronology; Furth, once a child actor, was born in 1932. It appears, therefore, that we are engaged in observing still another portrait of the artist as a young man, and not far into the play we are prompted to ask the question that is fatal to works of art in any form: “Why?” For, besides the usual sin of autobiography, which is a self-indulgent self-forgiveness, the play contains the fatal flaw of gratuitousness. There is simply no nourishment left for us in this particular subject matter; it lacks the boon of fresh information, nor does it even provide fresh insights into old information. How dreary these people are, how narrow the range of emotions they are permitted to express! To make matters worse, Mr. Furth has a tin ear almost equal to that of one of his literary heroes, Eugene O'Neill. When the fourteen-year-old speaks of his future, he says, “Of all the things there are, a stage play is, far and wide, the most wonderful, wonderful thing.” Tiresome enough, in the midst of an ill-written play, to have a smug prodigy piping up about the wonders of dramaturgy; still more tiresome to have him utter a locution that no speaker of English, to my knowledge, has ever uttered. The playwright has written “far and wide,” but plainly he means “far and away,” and this irritating error is a characteristic one.

Besides O'Neill, “Precious Sons” gives off echoes of half a dozen other American playwrights, along with echoes of teachers of playwriting busily explaining how to plant plot clues in the first act which can be counted on to lead to something horrendous in Act II. Such carpentry is painful to us in 1986, and threatens the play with seeming to be but a parody of a genre that in fact it sincerely aspires to embody. One further word of caution to the playwright: The plastic figurine of a gifted child already smugly confident of future greatness has been patented by Neil Simon; no imitators need apply.

“There he is, with yet another chiselled blonde.”

Turning to the production of the play, one is grateful for the opportunity to praise the exceptionally strong and subtle performance of Ed Harris as the gross, uneasy, well-meaning father. He strikes not a single falsely sentimental note from start to finish in a play that teeters constantly on the verge of sentimentality (and pitches wantonly over the edge in the last five minutes). Judith Ivey plays his noisy, tireless wife in a way that has become a trifle too familiar to us: she presses hard for the laughs that she hopes her lines may be thought to contain, and the price of this pressure is high. In the scene that ends the first act, the temper tantrum she throws is so extreme that I assumed she had gone insane, and that the play was going to turn out to be about insanity; in the second act, she makes her entrance laden down with the loot of a shopping spree—not insane at all, at least by the standards of the South Side of Chicago as Furth has established them. Anthony Rapp plays the smarmy gifted boy, William O'Leary plays his athletic brother, and Anne Marie Bobby plays the awkward teenage girl whom the brother marries rather than go on to college.

The director, Norman René, who must have been eager to cut innumerable passages of repetitious exposition out of the first act, has settled for the manufacture of an appearance of high energy instead. It does not suffice. The scenery—a calculatedly grisly domestic interior—is by Andrew Jackness, the costumes are by Joseph G. Aulisi, and the lighting is by Richard Nelson. In each case, the handiwork is admirable.
—Brendan Gill

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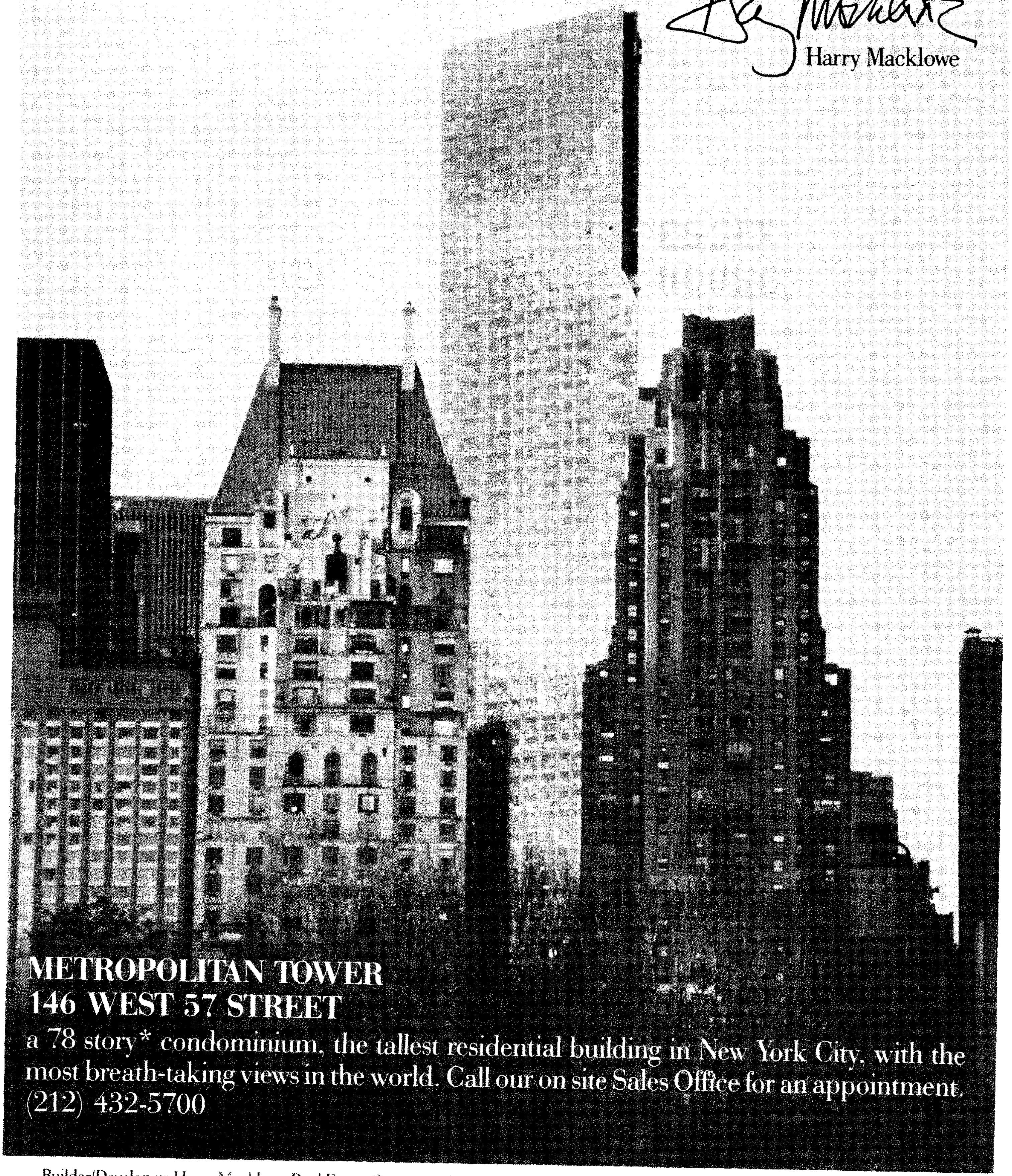

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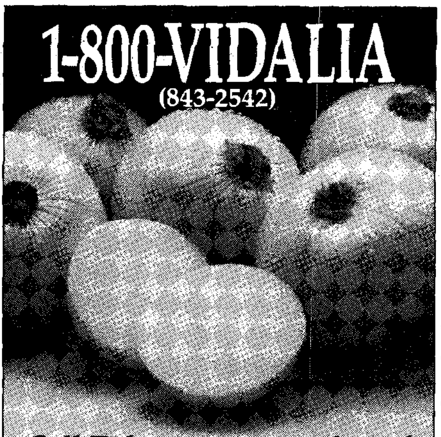

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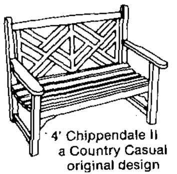

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and I had not thought anything could be. The play now seems deeper, sadder, more passionate, and even funnier, if that is conceivable. The actors—and what actors!—make clear much that might have been unnoticed before. “The House of Blue Leaves,” in case anyone needs reminding, is a satiric farce about a middle-aged zookeeper, named Artie Shaughnessy, who has a knack for writing imitations of cheap popular songs, and who is the victim of a number of American dreams, which finally destroy him. The place is his living room in Sunnyside, Queens; the time is October 4, 1965, the day Pope Paul VI flew to New York to appear before the United Nations General Assembly to plead for an end to war—perhaps specifically the war in Vietnam (and perhaps, by blessing Artie’s sheet music, to ease his way to Hollywood and an Academy Award). Artie lives with his wife, who has recently gone mad and is nicknamed Bananas; he wants to put her in a sanitarium (the house of the title), run off to California with Bunny Flingus, his downstairs neighbor and mistress, who is eagerly abetting him, and then get a job with his best friend, a prominent movie director. Bananas resists the hospital, because she is terrified of shock treatments. As I remarked in my original review, “this play could be considered a whole series of shock treatments, and often I was as horrified at myself for laughing (which I did a lot) as I was at what I heard and saw on the stage.” The plot is wild and arbitrary and always outrageous. The other characters are a movie star, deafened by an explosion during the making of her latest picture, who is the director’s girlfriend; the Shaughnessys’ son, AWOL after twenty-one days in the Army, who arrives with a homemade bomb, his target being the Pope; three goofy nuns, who have been watching the Pope’s motorcade from the roof of the Shaughnessys’ apartment house; and, finally, the great director himself. The bomb misses the Pope, but it does go off, taking its toll of the assembled company.

Guare’s marvellous comic writing, in which every word plays, and his ferocious high spirits glow more than ever in these drab days, but the performance, under the acute, sensitive direction of Jerry Zaks, is what makes most of the difference between the first production and this one. John Mahoney, who appeared as the older man in last year’s “Orphans,” is Artie Shaughnessy to the life, in all his loony optimism and desperation. But the phenomenal Swoosie Kurtz, as Bananas, in every line and monologue changes what might have been a merely pathetic character into a tragic figure, helpless and loving and demented, and smarter than anyone around her—all this without sacrificing any of the comedy. Stockard Channing is flint-hearted Bunny, and although the caustic tongue of Anne Meara, the original Bunny, is unforgettable, Miss Channing, padded to plumpness, makes the part her own from the moment she enters, stuffing strips of newspaper into her plastic boots against the cold and issuing orders. Christopher Walken, sporting an impeccable Queens accent, is the movie director. Julie Hagerty is the beautiful movie star trying to conceal her deafness from her admirers. Everybody is good. But the true star is John Guare. The play has been well served by the designers: Tony Walton, who conceived that awful apartment; Ann Roth, who created the witty costumes; and Paul Gallo, who devised the lighting.

IN “The Eden Cinema,” a limp work by Marguerite Duras, at the Harold Clurman, a middle-aged French widow in Indo-China in the early thirties, having worked as a pianist in a movie house, invests her savings in a parcel of land that becomes a salt marsh at every high tide. There is no resemblance to a play, no dramatic impulse whatever. The script is mostly fractured narrative, spoken in a toneless manner directly to the audience for ninety unbroken minutes. As the widow’s daughter, whose story is being told and who does most of the talking, lovely Brooke Shields is wasted on this effort; the others may be competent, but there is nothing for them to be competent at. What the late Harold Clurman would have made of this arty nonsense I dread to think. I doubt he would have written even this much about it. —EDITH OLIVER

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Washington Times*]

“He took a chance. He took a shot, and after the dice stopped rolling, he hit a home run,” Mr. Ackerman said.

•

ERADICATION FAILS TO
SLOW FIRE ANTS
—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

Makes them think, though.

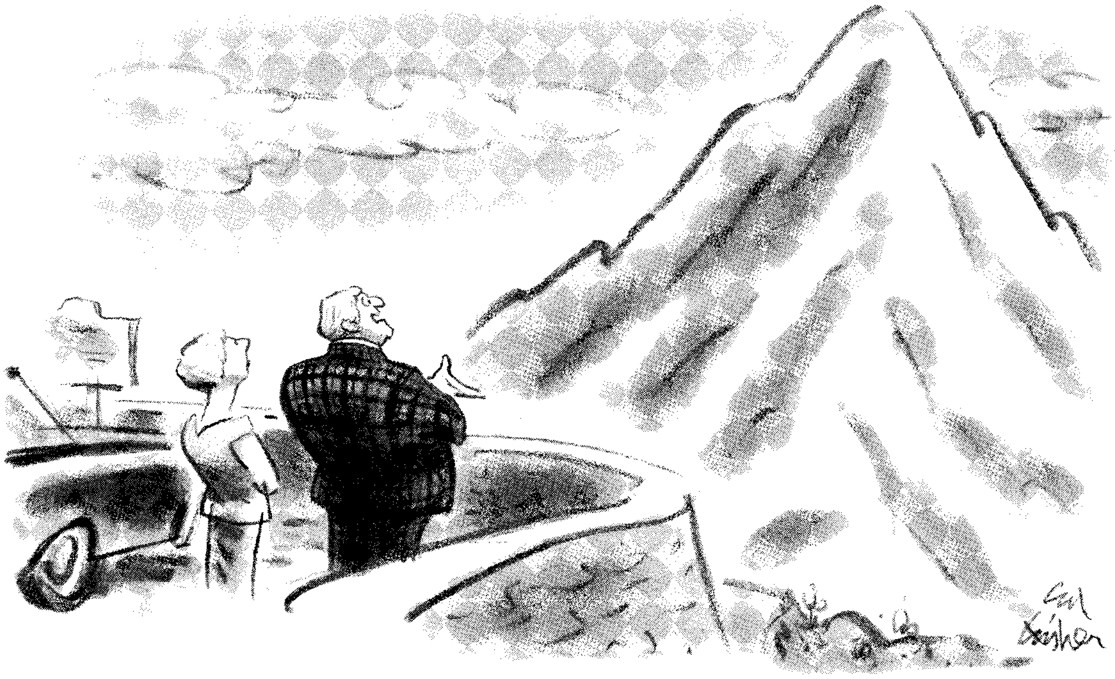
AROUND CITY HALL

LOYALTIES

ON the fourteenth of this month, Mayor Edward Koch was the main speaker at an event of a kind that appears on his formal schedule every few days: a gathering of several hundred of his constituents for an elaborate spread in a hotel ballroom or large restaurant in the name of civic or political betterment or some other worthy cause. In this case, the event was the annual St. Patrick's Day luncheon of the Queens Chamber of Commerce, which was held at Antun's catering hall, on Springfield Boulevard, in Queens. Since the Mayor's time is limited, he almost never comes early enough to such events to share any items on the menu with his hosts—or, for that matter, to linger afterward to talk informally with anyone, pressed as he is to move on to the next item on his crowded daily agenda. He is therefore free, from his place on the dais, to devote all of the half hour or so he has available to sharing with those present some of his favorite jokes and stories about his philosophy of government, often including accounts of how he foiled or cut down to size certain persons or groups who had dared to disagree with him about his way of running the city. The expressions on the faces of the people listening to him on such occasions often resemble those of students in the presence of a celebrated teacher who gets away with saying somewhat impolite things now and then or with engaging in overfamiliar routines because he is an acknowledged star and because no one doubts that, leaving aside his skills as an entertainer—that is, as a campus character—in his main field of endeavor he really knows his stuff. New Yorkers at such public events attended by the Mayor nearly always seem to be honored that he came and to enjoy his performance thoroughly. Those at the March 14th gathering were no exception, even though they were meeting in the heart of Queens, the political domain of Donald Manes, who until February 11th had been the president of that borough of nearly two million people. Some fourteen hours before the luncheon began, Manes, who had been described by his doctor as being in a state of deep mental depression, had plunged a kitchen knife into his heart at his home, not far from Antun's, in the most tragic development in this city's widening municipal-corruption scandal.

Since the luncheon was in honor of St. Patrick, the menu at Antun's included green melon, corned beef and cabbage, and pistachio ice cream, and the small band played numbers like "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." In a few Queens neighborhoods, particularly those in and around Woodside, Irish-Americans are heavily represented. Alfred O'Hagan, the Brooklyn Union Gas Company executive who was scheduled to be the grand marshal of the parade down Fifth Avenue three days later, was on the dais, and explained that he had a sister who lived in Queens. Nevertheless, adjustments had been made for the circumstance that the majority of the members of the Queens Chamber of Commerce are not Irish-Americans. At each plate was a green bagel, the product of a bakery named Lender's ("The First Name in Bagels, Since 1927"), in a package bearing the message "ERIN GO BRAGH—SHALOM." A large supply of bright-green yarmulkes had been contributed by Citibank. And Peg Swezey, the chamber's president, noted from the dais that, in a demonstration of Queens' ethnic diversity, thanks to Bellacicco's, a Queens bakery, departing guests were invited to pick up loaves of Italian bread in the shape of shamrocks.

Manes's death had not been formally announced by Police Commissioner Benjamin Ward until close to midnight on March 13th, so some of the members of the Chamber of Commerce may have learned of it only on awakening a few hours before the luncheon. Until the first days of this year, Manes had played an almost sovereign role in Queens, not only in politics but in such areas as economic development, public safety (making sure, for example, that Queens got what some New Yorkers in other boroughs deemed more than its share of police protection), and education. In Manes's time as borough president, the City University complex in Queens had gained both a law school and a medical school, although many educators outside Manes's borough were not convinced that two more such professional schools were high-priority items in local public education. For Queens residents in need of zoning variances, tax abatements, and other special considerations from City Hall, it had been a big advantage to be able to call on Manes, who not only was the city's senior borough president (he was



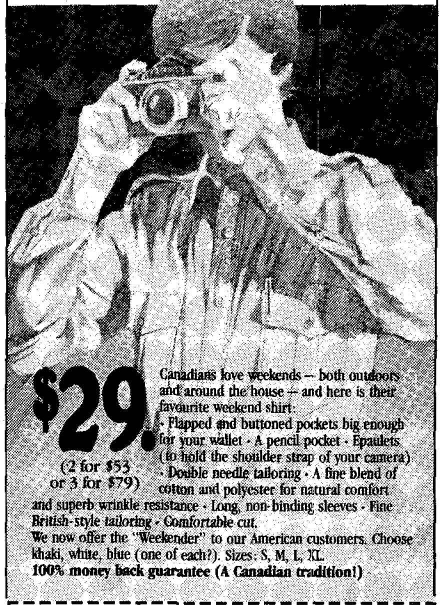
"I like it. It has authority."

sworn in for a fourth term on January 6th) but since 1974 had been the Queens Democratic county boss in a city in which all the members of the powerful Board of Estimate, a body that includes the mayor, were Democrats. Especially helpful had been the fact that Manes's relationship with Koch was highly congenial ("Ed Koch is as close to me as a brother," the Borough President said last year), and that the Mayor owed him a few. In 1982, when Koch was running for the Democratic nomination for governor against Mario Cuomo, Manes delivered Queens for the Mayor, even though on opening day in 1983 at the Mets' Shea Stadium, which is in Queens, when the state's new governor threw out the first ball the legend beside Cuomo's name on the scoreboard read "Born in Queens. Raised in Queens. Practiced Law in Queens. Still Lives in Queens." After Manes's suicide, Cuomo said that he would of course attend the funeral, adding, "We're neighbors of the Manes family."

Koch's first response at a press conference on the morning of March 14th was that he was considering whether he would go to the funeral; in fact, he could not be sure that he would be welcome, in view of the Manes family's distress over his abrupt change in attitude toward Manes, which had become a classic local parable of shifting political loyalty. After the Borough President was found, early on the morning of January 10th, in his car outside Shea Stadium, bleeding profusely from self-inflicted knife wounds to his wrist and ankle, the Mayor believed that Manes's troubles were of a private nature ("Do I care if he was with a hooker?" he demanded of City Hall reporters, none of whom had mentioned the possibility that Manes might have had such a companion). He referred repeatedly to "my good friend Donny," embraced him, and assured him of his support. On January 23rd, Koch learned from Jimmy Breslin's *Daily News* column that Michael Dowd, the part owner of a Queens collection agency, had said that, beginning in 1983, in return for receiving a collection contract from the city's Parking Violations Bureau he had made regular payments to Manes's good friend Geoffrey Lindenauer, the P.V.B.'s deputy director, on Manes's instructions—a revelation indicating a degree of corruption in that city agency which promised to severely embarrass the Mayor. On January 26th, Koch denounced his friend as a crook who should go to jail, a judgment he reaffirmed a few days later. When Koch was reminded that Manes had not been convicted of, or even charged with, so much as a misdemeanor—and, indeed, this was the case at the time Manes took his life, although some form of legal action against him was believed to be imminent—the Mayor said that this was irrelevant, that Manes had been found guilty "in the court of public opinion."

In the following weeks, he referred to the Borough President only in virulent tones and suggested to reporters that Manes was not nearly as ill as he pretended to be, implying that he was malingering in order to avoid speaking to prosecutors. On the morning of March 14th, Koch said he had no doubt that Manes had violated his oath of office. Late that afternoon, however, after his appearance at Antun's, he called Mrs. Manes and asked if it would be all right for him to attend the funeral. She said that it would.

Although those planning to attend the Chamber of Commerce luncheon that day had had no more than a few hours to adjust to the news of the suicide of their good friend, only a few of the guests who had signed up for the luncheon failed to claim their reservations. Possibly—as was said to be the case with many Queens residents—their capacity for being stunned by any development concerning Donald Manes had been depleted in the weeks since they learned that the popular Borough President, known in the past for his easygoing manner and his ability to roll with the punches on the way to getting what he wanted politically—and not famous for being on the take—had slashed his wrist. Later, this action was widely surmised to be the result of his discovery that federal authorities were investigating the P.V.B., over whose operations, through the indulgence of City Hall, the Queens Democratic organization—that is, in effect, Manes—had been allowed to preside for many years. By early February, Michael Dowd had told his story to a federal grand jury under a grant of immunity, and on February 24th Lindenauer had been indicted on thirty-nine counts of racketeering, extortion, and mail fraud. On March 10th, he was allowed to plead guilty to two of the counts, for which he could be sentenced to a total



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of twenty-five years, having agreed to tell what he knew about the involvement in certain city contracts on the part of the Bronx Democratic boss, Stanley Friedman—who, along with Manes, was one of the Mayor's two closest allies among the city's Democratic Party leaders—and, of course, to tell what he knew about his friend Manes. Soon afterward, the *Post* ran a Bay Rigby cartoon that showed Lindenauer strumming a guitar and singing "How can a man lose . . . If he sings those no good N.Y.C. corruption plea-bargain blues." Three days after the plea bargain was announced, Manes killed himself.

ONE of the guests at Antun's the next day said that those on hand were a bit more subdued than was usual at Queens Chamber of Commerce luncheons. If that was the case, the Mayor's appearance perked them up nicely. It was not that Manes's death was ignored. At the start of the event, Peg Swezey asked for a moment of silence in memory of the Borough President, who had rarely missed such luncheons in the past. When the moment ended, she said, "Now be seated and try to think of what Donald Manes did that was nice." The Mayor, who arrived about dessert time, posed holding a large plastic version of Lender's green bagel, also labelled "Erin Go Bragh—Shalom." He did not put on a green yarmulke, and he had declined to be piped in by a member of the Police Department's Emerald Society Pipe and Drum Band. Speaking of Manes, Koch, who until a few hours before had been offering himself as Manes's judge, told the crowd that God was now his judge, and said he hoped "that God will be merciful." He then moved swiftly to the good news. He told the audience that Queens was better off than any other area of the city from the point of view of jobs, and that among foreign businessmen it was the borough of choice as a residence—"and that's terrific." On many previous occasions in that very room—as one of Queens' largest caterers, Antun's is the banquet site of choice for most major political and civic events in the borough—he had often mentioned gratifying developments in Queens only, it seemed, as an excuse to give substantial credit for them to Manes. He did not do so on this occasion. During the question-and-answer period, a member of the audience expressed unhappiness over the prospective displacement of many small businesses by a proposed domed football stadium next to Shea, which the Mayor favors. Koch said that nothing would cause him to change his mind about it unless the city could not attract a National Football League team. "I mean, you're talking to a *jock*," said the Mayor, who, in fact, doesn't follow sports and hardly ever attends professional games of any kind. He said that if those on hand didn't attend the St. Patrick's Day parade they would miss seeing him wearing his shamrock and his hand-knit Irish sweater. Asked if his name was Edward O'Koch, he said, as he does every year at this time, that indeed it was, adding, as usual, to appreciative laughter, "Haven't you heard of the ten tribes of Israel that ended up in Ireland?" To someone who wondered if he planned to run for a fourth term as mayor, he said that he would run for a fifth and a sixth term. A complaint about the parking situation in Manhattan was dismissed as "ridiculous." When someone made some derogatory remarks about the city's mass-transit system, he insisted that it was greatly improved, thanks to Robert Kiley, the chairman of the state Metropolitan Transportation Authority, and David Gunn, the head of the local Transit Authority—although, said the Mayor, when he thought of all the criticism directed at them week after week "it's hard to understand why they stay on the job." Indeed, he said, his face darkening (obviously, he was thinking of the recent headlines about his own administration), when he considered the abuse that many public officials are subjected to he wondered why many of them continued in office. During his appearance, he engaged twice in an exercise of a kind that he is quite partial to: asking members of the class—that is, of whatever group he is standing in front of—to raise their hands to reassure him that they are on his side in some matter.

R. MacMillan

THE school experience remains vivid to many people in public life. On one occasion during Reagan's first term, reporters seeking to prolong a question-and-answer session were told, with a flash of the Reagan smile, "Teacher says I have to go now." More often, politicians who resort to school-day metaphors tend to identify not with compliant pupils but with the teacher. The images they customarily invoke have little to do with the word processors and guidance counsellors of the contemporary educational scene, and feature instead the slates, inkwells, and hickory sticks of earlier times. It is the teacher of the hickory-stick era that they tend to identify with—the one who, traditionally, was in absolute charge, free to impose whatever discipline was necessary to keep a class in line, to choose who should be called on and for how long, and, if things were not going satisfactorily, to shift to a new subject or dismiss everybody for an early recess. There is a natural affinity between such schoolroom figures and many incumbent political leaders who at the same time that they may be winning praise for running open administrations are in total charge at press conferences and sometimes elsewhere. At one point, the President, discussing with some members of Congress their reluctance to support a Reagan-backed bill, said, with mock sternness, "Remember, I'm taking names."

The Mayor of New York is fond of assigning compositions. Late in 1980, he announced that all criminal-court judges should write out for him an analysis of what was wrong with the local criminal-justice system, naming names if necessary. Some judges viewed this as an intrusion on their independence and an invitation to fink on each other to the executive branch. A constitutional crisis loomed, which was resolved, in a way, when most of the judges, risking a trip to the principal's office, simply refused to comply. Even before Koch was reëlected for a third term by a landslide last November, he said that, with a few exceptions, each of his commissioners would be expected to write out for him all the good things they had done in their posts and all the things they had left undone, and to give him the reasons they should be allowed to continue to serve. In the months since, there has been an extraordinary exodus from City Hall: since November, twenty-

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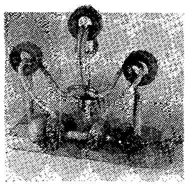

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two top-level mayoral appointees have resigned. Only three of these departures were entirely voluntary. A few of those who left are under active investigation by prosecutors at various levels of government. Some were discovered to have serious conflict-of-interest problems. Several were encouraged to leave after their actions in some way cast doubt on the efficiency of the Koch administration. The Mayor has declined to say how many of his commissioners turned in their "Why I Deserve to Be Reappointed" compositions. He has said, however, that none of the resignations had anything to do with the grade the writers received. It was pointed out to him that Anthony Ameruso, the head of the city's Department of Transportation, who was encouraged to resign in late January because he had to be held accountable for not having known about the scandalous conditions in the P.V.B., a Department of Transportation subsidiary, probably gave a rosy view of the P.V.B. in his composition. Koch said that just because a commissioner wrote something didn't mean that the Mayor necessarily believed it—indicating, perhaps, that the composition exercise had been ordered less for his enlightenment than as a demonstration of mayoral discipline.

In his relations with City Hall reporters, Koch also regularly plays a pedagogical role, lecturing them—or, rather, of course, their editors—on the proper placement of news stories. ("That should have been on the front page!" he said accusingly of a report of a drop in local unemployment. When the rate went sharply up again last month, he had other things on his mind.) Mayoral vocabulary lessons are also routine. Koch has been particularly severe with reporters about their use of the words "expanding" and "burgeoning" to describe the municipal-scandal situation. Anyone who looks these terms up in the dictionary, he says, will see that they do not apply. He has pointed out nearly every day that so far the investigations have resulted in just one indictment—that of Lindenauer—and then, with Lindenauer's guilty plea, just one conviction. Koch's position that no corruption counts as such unless it is certified by formal court action is in some contrast, of course, to his conviction of Manes by mayoral pronouncement. A *Newsday* reporter, dutifully looking up "burgeon" in the American Heritage dictionary, found that it meant "to put forth new buds," and suggested that it could conceivably apply to the new investigations that are frequently in the headlines. (By coincidence, an example of the word's usage that, by a small margin, had been rejected by the dictionary's advisory panel, whose votes sometimes accompany the definitions, was "the burgeoning population of Queens.") Considering all the academic responsibilities that the Mayor has taken on, it is not surprising that he did not have time to keep up with what was going on in the P.V.B. or other city agencies that are now under investigation. Of the situation in the P.V.B. he said on February 24th, "I am embarrassed, I'm chagrined, I am absolutely mortified that this kind of corruption could have existed and that I did not know of it."

It was during his first successful mayoral campaign that Koch began asking people to raise their hands to show they were on his side. In that summer of 1977, the Son of Sam was on the rampage, and law-and-order issues loomed especially large. Koch, then a member of the House of Representatives from a liberal Manhattan district, had not been widely known as a supporter of the death penalty, but that soon changed. Every day or so, he would turn up at some public meeting—those at senior citizens' centers were particular favorites—where he would talk about the criminals in the streets, and then ask people who believed in capital punishment, as he did, to raise their hands. He and the hand raisers would then turn and glower at the few whose hands remained down. On Primary Day, he defeated, by a small margin, his nearest rival, Mario Cuomo, who was then, as he still is, a strong opponent of the death penalty. One of Koch's campaign tactics last year was to ask those in the room with him not only to raise their hands if they planned to vote for him but to keep their hands up while he made them solemnly swear that they would follow through on Election Day. This is a form of poll-taking that does not encourage expression of the true sentiments of those in the company who may not want to seem to be rude to someone who is, in a sense, a guest in their house or of those who are too timid to brave the accusing stares of the majority, including the star of the evening.

During the Mayor's appearance at Antun's on the day after Manes's suicide, he first used the raise-your-hands tactic after a question about his career as an author. "How many of you read my first book?" he asked. Many hands went up. Then he asked, "How many read my second book—which was a much better book?" Not many hands. "You should be ashamed of yourselves," the Mayor told them. Mentioning that some people thought he shouldn't take the time for such enterprises, he said, "Nobody complains when Senator Moynihan writes a book—and his don't sell as well as mine." Later, he put to the crowd a familiar question that he has avoided asking in recent weeks. "How'm I doing?" he asked. "Am I doing O.K.? How many of you would vote for me?" And then "How many of you wouldn't vote for me?" Of the hundreds of people present, only a dozen or so indicated that they wouldn't vote for him. On the other side of the question, about a third—some thought as few as a fifth—of the hands went up to signify that he was doing O.K. It was a favorable response but a long way from the seventy-eight per cent of the vote that he won in November. "How many other politicians would take a chance on asking this question?" he asked, to general laughter—and he had them there. However, it was the second time in two days that the response to the raise-your-hands tactic had not been entirely satisfactory. On the night of March 12th, the Mayor had invited a hundred and fifty members of three Manhattan community boards to meet with him and other city officials at Gracie Mansion. Referring to the press stories about municipal scandals and the impression they were spreading that corruption was pervasive in his administration, he asked his guests how many thought that it involved only a small number of people in his government. Most of them raised their hands, some more slowly than others. How many, he asked, thought that corruption was pervasive? One man—Jim Morgan, a local architect—raised his hand and said, "Yes, Mr. Mayor, I think that there is serious corruption in your administration and that you should resign." Many of those present were angry at this violation of good taste, noting that Morgan was a guest in the Mayor's house. Koch asked how many agreed with Morgan's "screwball idea." Five or six hands went up.

ON his way out of Antun's, the Mayor berated a handful of reporters about a February 27th layout

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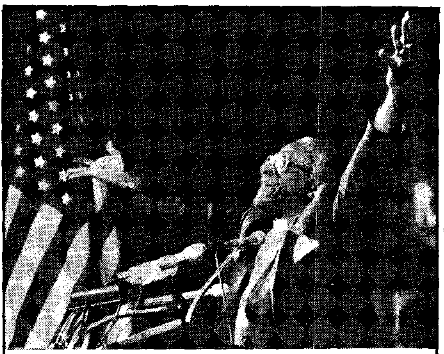
in the *News* which had shown pictures of the large number of important officials who had left his administration since November and had included, he said indignantly, “that felon Lindenauer.” Some of the others whose photographs were shown had also left City Hall under a cloud, and, like them, Lindenauer had been a high-level (seventy-one thousand dollars a year) Koch-administration employee. Nevertheless, the inclusion of Lindenauer in what the Mayor called a “rogues’ gallery” was his prime recent example of what he called “unforgivable” irresponsibility on the part of the press until the publication, on the *Times* front page on March 13th, of a formal *Times*–WCBS-TV poll, which had far more significance than any mayoral raise-your-hands exercise. Koch’s favorite statistic from the poll was that sixty-five per cent of New Yorkers thought he had done a good job as mayor. In similar polls in the past, his constituents had shown striking ambivalence—denouncing the condition of local services but giving him a good grade as their leader. Koch complained about the wording of the questions in the newest poll, but its results held little comfort for him in any case. Fifty-three per cent of those who responded said they believed he had known that there was serious corruption in the city. Seventy-seven per cent thought he had at least some responsibility for it. Seventy-four per cent thought that corruption had some impact on city services. Sixty-five per cent said that it was wrong for a candidate for city office to accept a large campaign contribution from someone who did business with the city—as Koch’s opponents last year complained that he had often done in raising seven million dollars for his reëlection campaign. Also highly disturbing was an indication that more than half of all New Yorkers did not accept as real the impression, fostered by the office of the Mayor, who presides over almost every press conference having to do with some development in city government, that he is the man who runs everything at City Hall. Apparently judging the four-or-five-a-day mayoral performances in the Blue Room to be nothing more than show, fifty-one per cent said that most of the time not Koch but “other people” are “running the government”—a figure that, the *Times* pointed out, was several points higher than any such poll result in answer to a similar question about President Reagan, “whose general image has been of a leader more distanced from his government.”

THE old-time grammar-school readers, such as McGuffey’s, often included stories designed to persuade children to hew to the virtuous path. It’s hard to say what lesson McGuffey’s would have chosen from the Manes story, which could surely have served as another parable of, possibly, the pride that goes before a fall. Manes gave an interview to Paul Moses, of *Newsday*, last October, a few weeks after the primary in which he ran unopposed. In the 1981 general election, the Republicans hadn’t even bothered to field a candidate against him. Last year, although they named an opponent, they declined to waste any money on her campaign, which ended with Manes taking eighty-six per cent of the vote. The Borough President assured Moses that his was “the strongest political organization in this state.” Michael Nussbaum, Manes’s political consultant, was quoted as saying, “In Queens, there is only one bridge, and that bridge leads to Donald Manes.” The headline over the story was “THE MIGHTY MANES MACHINE: BUT IS IT ENOUGH TO BOOST HIM INTO HIGHER OFFICE?” Manes and the people around him obviously thought so. “I represent two million people. . . . There’s no reason I couldn’t represent more,” Manes told the reporter. He had explained to other reporters that he had four hundred thousand dollars in campaign funds in the bank and expected to hit a million by early this year. Koch himself had said that if he weren’t around Manes would be a likely candidate for mayor. There was serious talk—in Queens, at least—of a Manes race for the United States Senate or for the governorship, which could open up if Cuomo were to run for higher office. After Manes’s suicide, Gloria D’Amico, the treasurer of the Queens Democratic organization, described him as “a man who one day was able to politically part the Red Sea and the next day he’s at the bottom of it.”

One problem with any effort to make Manes the central figure in a cautionary tale about contemporary politics is that as far as politics are concerned his tragic end is an aberration. Poets, actors, and stockbrokers may take their lives when everything falls apart for them or disgrace looms, but politicians hardly ever do. Operating in a world infused with sham and considerable sleaze, they tend to have



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great resilience. The common response is to fight like tigers against any effort to bring them down, and, if that fails, to beat their way back, brazening it out. None of the Abscam defendants responded to the threat of indictment as Manes did. Richard Nixon is a familiar figure in this city, moving about from one important event to another, consulted by the President, and quoted respectfully in political columns. Stanley Friedman, the Bronx Democratic boss, has been almost from the start a major target of this year's investigations of municipal corruption which are being carried on by various levels of government. With Manes gone, even greater attention will be focussed on such questions as how Friedman won a twenty-two-million-dollar contract from the P.V.B. for the Citisource company, in which he was a major stockholder (a contract that the Koch administration cancelled "in the public interest" on January 20th), or how funds from two Bronx political campaigns wound up in a Yonkers printing company in which two Friedman allies held a secret interest. In the weeks since the investigations began, he has turned up, wreathed in cigar smoke and pumping hands, at every important political event on his schedule. As one of fifteen members of the Democratic National Committee from this state (Manes, also a member, resigned early in February), he attended the committee's meeting this month in Washington. He was present on March 12th for the annual dinner here of the state's leading Democrats. When, in a speech at the dinner, Moynihan urged federal judges in whose appointments he had had a hand to "show no mercy" to the city's "grifters and boodlers and those who are merely playing the piano downstairs," Friedman's comment was "What demagoguery!"

Of great assistance to the Bronx county boss's portrayal of himself as someone for whom questions of criminal culpability are merely a temporary inconvenience has been the fact that in the weeks after the scandals broke New York's mayor did not say a single critical word about Friedman—a notable contrast to his denunciations of Manes. The day after Manes's funeral, however, Koch, mentioning the cancelled contract, told George Arzt, of the *Post*, that he would not, after all, attend the annual two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-plate dinner of Friedman's Bronx organization on May 7th. However, making things a

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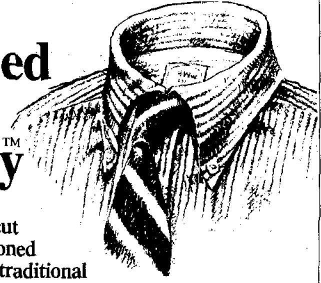

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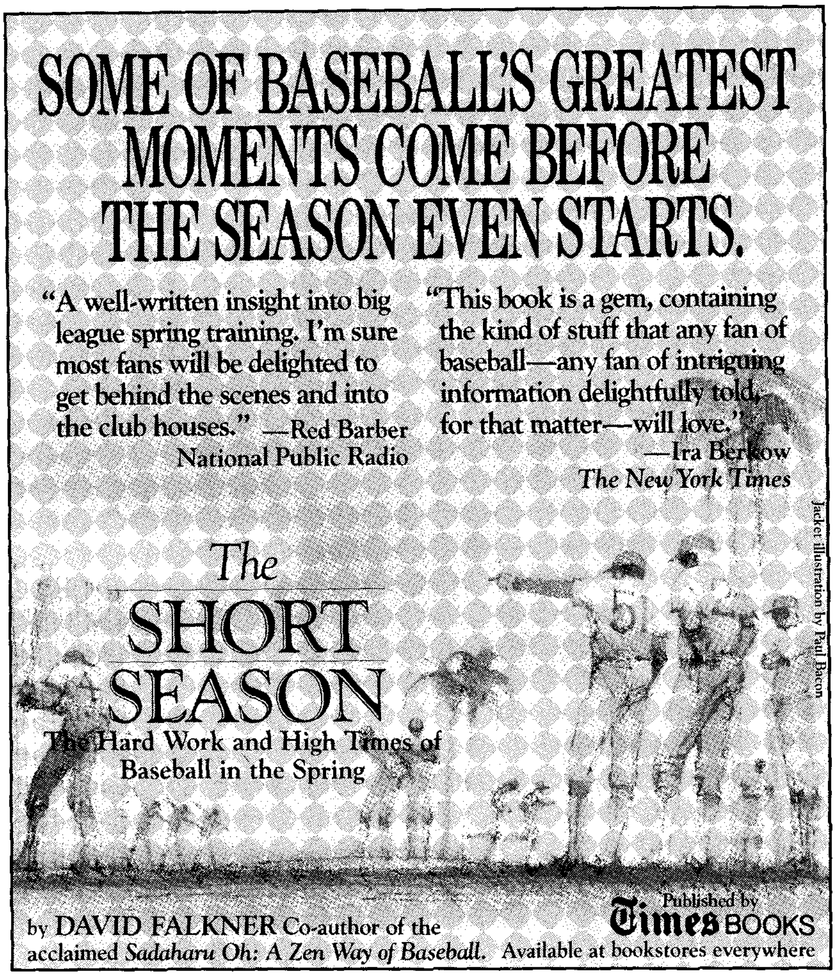
bit awkward, the Mayor's political staff had already invited Friedman and the Citisource company to attend his own two-thousand-dollar-a-plate fund-raiser on May 15th. Koch's former good friend Friedman called the Mayor's public announcement of his decision not to attend the Bronx dinner "gratuitous and uncalled for—but consistent with his style."

A cautionary lesson that the Manes story might provide is one concerning the transitory nature in politics of not only power but personal regard. At the beginning of this year, the Queens borough president seemed to be a man with all the friends in the world. A few weeks later, it was hard to find anyone in public life who was willing to put in a single good word for him. The man who took eighty-six per cent of the vote in his political race last November was looked upon favorably, according to the *Times* poll, which was published on the morning of the day he died (and which he may well have read), by only two per cent of New Yorkers. Of course, his eighty-six-per-cent total had been racked up in his home borough. In Queens, according to the *Times* poll, 3.4 per cent of those who responded had a favorable opinion of him.

WITH the suicide, there was another dramatic turnaround: it was time for kind words about Manes again. Over and over, it was said that he should be remembered for the good things he had done rather than those that had been associated with his name in recent weeks. Six hundred people packed the Schwartz Brothers funeral home, and nearly as many were milling about outside on Queens Boulevard. Among those inside were most of the Queens members of the House of Representatives, the State Legislature, and the City Council as well as the Governor—and the Mayor, who was accompanied by his usual entourage, including two bodyguards. One problem that besets public figures today is that, thanks to the miracle of modern communications, they can't rely—as politicians sometimes could in the past—on the dimness of the public's memory if some action of theirs turns out awkwardly. On the two nights after Manes's death, the television news shows played over and over scenes of Manes and Koch in happier times—campaigning together, exchanging bear hugs, or at a Manes fund-raiser last August, arm in arm, laboriously executing high kicks in a chorus line of politicians, the Mayor nodding as Manes whispered something in his ear. In contrast to these scenes were others showing Koch on television calling Manes a crook or of Rabbi Aaron Pearl, a family friend, standing outside the Manes house, on the day before the funeral, describing how Manes had felt when the term "crook" was applied to him by "an ostensible friend," and calling the Mayor "a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Queens Councilman Peter Vallone, whom Manes and Friedman, working together with the Mayor's blessing, had installed as the Council majority leader on January 8th, seemed to be pulling back somewhat from his mayoral ally when he was shown saying, "The real tragedy here is that Donald Manes sentenced himself to death in a court that had no jurisdiction over him—the court of public opinion." Those who were inside the funeral home reported later that there had been a few bitter remarks about the Mayor's presence. The aftermath of the funeral turned out to be largely a mayoral media event: Koch had brought along his own mike stand. As people were leaving the services, several politicians, including the Governor, indicated that they thought it an inappropriate occasion to make television appearances. On a television program taped earlier that morning, Cuomo had mentioned again the legal presumption of innocence. The Mayor appeared that night on all television channels repeating his statement about a merciful God and saying that the Manes family "deserves support, sympathy, compassion, and love from all of his friends . . . of which I am one." "GOD WILL BE MANES' FINAL JUDGE: KOCH" was the banner headline in the next day's *Post*.

ALL of life sometimes seems to consist of a series of adjustments to changing circumstances, but people involved in politics in this city have surely had more than their share of this kind of adjusting to do in recent weeks, when changes have been extraordinarily precipitate. It was as recently as the first day of this month that the Inner Circle, the fraternity of present and former political reporters, put on their annual lampoon of city government with reporters playing the roles of city officials. Some elements of politics do not change from year to year, and, on occasion, such shows have included sketches that could be repeated some years later with hardly anyone noticing. This was not true of a number of the scenes in the 1986 show, which was called "Triple Clown," in honor of the start of Koch's third term. Manes—who for the first time in memory was not present, although Friedman was, and pronounced the show "very clever"—was shown in his wheelchair after his first suicide attempt, singing in his Queens accent, to the tune of "High Hopes," "I took *cahn*-tracts. . . . I took *cahn*-tracts. . . . When you're in Queens, you know what that means. . . . Oops, there goes another Donny contract." A reporter playing the builder Donald Trump promised to help Manes get back at Koch by constructing for Manes his own "court of public opinion, where *you* can stab your friends in the back." A reporter portraying the Mayor appeared in a sketch accusing Manes of faking his illness. And an array of purported city officials danced about singing to Manes, to the tune of "You Can't Take That Away from Me," "The way you hold your knife . . . no, no, you can't associate with me." ("You may never, never drive again on that bumpy road near Shea.") Manes's appearance was signalled by the playing of the theme music from "M*A*S*H," whose title is "Suicide Is Painless." Probably reusable, however, is the sketch showing an array of public officials singing, "We've got full immunity—full immunity!" References to immunity are likely to be heard around City Hall for some time to come. Another durable scene is one in which the reporter playing the Mayor says, "I accept full responsibility," and, when he is asked what that means, replies, "That I don't have to answer any more questions." For the mayoral rebuttal that is traditional on such occasions, Koch had called on the cast of "Singin' in the Rain" to assist him in a sketch entitled "Singin' in the Arraign," which ended with the players pouring pitchers of water over him. Phil Donahue was also on hand, pretending to track down the rumor that there was one honest man in New York City government. "That was *never* proven," Koch told him. After the show, Assemblyman Herman (Denny) Farrell, one of Koch's 1985 opponents in the mayoral race, expressed admiration for his performance, saying "It was his only defense, which is no defense." At the end of his part of the evening, the Mayor assured the audience, "The show must go on—and city government *will* go on."

—ANDY LOGAN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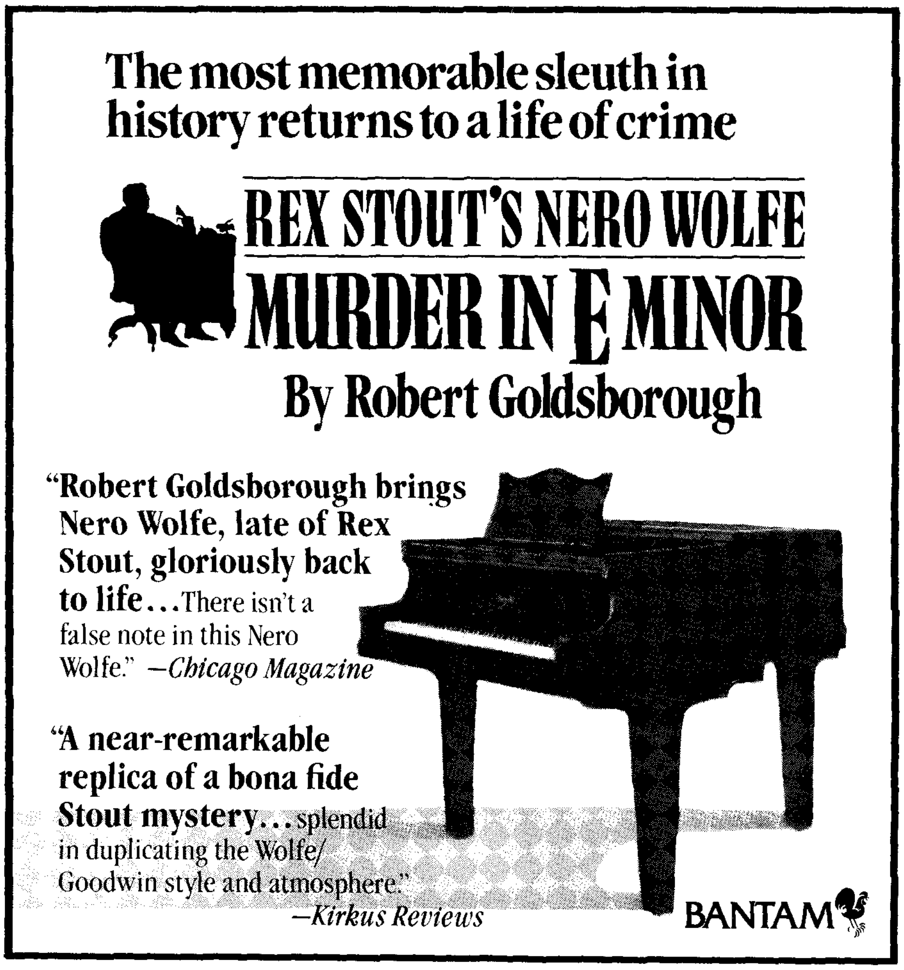
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Tales from the Gridiron

WHEN Francis Parkman was a sophomore at Harvard, in 1842, he determined to write an epic history of the struggle between France and England for control of North America. He reckoned that his task might take twenty years. It took fifty-one. The Library of America has now republished Parkman's "France and England in North America," in two well-made volumes, edited by David Levin ($30 each; $21.95 each by subscription). Bravo to the Library of America, for Francis Parkman, who may be America's greatest narrative historian, has, outside of scholarship, been nearly forgotten.

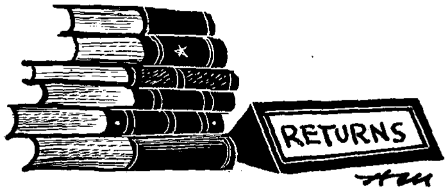
Parkman, the offspring of a line of merchants and ministers, grew up in a mansion in Boston. While at Harvard, he became obsessed with the outdoors, spending every summer on long camping trips in the wilderness of northern New England, near the edge of Canada. He slept on the ground without a blanket and thrashed over trailless mountains in the rain. "Haunted by wilderness images day and night," as he put it, he had a kind of fever to roam the north woods. He did not have the method of a naturalist, but he did have the fury of a born explorer.

Parkman was of the same generation as Henry Thoreau, Herman Melville, and Walt Whitman—all of them were born between 1817 and 1823. They rummaged through the Muses, searching for a native style. Thoreau experimented with poetry before he concentrated on factual reporting. Whitman began with newspaper journalism and a sixty-thousand-word novel in praise of temperance. (He later said that he wrote it in three days with the help of gin.) Herman Melville became a best-selling author of travel narratives before his switch to fiction eroded his reputation.

Parkman ached to become a great American writer, without seeing any clear way to achieve his ambition. There exist a couple of long letters by Parkman to friends in Boston, written when he was an old man; in them, he looked back over his life. These two letters are the closest thing we have to an autobiography by Parkman. By age fifteen, as he remembered, he had "conceived literary ambitions." First, he tried poetry. He knew feckless verse when he saw it. Next, as he expressed it, he "came down to fiction." He admired James Fenimore Cooper's historical novels of the frontier, which featured Natty Bumppo, a redoubtable woodsman, and Chingachgook, the stertorous Last of the Mohicans. But Parkman doubted that he had the talent to write as well as Cooper. In one of those long letters, he wrote, "I reached the sage though not flattering conclusion that if I wanted to build . . . any monument that would stand, I must found on solid fact." So at the age of eighteen he promised his labors to the Muse of History. The wreck of French ambition in North America could be a story of romance and tragedy set in his beloved woods and filled with voyages, battles, striking scenery, and hundreds of unusual characters, yet entirely factual. Archival research alone would not suffice, for he believed that he must have direct experience of frontier life. To harden his body for the job of historian, he began a program of rigorous exercise in the Harvard gymnasium.

The sons of New England divines were not known for their physical vigor. Parkman's camping trips had already begun to threaten his health, and the Harvard gymnasium almost finished him off. He suffered what he described in one of his autobiographical letters as "a serious disturbance in the action of the heart." The disturbance more likely was in his head. His father, the Reverend Dr. Francis Parkman, sent him to Europe to get him away from dumbbells. Parkman returned a year later in a somewhat better state, and eventually graduated from Harvard with a law degree. Then, as he faced the writing of his history, his eyesight began to deteriorate. Reading, especially in daylight, caused his eyes to hurt and his head to swim. The pain became so intense that he became functionally almost blind.

People of the nineteenth century described such symptoms as "neuralgia." We might describe them as a nervous breakdown. In the drawing rooms of Victorian America, bad nerves lingered like the cough. The conventional cure for a case of neuralgia in a young American male was to go travelling—preferably to some wild place. More than medical advantages attended such treatment. The neuralgic youth would naturally keep a journal of his adventures. If he didn't die in the wilderness (as some did), he might return home not only cured but carrying notes for a book. The reading public in England and America hungered for documentary accounts of life on the frontier. The former neuralgic could write his book and get a literary reputation; he could set himself up as an author. Charles Fenno Hoffman, Joel T. Headley, and John Lloyd Stephens all started literary careers by travelling to cure their illnesses. Richard Henry Dana, Jr., left Harvard suffering from failing vision and frangible nerves—exactly Parkman's symptoms. Dana signed on to the crew of a trading brig bound for California. He returned home keen-eyed, tanned, and bulging with muscles, and wrote "Two Years Before the Mast." At the age of twenty-one, Herman Melville read "Two Years Before the Mast" soon after it was published, and, feeling a bit nervous himself, went whaling in the South Seas. The immediate literary result was "Typee," Melville's first book, an account of his stay with a tribe of cannibals in the Marquesas Islands.



Francis Parkman headed for the Oregon Trail. He hoped not only to cure his eyes but to "gain an inside view of Indian life." He took a steamboat to St. Louis, where he hired a guide named Henry Chatillon and rendezvoused with a Boston friend named Quincy Adams Shaw. It was the spring of 1846, shortly after the start of the great western migrations. After passing through chaotic camps of wagon trains gathering at Independence, Missouri, Parkman and his group continued west, on an uncertain braid of tracks that often spread out for miles laterally across the plains: the Oregon Trail. He was a twenty-three-year-old valetudinarian on a horse, carrying plenty of cash and a set of engraved calling cards. The hordes of emigrants in covered wagons whom Parkman and his group encountered were scattering claw-footed tables and dead oxen behind them.

“Believe me, I’ve tried *not to fall in love.”*

Evidently unimpressed by Parkman’s calling cards, they were suspicious of him, and couldn’t understand why anybody would come that way for his health.

The settlers did not much interest Parkman. He wanted to see heroes from the realm of James Fenimore Cooper. French traders and guides—men like Henry Chatillon—still roamed the region. Western Indians dismayed Parkman. They seemed demoralized by the wave of settlers, and he noted with disgust that they begged. When he reached Fort Laramie, in what is now Wyoming, he heard that a party of Sioux was camped somewhere near the Laramie Mountains, preparing to make war on the Crows. Shaw and Chatillon refused to go near an Indian fight, but Parkman, unable to resist, crossed a hundred miles of open country on horseback and found the Sioux in a circle of lodges by a creek. The Sioux had decided not to fight the Crows after all, but Parkman invited himself to stay with them anyway. Over several weeks, he gradually gained their respect, and even their friendship, by hunting deer with them far into the mountains, sleeping in their lodges, asking them about their beliefs, and eating dog meat (of which they were fond). He took plenty of notes. In early August, he rejoined Shaw and Chatillon and rode south along the east face of the Rockies, passed over a high plain that Denver now occupies, and finally turned east along the Arkansas River, killing buffalo the whole way.

By the time he reached the Missouri River again and boarded a steamboat for home, Parkman had ridden more than two thousand miles on a horse. He carried two pistols, a rifle across his saddle, and a blanket behind it. He wore fringed deerskins, a red shirt, and Sioux moccasins. But inside he was sicker than ever. Within eight months of the moment he set foot in Boston, his health had collapsed and he had gone virtually blind. Even so, he struggled through the expected business of writing a book, and the result was “The Oregon Trail.” Probably Parkman’s best-known book, “The Oregon Trail” is a work of journalism—a high-spirited story of adventure. Parkman dictated much of it to Quincy Adams Shaw while lying in a tub of water at Dr. Wesselhoeft’s hydropathic spa in Brattleboro, Vermont.

Despite his deteriorating condition, Parkman married Kate Bigelow, daughter of a doctor, and eventually settled on Beacon Hill, that tumulus of woe where Yankee ailments so often ripened into fantastic pathologies of mind. His eyes now tormented by sunlight, he paced a darkened garret attended by premonitions of imminent death. Meanwhile, his new wife and his several devoted sisters read aloud to him, took dictation, and generally nursed along the preliminary researches for “France and England in North America.” He could read for hardly more than a few seconds at a time, and could not write even his own name on a piece of paper without closing his eyes. He suffered headaches that, as he put it in one of the letters, felt like “an iron band secured round the head and contracting with an extreme force.” He complained of heart murmurs and poor circulation in the hands and feet. A bit of water on the knee caused what he called “a close confinement” that lasted years. He suffered constant insomnia, indigestion, and a sensation that he was going mad. His brain filled with whirling, chaotic, unspeakable thoughts. “No amount of physical pain is so intolerable as the position of being stranded and doomed to be rotting year after year,” he wrote to a friend. At times, he had to be carried about in a chair. “Damn it, I am not feeble!” he protested in another letter. He was in his early thirties.

Indeed, a photograph from those years shows Parkman seated in a chair—a tall, rugged, sandy-haired man, wearing spats. He has a square jaw and a firm mouth. His elbow is planted on a table at an angle that emphasizes the width of his shoulders. Only his eyes tell the other story: set deep under the brows, they are filled with unease. One physician who studied Parkman’s case thought he might have had aniseikonia, a complex form of eyestrain in which the image seen by one eye differs in size and shape from the image seen by the other. But his chief problem was quite evidently psychological. Driven by an intense compulsion to achieve greatness, Parkman had planned his life’s work as a youth. He had left himself no escape. Perhaps a portion of his soul rebelled at the burdens of ambition; perhaps he needed his suite of agonies as an excuse for possible failure in writing.

Parkman consulted, among others,

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the faculty of medicine at Harvard. One advised him to live on a diet of milk. Another prescribed galvanism (passing direct current through the body). Others scarred his neck with nitric acid and drew red-hot irons along his spine. Another declared that Parkman had organic brain disease and would be dead within a year. It was the diagnosis that failed, and Parkman continued his researches.

The Civil War came, and still Parkman had not published a single volume of his history. Other writers of his generation had already passed through much or all of their careers. After a string of unsuccessful novels, including "Moby Dick," Herman Melville had all but quit writing fiction, and dropped into obscurity. Walt Whitman had published his third version of "Leaves of Grass." Henry Thoreau was dead. The shock of the war seemed to convulse Parkman into work.

Some years before, he had bought a house beside Jamaica Pond, south of Boston, and there, in a study decorated with his old deerskin jacket and a Sioux bow and shield, he began to write his epic. Because light pained his eyes, he had to take precautions that went something like this: He would darken the room and sit at a desk designed to be accessible from two sides, so he could always keep his back to the brightness of the day. When blades of sunlight penetrated the defenses, he put on a pair of dark spectacles that resembled swimmer's goggles. Under these conditions, he could hardly see the paper, and so he devised a contraption to keep his handwriting straight. It was a wooden frame set with nineteen parallel rods of steel, and it looked like a barbecue grill. Parkman called it "the gridiron." He placed it over blank paper, and the steel rods guided his pen. On his desk, near the gridiron, sat a massive iron inkstand, wrought with vines. He dipped his pen into the ink, and then with labored marks, as if arranging a romantic imagination into a frame of fact, he locked his words into the gridiron. All through the Gilded Age, until his death, in 1893, Parkman worked steadily on the seven volumes that make up "France and England in North America"—a million three hundred thousand words in all.

The first volume is "Pioneers of France in the New World" (1865), which tells the story of the earliest French penetrations into America, including the settlement of Quebec and the wanderings of the explorer Samuel de Champlain. Parkman laid out his themes with the assurance of an American Milton:

> A boundless vision grows upon us; an untamed continent; vast wastes of forest verdure; mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake, and glimmering pool; wilderness oceans mingling with the sky. Such was the domain which France conquered for Civilization.

Parkman conceived of the imagination as a powerful tool of historical inquiry, for imagination enabled him to re-create events and people, and to see deeply into their significance. Yet he kept to high standards of evidence. He amassed what amounted to a research library of manuscripts, documents, and rare books, which he studied with a critical mind. He did not invent scenes or dialogue; all the words his characters spoke came from reliable sources. He reminded readers that if his story seemed fantastic "it was so in appearance only; since the details of narrative or description rest on authentic documents or on personal observation." In these words is the key to Parkman's use of the imagination: he not only accomplished meticulous archival research but also used factual reporting drawn from his own experience. In describing Samuel de Champlain fighting his way up the Ottawa River in search of a route to Hudson Bay, Parkman wrote:

> All day they plied their paddles, and when night came they made their campfire in the forest. He who now, when two centuries and a half are passed, would see the evening bivouac of Champlain, has but to encamp, with Indian guides, on the upper waters of this same Ottawa, or on the borders of some lonely river of New Brunswick or Maine.

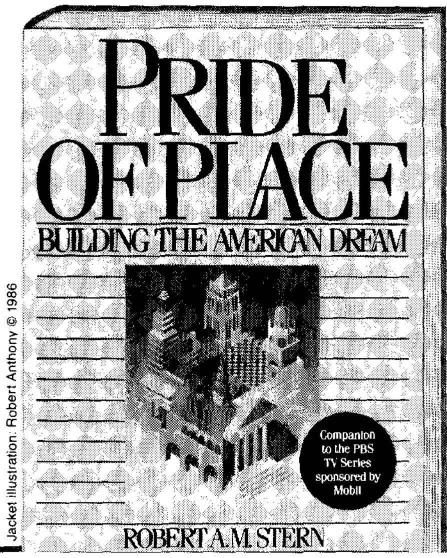
The ancient Greeks invented the writing of history, in the sense that we know it; their word "*historia*" means both "inquiry" and "narrative." Like Thucydides, Francis Parkman conceived of historical inquiry as a literary enterprise of the highest order, requiring both scientific method and the art of rendering a story. As he narrated the sufferings of the French explorers, he studied early maps in order to imagine the wilderness as seen through their eyes. The ideal historical narrator, Parkman felt, "must himself be, as it were, a sharer or spectator of the action he described." He wrote as though he were a fellow-explorer at Champlain's side.

Parkman published a volume every few years, carrying his story of New France through the seventeenth century, including the wanderings of Jesuit priests on the Great Lakes, the French wars with the Iroquois, and the rise of Quebec. His fame steadily grew. The third volume, "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West" (1879), is a first-rate historical biography. Parkman had got access to a collection of La Salle's letters, and he studied them with fascination. The Sieur de La Salle dreamed of establishing a colony in the Mississippi Basin, with himself as its head, because he realized that whoever controlled the river controlled North America. During the sixteen-seventies and sixteen-eighties, La Salle led several disastrous expeditions down what one Frenchman called "the fatal river" from the Great Lakes. La Salle fought illnesses —delirium, mania, blindness—that to Parkman seemed familiar. Parkman saw in these letters a man "smothering in emotions which he could not utter," engaged in "the silent strife of a nature at war with itself." History slid into autobiography. "This solitary being, hiding his shyness under a cold reserve, could rouse no enthusiasm in his followers." But when speaking to the Indians La Salle's voice opened into hypnotic eloquence. As he floated down the Illinois and the Mississippi, he brought various tribes under his control, stunning them into obedience with his speeches. Meanwhile, his enemies plotted at his back and his men rebelled. He kept trying. On his last expedition, still hoping to establish his colony, he became lost in Texas, where three-quarters of his followers died of disease and starvation. His enraged men killed him.

"La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West" is also a luminous narrative of travel through the seventeenth-century American wilderness. Parkman wove in material he had gathered on the Oregon Trail. Among the lodges of the Illinois tribe, he tells us,

> the smoke brings water to your eyes; the fleas annoy you; the small unkempt children, naked as young puppies, crawl about your knees and will not be repelled.... Young men lie flat on their faces, basking in the sun. A group of their elders are smoking around a buffalo-skin on which they have just been playing a game of chance with cherry-stones. A lover and his mistress, perhaps, sit together under a shed of bark, without uttering a word. Not far off is the graveyard, where lie the dead of the village, some buried in the earth, some wrapped in skins and laid aloft on scaffolds, above the reach of wolves.

The last three parts of "France and England in North America" tell the history of New France through the eighteenth century. The final work,



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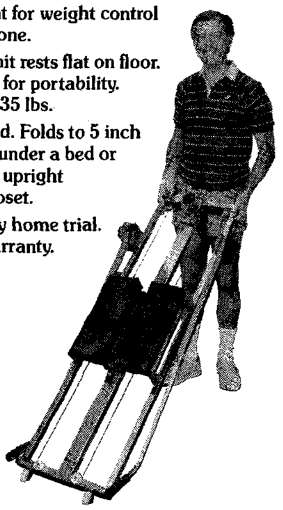

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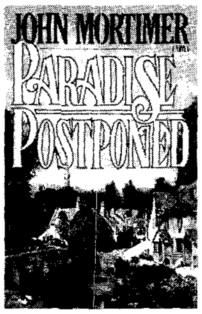

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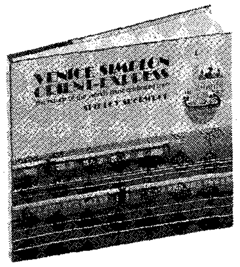

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"Montcalm and Wolfe" (1884), narrates the victory of the British over the French during the Siege of Quebec, in 1759, when the opposing generals, James Wolfe and the Marquis de Montcalm, suffered mortal wounds on the Plains of Abraham. Parkman quoted from the simple journals of common soldiers to build his story, and their voices merged into a chorus witnessing the destruction of heroes.

The French lost North America, Parkman concluded, because their absolutist government encouraged exploration but discouraged smooth economic development, and turned French settlers into passive instruments of the state. The apparent British victory turned out to be a British defeat, for to help fight their war the British created a standing army of American Colonials—led by tough young native officers, including George Washington. As soon as the Colonies were free from French attacks, they had no need for British protection. So "France and England in North America" concludes at the start of the American Revolution. Parkman celebrated a nineteenth-century vision of American progress, in which the struggle between France and England became the strife "of the past against the future; of the old against the new; of moral and intellectual torpor against moral and intellectual life; of barren absolutism against a liberty, crude, incoherent, and chaotic, yet full of prolific vitality."

Although he wrote what amounts to an "Iliad" of the New World, Parkman is not much remembered today. Two of his central ideas—that history consists of progress, and that great characters make history—are today out of favor among historians. There are other problems. Parkman implied that Anglo-American, Protestant culture had an inherent superiority to French, Catholic culture. And despite his experience among the Sioux Parkman believed that the erasure of Native American culture was inevitable and generally even desirable, for progress required it. But these biases, which Parkman held in common with many minds of his day, do not wholly diminish the greatness of his history. His power appears in his studies of characters such as La Salle, Montcalm, and Wolfe, where he documents and describes tragic complexities in human lives with the precision of a historian and the resonance of a poet.

It seems that because Parkman was a historian the community of professional literary scholars has not paid him enough attention. For almost thirty years, though, David Levin, who edited this edition of Parkman, has been reminding his literary colleagues to take more heed of nonfiction, and of Parkman in particular. He has also gently pointed out to historians that their "persistent desire to make history into a profession if not a social science" may prevent them from recognizing that the imagination can play a useful role in historical inquiry, and in the art of narrative. He has reminded us of the words of the American historian Carl Becker, who said, "If Parkman had only written badly, no one could question his scientific standing."

—RICHARD PRESTON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE NEW GIRL FRIEND, by Ruth Rendell (Pantheon; $13.95). Eleven short stories by an English mystery novelist who is near the top of her perennially crowded class. These stories, however, are not mystery or detective stories. They tell of matters that are just off center, a little twisted—a mother's boy, a curious adultery, an ironic bribery. They might best be called stories of surprise in the wonderful manner of the great John Collier and his disciple Roald Dahl.

BOXEN: THE IMAGINARY WORLD OF THE YOUNG C. S. LEWIS, edited by Walter Hooper (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $13.95). Like the Brontës, the young C. S. Lewis invented kingdoms and dynasties and illustrated his chronicles with maps and drawings. His earliest surviving effort, dating from his eighth year, is a comedy in imitation of Shakespeare, set in 1327. Lewis seems to have continued these chronicles into his early teens, when his experience of upper-middle-class Belfast had broadened; the later chapters have a charm like that of Daisy Ashford's "The Young Visiters." Many of his characters are animals (in our period of infatuation with Teddy bears, it is surprising that a little "hock-brown" bear, James Bar, is a consistent villain), but the element of fantasy is less prominent than the young author's efforts to reproduce adult political and social life. The Boxen stories undertake large themes—war, party struggles, political corruption—on a small, bright canvas that is, in its way, a portrait of the Edwardian mind or mood.

TIME SHARING, by Richard Krawiec (Viking; $14.95). Even optimistic readers will soon concede that they have been deceived by the dust jacket and the title, which suggest that either a romantic comedy or a melodrama lies ahead—not a grotesque, gothic tragedy, set in an ugly city, about an aging burglar and a sometime prostitute who fall for an advertisement about a real-estate scheme and are battered by a series of sordid humiliations. Compared with this plot, *film noir* looks sunny. The woman's eyes, for instance, are likened to two "blank TV screens," and her future to "a skid mark on tar;" she has a half-blind infant son who lives on peanut butter and Pepsi and, by the end, has a bad case of diaper rash and a red welt on his face. Mr. Krawiec lives in Pittsburgh and has published short stories and poetry. This is his first novel.

NOTE: "Another Marvelous Thing," a collection of stories by Laurie Colwin, has been published by Knopf ($13.95). Many of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

THE COURTSHIP OF ROBERT BROWNING AND ELIZABETH BARRETT, by Daniel Karlin (Oxford; $24.95). A study of probably the most famous—and certainly the best-documented—Victorian romance. The love affair between the young Robert Browning and the not so young semi-invalid Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett was played out, of course, under the nose of her despotic and jealous father, Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett. (It was a conceit of the Barrett family that every member should have Barrett as a given name.) Browning's tête-à-têtes with his beloved, held in the afternoons in her sickroom, were decorously disguised as the meetings of two admiring poets. Their passion was confined to their correspondence: in the nineteen months from their first acquaintance to the day in September, 1846, when they eloped to Italy, they wrote more than five hundred and seventy letters, and few of them were mere notes. The author of this book has subjected the letters to minute scrutiny—you could almost say he candles them—in his search for motives, self-contradictions, self-doubts, and double meanings. What could have been a jejune and boring exercise turns out to be an absorbing and valuable book, because of the attractiveness and the intellectual quality of the lovers. Illustrations.

GOOD TO EAT: RIDDLES OF FOOD AND CULTURE, by Marvin Harris (Simon & Schuster; $17.95). The noted American anthropologist maintains that no matter how bizarre or unpleasant any particular human group's menu may appear to us, there is a core of rationality in all of mankind's eating habits. He sees human beings adjusting their diets to local ecology, to different groups' physiology (some peoples, for example, cannot easily digest milk), and to historical as well as natural pressures. He mentions, for instance, that when, in the eighth century, war-horses became exceptionally valuable to European Christians in their battle against Islamic expansion Pope Gregory III forbade Christians to eat horse meat. Mr. Harris's argument with those anthropologists who emphasize human irrationality has a practical purpose: he wants us to rethink our efforts to alleviate hunger and malnutrition—particularly in the Third World, where, he suggests, Westerners often mistakenly identify rational, or formerly rational, adaptations as superstitions.

JONATHAN SWIFT: A HYPOCRITE REVERSED, by David Nokes (Oxford; $24.95). Mr. Nokes discusses the ups and downs of Swift's reputation, and suggests that the Victorians' loathing of the author of "Gulliver's Travels" had less to do with Swift's life and opinions than with their own. Swift's sense of personal grievance dated from his infancy: his father died before Swift was born, and soon after his birth, as he recalled it, his nurse took him to visit her relatives and his mother did not notice his absence for three years. Neither Swift's patron Sir William Temple nor a series of Ministers—Whigs first, Tories later—gave him what he sought and believed he deserved: preferment in the Anglican Church in England. He had to be, but never was, content with his Irish deanery. The genre at which Swift most often succeeded—political polemic—has gradually fallen into disuse in En-

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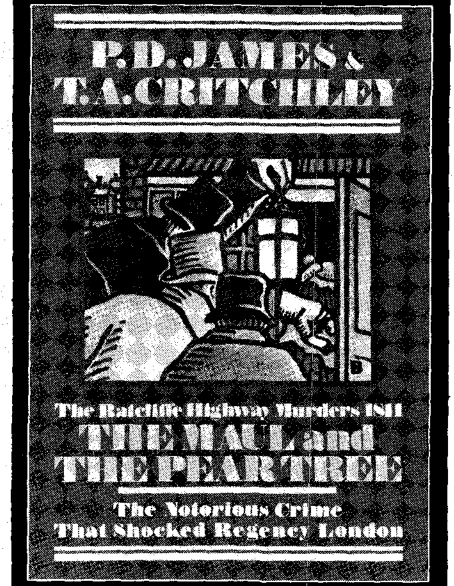

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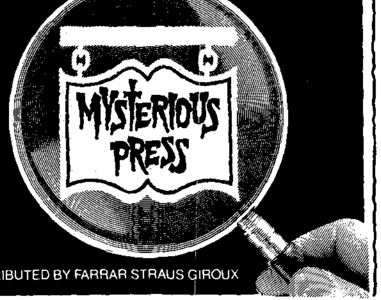

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glish-speaking countries, yet his fierce attacks on the English exploitation of Ireland still have relevance. Mr. Nokes' scholarly work triumphs in seeming to bring us into Swift's presence. Illustrations.

MOMENTS OF REPRIEVE, by Primo Levi, translated from the Italian by Ruth Feldman (Summit; $14.95). A collection of sketches of people and events which were not included in the author's unforgettable memoir "Survival in Auschwitz." One man, an Italian stonemason who had been caught in the Nazi machinery and ended up as a "free" worker, outside the concentration camp, regularly sneaked extra food to Mr. Levi; after the war, Mr. Levi discovered that his taciturn savior, who did not want to be thanked, had had a round of prisoners whom he was secretly feeding—each representing a sacrifice of his own meagre means and a risk of death. Against a background of systematic viciousness, the gypsy whose cheerful ingenuity startled the author; the Orthodox Jew who, despite malnutrition approaching starvation, explained that he must fast on Yom Kippur to atone not only for his own sins but for the sins of others; the thief, juggler, and homosexual who was a trusty and spared the author's life when he found him writing—all suggest some of the possibilities of virtue amid desperation.

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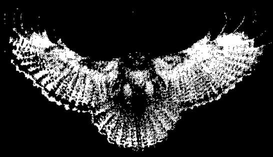

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